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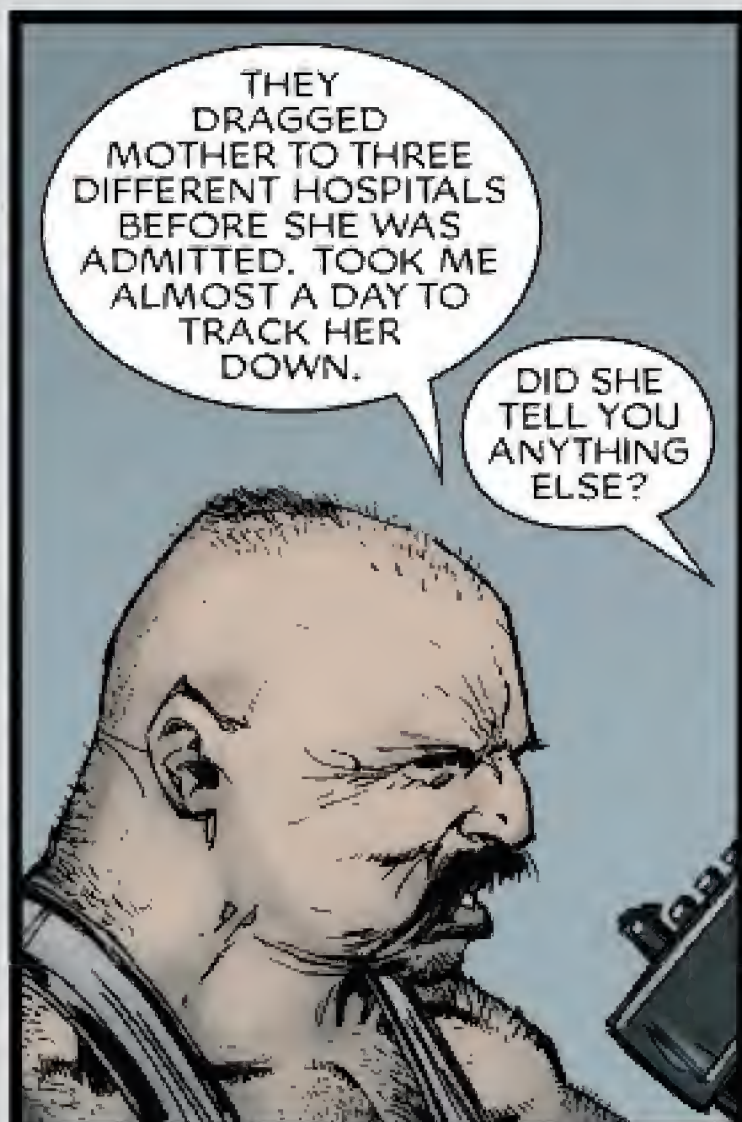
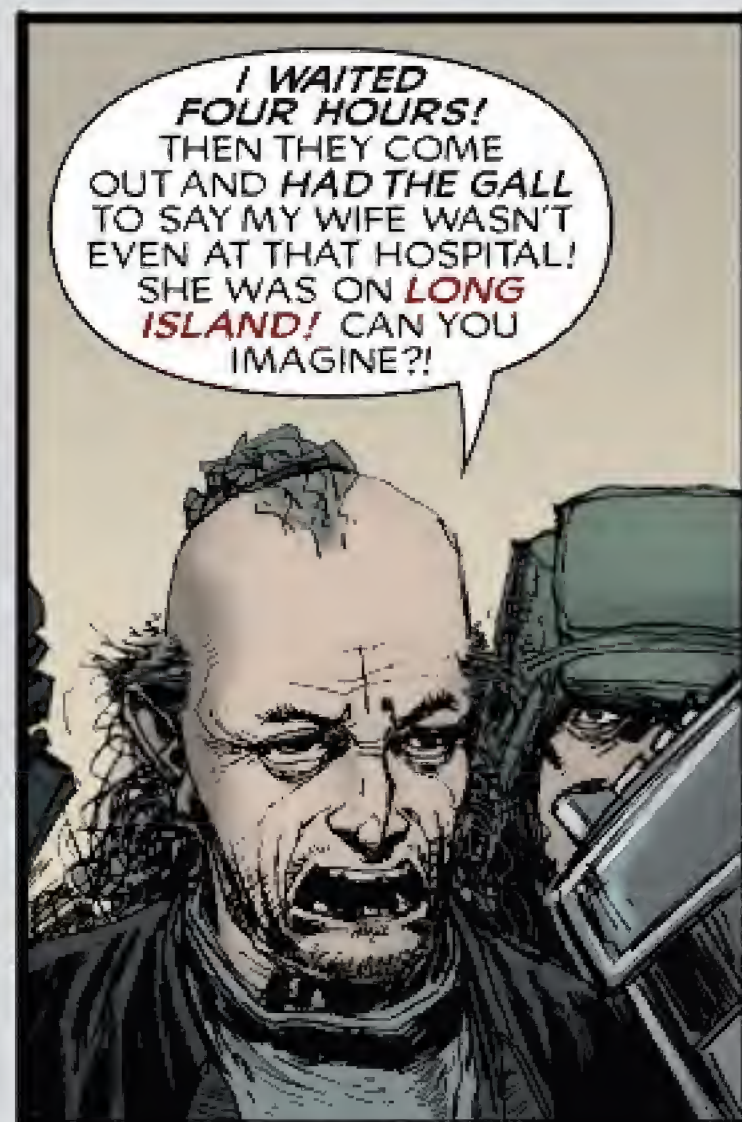
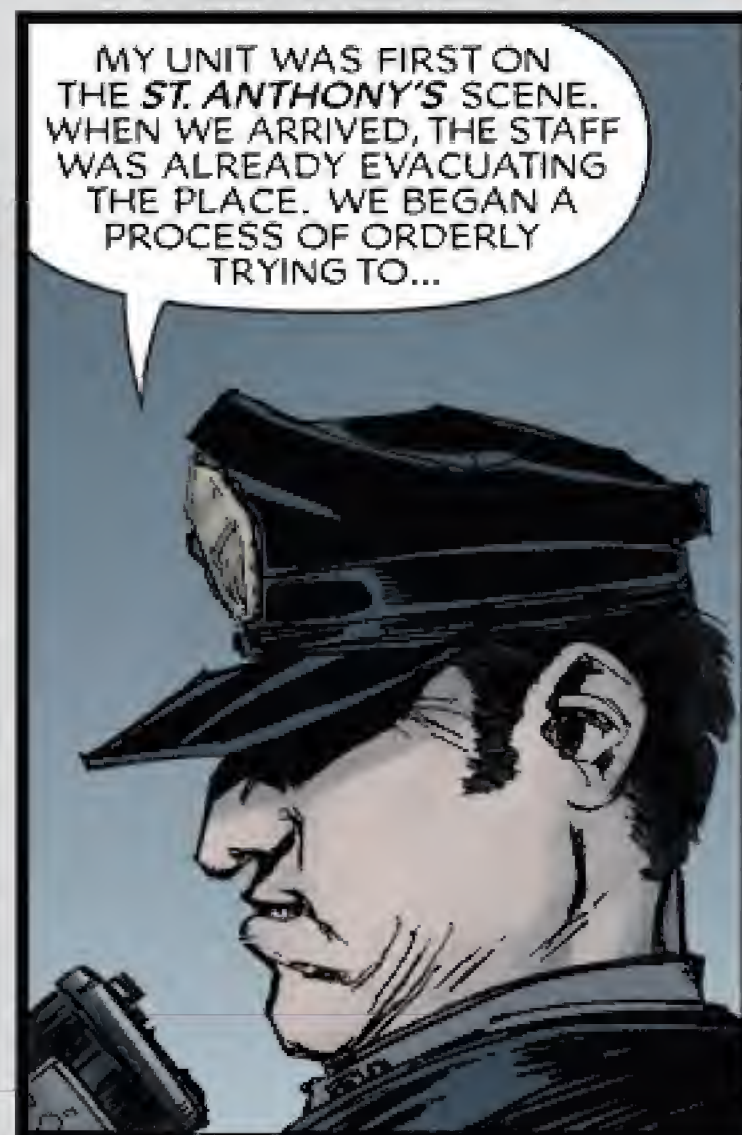
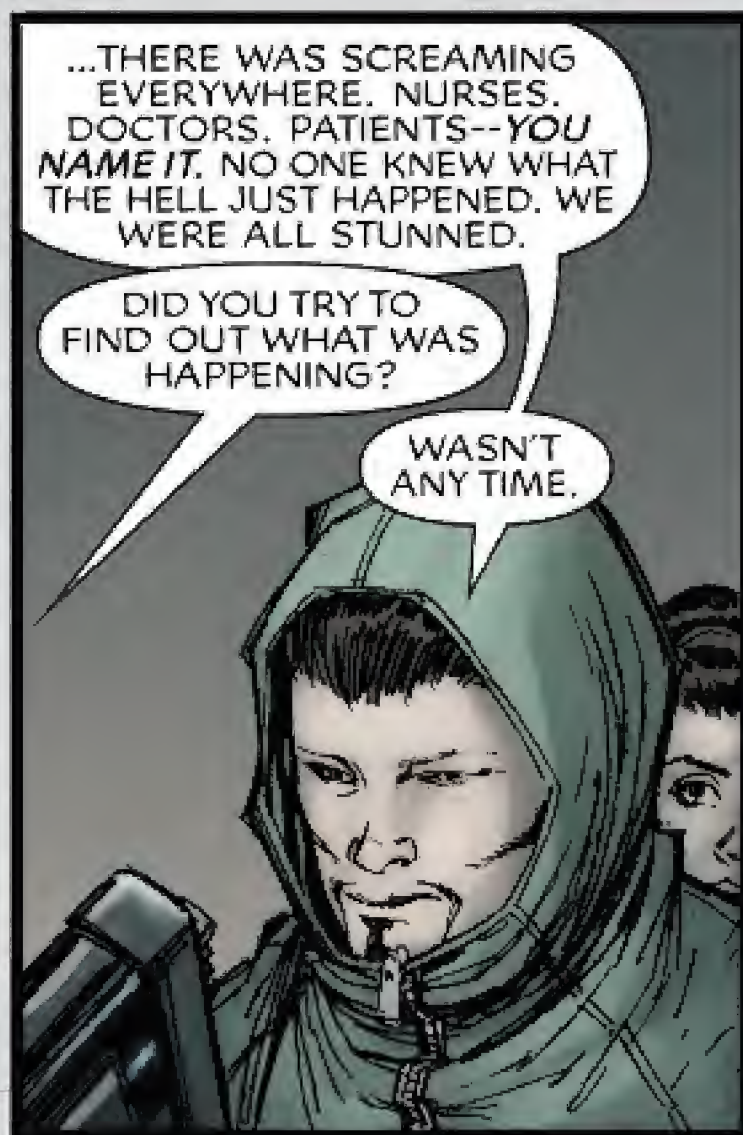
DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO
HOLGUIN

SPAWN®

ENDGAME PART SIX







...I KNEW
SOMETHING
WAS
WRONG.



WERE YOU
SLEEPING AT
THE TIME?



YEAH.
MOST OF US
WERE.

THAT'S WHEN
IT GOT CRAZY. FIRE
ALARMS STARTED
GOING OFF. THEN THE
SPRINKLERS. I HEARD
SCREAMING UP AND
DOWN THE HALLS.
YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT
THE WORLD WAS
ENDING.



WHAT
WAS THE
STAFF
DOING?

OH, THEY WERE
SCARED TOO. SOME OF THEM
WERE COMPLETELY USELESS,
BUT OTHERS-- THEY BEGAN
MOVING THE RESIDENTS OUT
OF THE BUILDING.

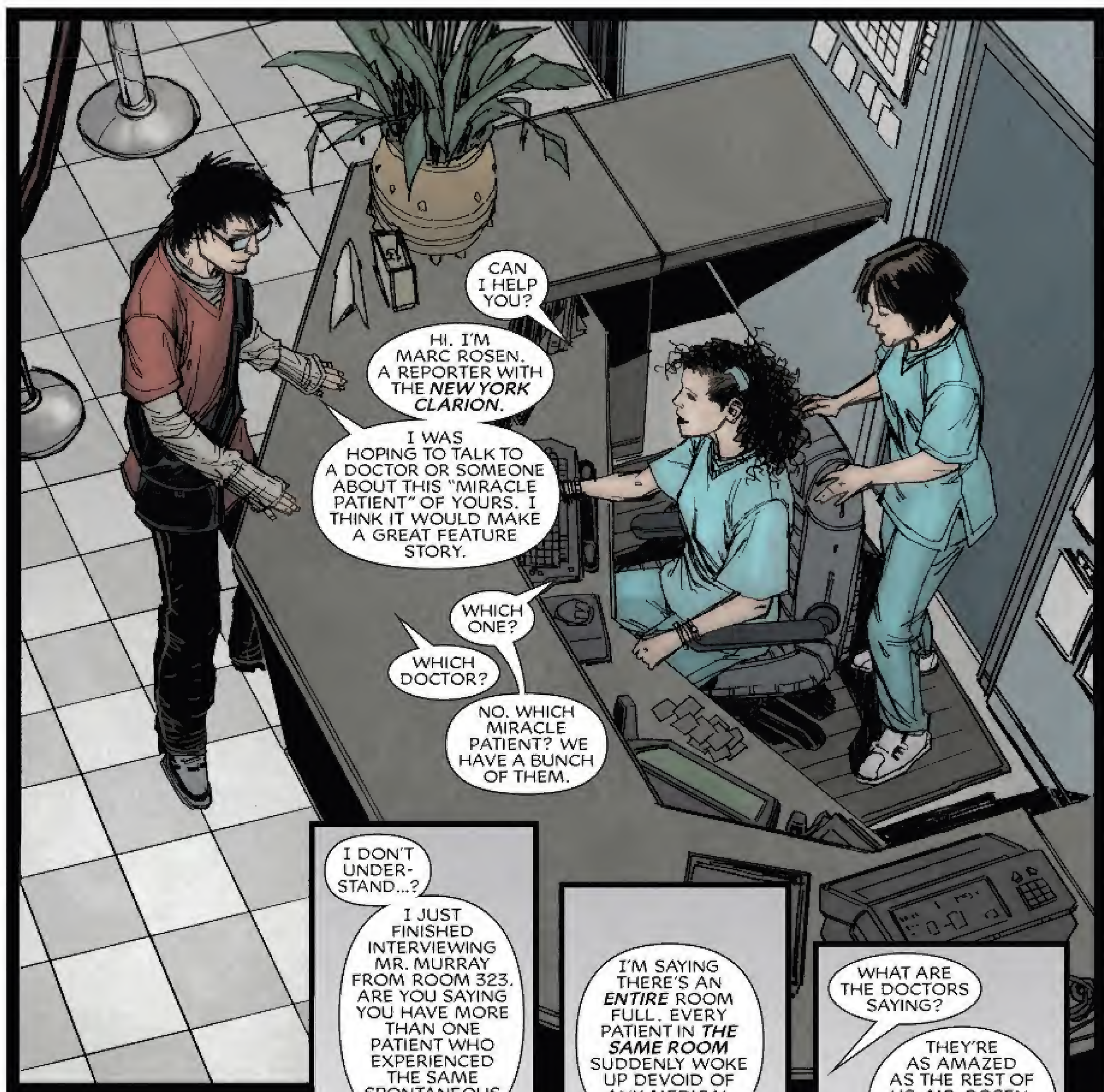
THAT'S
WHEN YOU
LEFT?

NO.



I WAS
WAITING IN
THE DARK,
IN MY
ROOM.





CAN
I HELP
YOU?

HI. I'M
MARC ROSEN.
A REPORTER WITH
THE *NEW YORK*
CLARION.

I WAS
HOPING TO TALK TO
A DOCTOR OR SOMEONE
ABOUT THIS "MIRACLE
PATIENT" OF YOURS. I
THINK IT WOULD MAKE
A GREAT FEATURE
STORY.

WHICH
ONE?

WHICH
DOCTOR?

NO. WHICH
MIRACLE
PATIENT? WE
HAVE A BUNCH
OF THEM.

I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND...?

I JUST
FINISHED
INTERVIEWING
MR. MURRAY
FROM ROOM 323.
ARE YOU SAYING
YOU HAVE MORE
THAN ONE
PATIENT WHO
EXPERIENCED
THE SAME
SPONTANEOUS
RECOVERY?

I'M SAYING
THERE'S AN
ENTIRE ROOM
FULL. EVERY
PATIENT IN *THE*
SAME ROOM
SUDDENLY WOKE
UP DEVOID OF
ANY MEDICAL
CONDITIONS.

EVERY
SINGLE
ONE OF
THEM.

WHAT ARE
THE DOCTORS
SAYING?

THEY'RE
AS AMAZED
AS THE REST OF
US, MR. ROSEN.
THE ONLY THING
THEY'RE WILLING
TO AGREE ON
IS....



...IT'S SOME KIND
OF *MIRACLE* SENT
DOWN BY *GOD*.



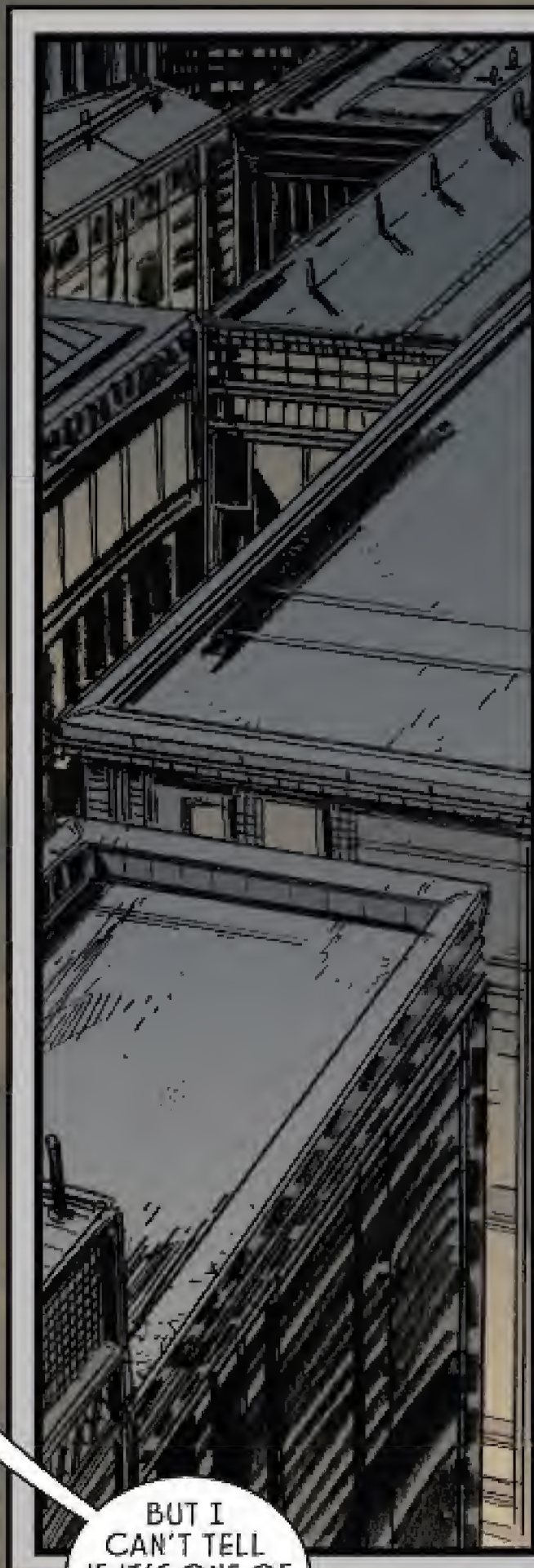


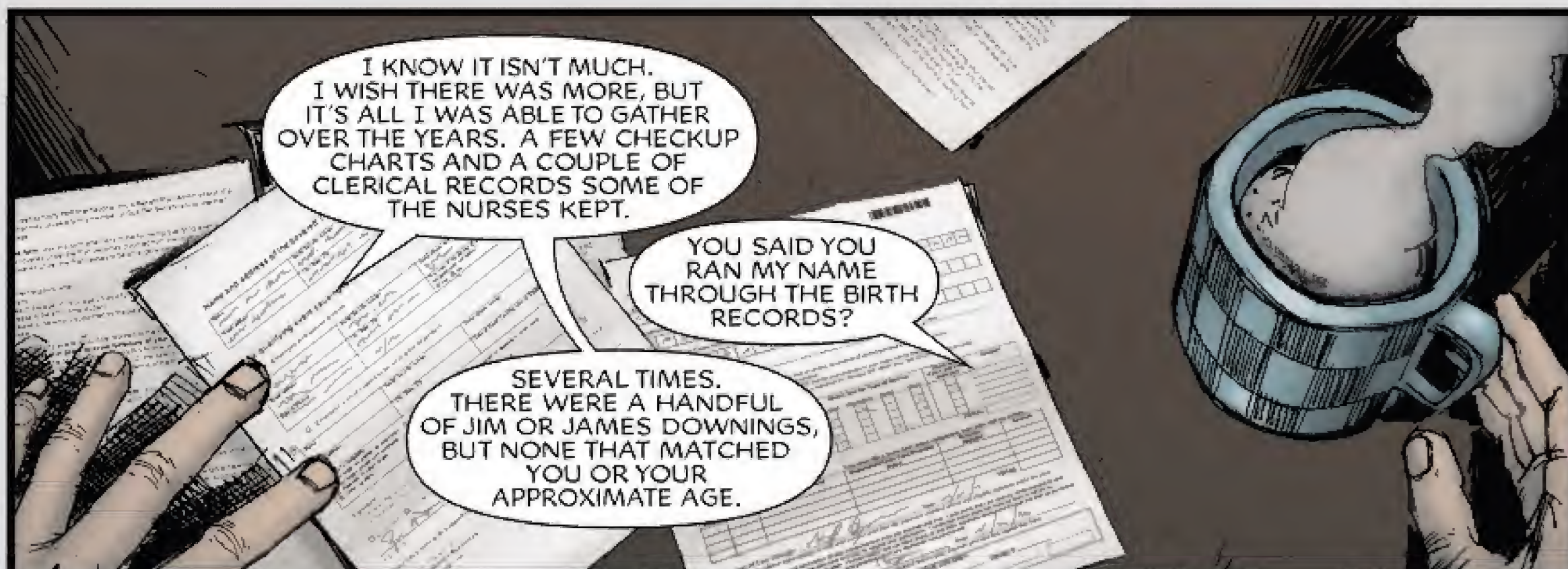
SOMETHING
ISN'T RIGHT.

SOMETHING'S
TRYING TO
CLOAK ITSELF.
OR HIDE. I CAN
SENSE IT.

BUT I
CAN'T TELL
IF IT'S ONE OF
OURS, OR
THEIRS.

AND THE
LORDS WILL
EXPECT ME TO
HAVE THOSE
ANSWERS.





I KNOW IT ISN'T MUCH. I WISH THERE WAS MORE, BUT IT'S ALL I WAS ABLE TO GATHER OVER THE YEARS. A FEW CHECKUP CHARTS AND A COUPLE OF CLERICAL RECORDS SOME OF THE NURSES KEPT.

YOU SAID YOU RAN MY NAME THROUGH THE BIRTH RECORDS?

SEVERAL TIMES. THERE WERE A HANDFUL OF JIM OR JAMES DOWNINGS, BUT NONE THAT MATCHED YOU OR YOUR APPROXIMATE AGE.



THERE HAS TO BE MORE.

YOU WOULD THINK. I MEAN, SOMEONE HAS TO KNOW SOMETHING.



LOOK, LET ME MAKE A FEW CALLS IN THE MORNING. SEE IF I CAN GET ONE OF YOUR DOCTORS TO HAVE A MEETING WITH YOU. I'M SURE THEY'LL HAVE SOME ANSWERS FOR YOU. DOCTOR BAXTER IS A PRETTY DECENT GUY.

DID YOUR SEARCH COVER OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK?

WHAT?

WHEN YOU DID YOUR SEARCH, DID IT INCLUDE ALL OF THE UNITED STATES OR JUST NEW YORK STATE?

JUST NEW YORK, I THINK.

SO I MUST HAVE BEEN BORN OUTSIDE OF THIS STATE.

MAKES SENSE.

WHAT ABOUT MY ADMITTANCE PAPERS-- OR WHATEVER YOU GUYS CALL THEM?

I NEVER SAW THEM.

SO NO ONE KNOWS WHO CHECKED ME IN, OR WHO'S BEEN PAYING FOR MY TREATMENT?

NO. I'M SAYING THAT I **'PERSONALLY'** DON'T KNOW. THAT'S ALL.

JUST SO I'M CLEAR, YOU'RE SAYING I WAS A PATIENT IN YOUR HOSPITAL--**FOR YEARS**--AND NO ONE CAME TO VISIT, OR PHONE, OR CHECK UP ON ME? **EVER!?** AND THAT DIDN'T STRIKE ANYONE ON STAFF AS BEING JUST A **LITTLE ODD?**

THAT'S UNDERWHELMING.

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM! I COULD BE A **MURDERER** FOR ALL WE KNOW! BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER DOES IT?

OW!

HOW DO WE EVEN KNOW THAT JIM DOWNING IS MY REAL NAME.

LOOK, JIM. I KNOW YOU'RE FRUSTRATED. ANYONE WOULD BE. BUT I...

BECAUSE IT IS. I'M SURE OF IT. NO NEED TO GET PARANOID.

PARANOID...!?

BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING **PERSONALLY!** THAT'S **BULLSHIT!**

YOU'RE HURTING ME!







CHIEF SAID HE'S ALREADY GETTING PRESSURE TO DELIVER ANSWERS. A COUPLE OF POLITICIANS ARE LOOKING TO CUT THEIR TEETH ON THIS ONE.

A WEEK. MAYBE TWO. THEN THEY'LL SEND THEIR OWN GOONS IN TO TAKE OVER.

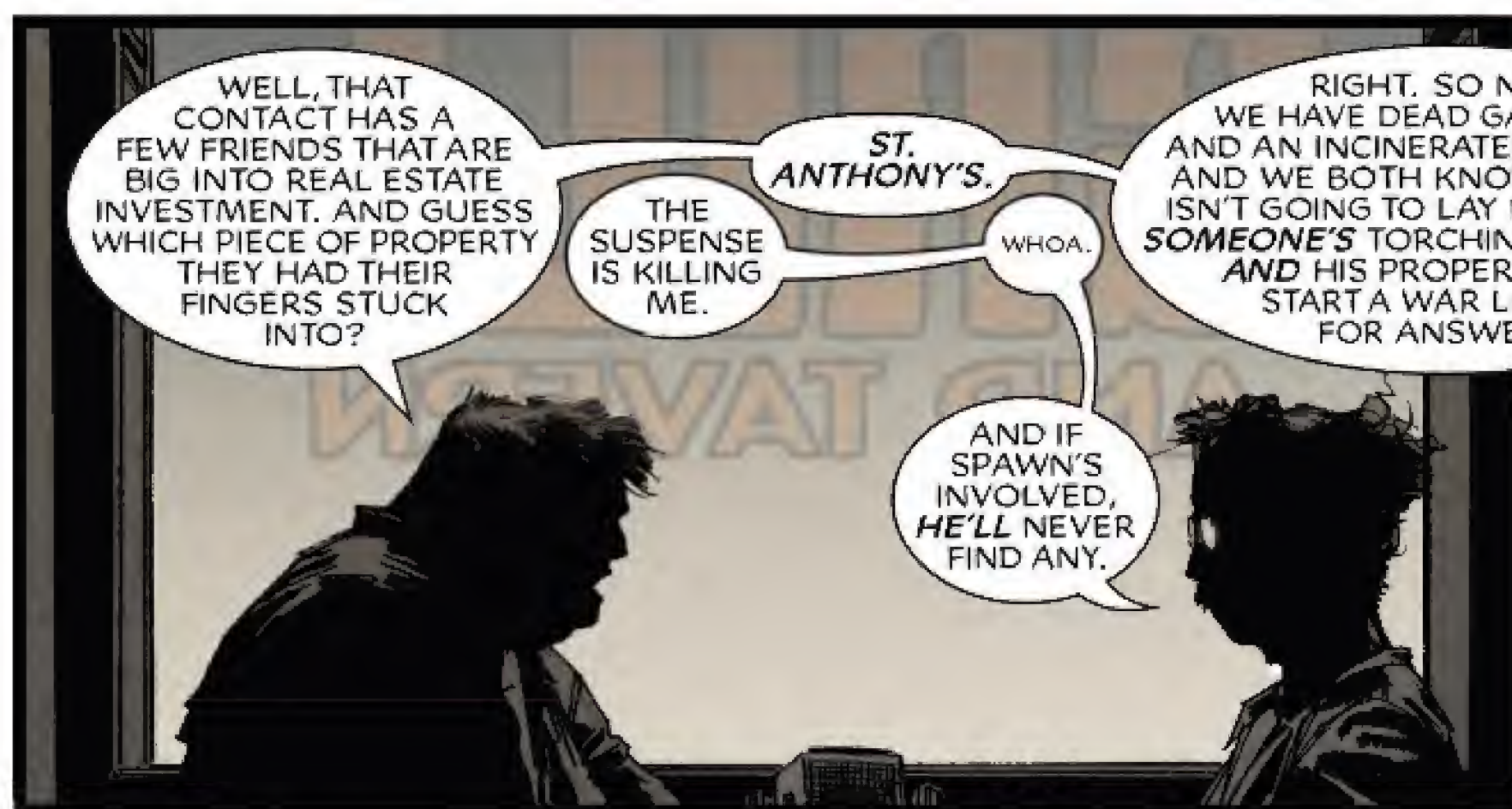
HOW LONG DO WE HAVE?

WHY THEIR SUDDEN INTEREST?



NO ONE'S SAYING, BUT AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, ONE OF THE RINGLEADERS HAD SOME KIND OF TIES TO THE NORTEGO CARTEL.

I'M LISTENING.



WELL, THAT CONTACT HAS A FEW FRIENDS THAT ARE BIG INTO REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT. AND GUESS WHICH PIECE OF PROPERTY THEY HAD THEIR FINGERS STUCK INTO?

ST. ANTHONY'S.

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME.

WHOA.

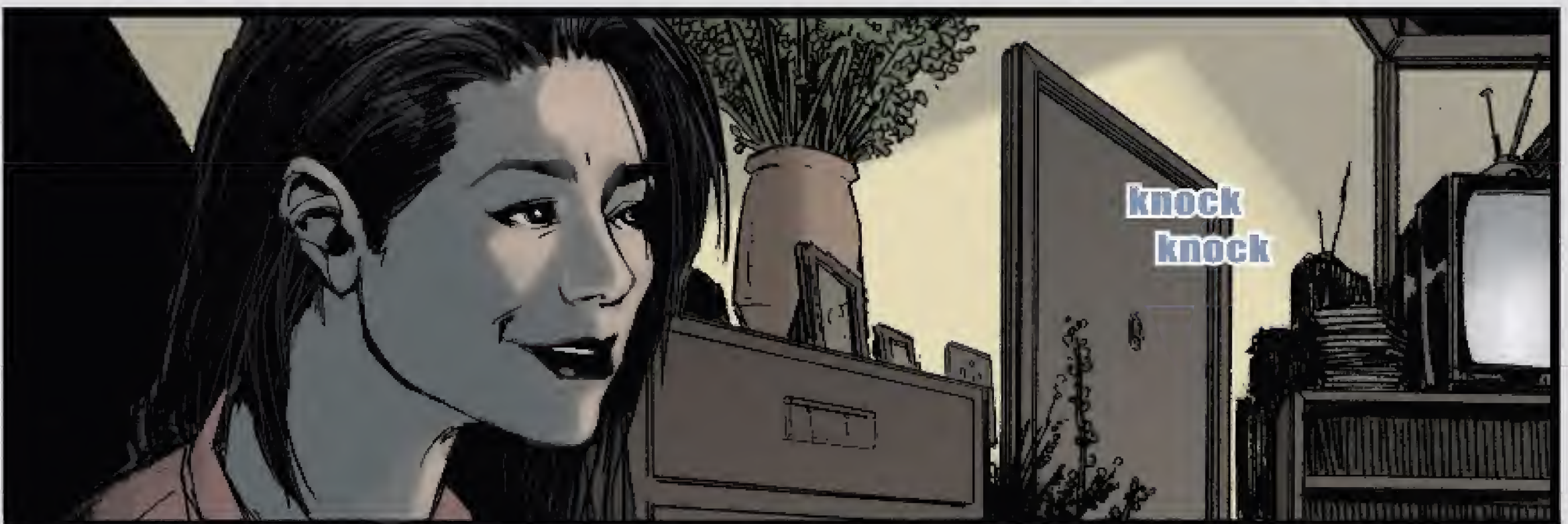
RIGHT. SO NOW WE HAVE DEAD GANGSTERS AND AN INCINERATED HOSPITAL. AND WE BOTH KNOW NORTEGA ISN'T GOING TO LAY BACK WHILE **SOMEONE'S** TORCHING HIS PEOPLE AND HIS PROPERTY. HE'LL START A WAR LOOKING FOR ANSWERS.

AND IF SPAWN'S INVOLVED, HE'LL NEVER FIND ANY.



"EXACTLY. NO ONE'LL BE SAFE IN THIS CITY."

"SO WE NEED TO KNOW WHETHER IT'S SPAWN OR **SOME-THING ELSE?**"





IT'S MY UNDERSTANDING HE WAS DISCHARGED INTO YOUR CARE.

WHAT'S THIS IN REGARD TO?

I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY, MA'AM.

SO YOU'RE NOT A FRIEND OR FAMILY MEMBER?

IT'S IMPORTANT WE TALK TO HIM.

WELL, HE'S NOT HERE.



DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING?

NOPE.



I CAN SAY THAT I WORK FOR ST. ANTHONY'S AND HIS DOCTORS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE CONTACT WITH HIM. PLEASE, IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION...

YOU'RE HERE ON BEHALF OF DR. BAXTER AND DR. TRUNZO?

IN A ROUND-ABOUT WAY. YES.

WELL, BOTH OF THEM SHOULD HAVE ACCESS TO MY CELL PHONE NUMBER. LET THEM KNOW I'D BE HAPPY TO ANSWER ANY OF THEIR QUESTIONS. I HOPE THEY'RE DOING OKAY. *THAT EXPLOSION* REALLY MESSED US ALL UP.

I'M SURE THEY'LL APPRECIATE YOUR COOPERATION.



NEED TO REST...



COFFEE?
PLEASE.
ANYTHING ELSE?
NO. JUST THE COFFEE.



UM... IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH DAY.

I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT.

ALRIGHT, BUT HOLLER IF YOU NEED ANYTHING ELSE, OKAY?





JIM?

I DON'T REMEMBER IF YOU TOLD US YOUR NAME LAST TIME WE MET.

BUT YOU'RE SURE IT WAS ME?

ABSOLUTELY!

I TEND TO REMEMBER WHEN A PERSON COMES TO MY DOOR AND *PASSES OUT* ON THE FRONT PORCH. YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU'D SEEN A GHOST.*

WHEN WAS THAT...?

OH...FIVE YEARS AGO. MAYBE MORE. *HONESTLY*, YOU DON'T REMEMBER THAT? IT WAS ON OLIVE STREET. I WAS WEARING AN EVENING GOWN IN THE DAYTIME. AND YOU WERE *QUITE* THE GENTLEMAN WITH YOUR COMPLIMENTS. THEN JUST WHEN MY HUSBAND WAS COMING TO THE DOOR, YOU JUST *FAINTED*. RIGHT THERE ON THE SPOT.



LUCKILY, YOU WERE OKAY. I KEPT THINKING WE SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN YOU TO A DOCTOR BEFORE YOU RAN OFF. SO WE REALLY DIDN'T GET TO TALK MUCH.

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT THAT. HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?





YOU LOOK
FANTASTIC!

I MEAN,
YOUR HAIR'S
DIFFERENT, BUT
BESIDES THAT, I'D
SWEAR YOU
HAVEN'T AGED
A DAY.

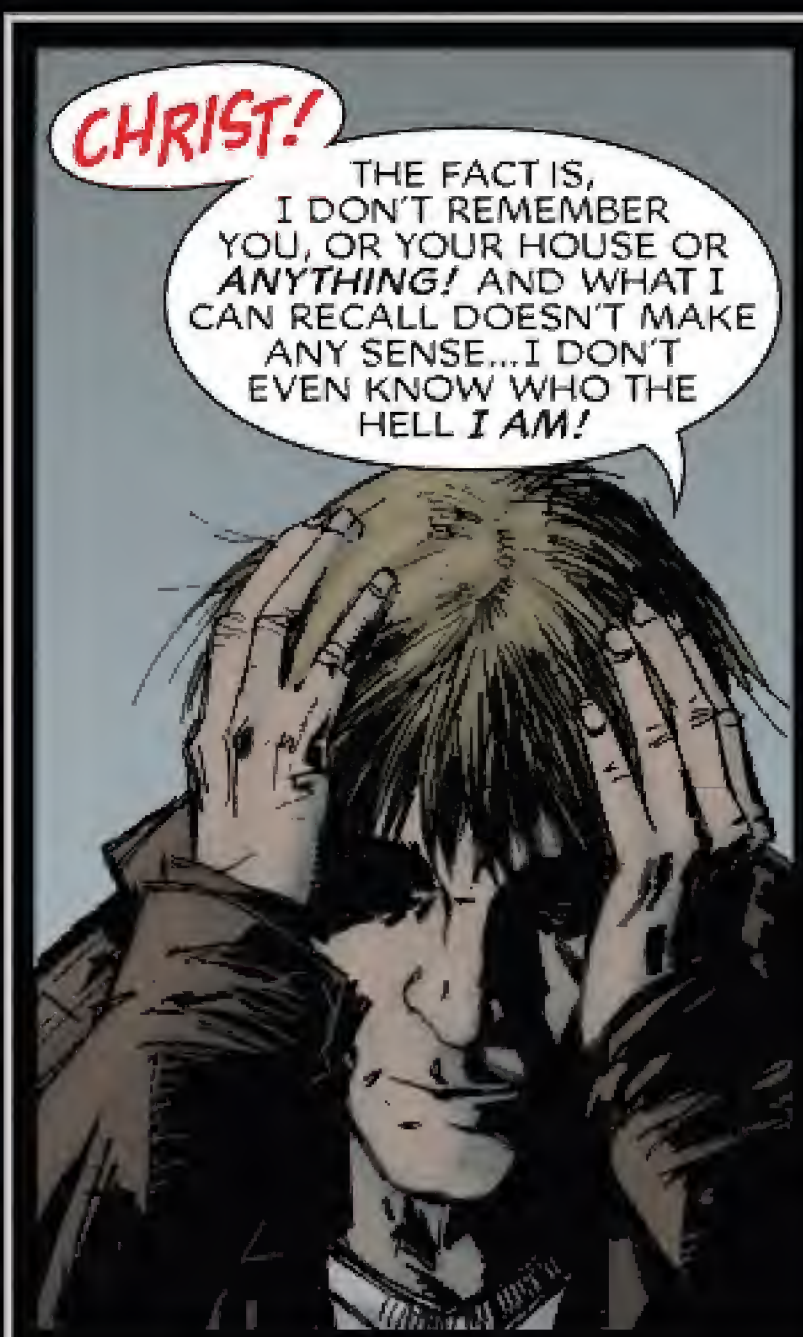
I DON'T
KNOW.

YOU
DON'T
KNOW
WHAT?

HOW
I'VE
BEEN.

I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND...

IT'S JUST...
SOMETIMES
I...



CHRIST!

THE FACT IS,
I DON'T REMEMBER
YOU, OR YOUR HOUSE OR
ANYTHING! AND WHAT I
CAN RECALL DOESN'T MAKE
ANY SENSE...I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHO THE
HELL I AM!



LOOK
AT
ME.

WHAT?

JUST
LOOK
AT ME!



OH
MY GOD!
YOU'RE ONE
OF **THEM**
AREN'T
YOU?

WHAT'RE
YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I SEE
IT IN YOUR
EYES.

AND IF YOU DON'T
EVEN KNOW YOU'RE A
PART OF THEIR MADNESS, I...
I'M SO SORRY, JIM, BUT I CAN'T
HELP YOU. **I JUST CAN'T**
DO THAT ANYMORE.
NOT AGAIN.

BUT I KNOW
WHERE YOU MIGHT
FIND SOME ANSWERS--OR
WHATEVER YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR. THAT'S THE
BEST I CAN DO.

I'M
SORRY.





SORRY...
THOUGHT YOU
WERE SOME-
ONE ELSE.

YOU
LOST?

YOU
COULD SAY
THAT.

A WOMAN
SENT ME HERE.
SAID I MIGHT
FIND... SOME-
THING.

WHAT
WAS HER
NAME?

WANDA.



FOLLOW
ME.

IT USED
TO BE HIS, YOU
KNOW.

WHOSE?

THE **BIG**
GUY.

LISTEN, I'M
GONNA TAKE OFF.
THIS PLACE ALWAYS
CREEPED ME OUT. SO,
GOOD LUCK WITH
WHATEVER...

COUGH!
COUGH!

MISTER!
YOU OKAY?
I THINK...









image

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DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO

SPAWN

ENDGAME PART SEVEN



Capullo
McFARLANE
JONES

13 Minutes Ago

...BECAUSE
IN A MINUTE
YOU AND I ARE
GOING TO GET
VERY, **VERY**
SERIOUS.



WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO-- SCARE ME?/
THREATEN
ME?

YOU
GO TO
HELL!

I'D BE
CAREFUL.

OH...THAT'S
RIGHT! YOU'VE
BEEN THERE **ALREADY**.
OBVIOUSLY, YOUR TIME
AWAY HAS MADE
YOU EVEN **MORE**
IGNORANT!



OR
MAYBE
YOU'VE JUST
FORGOTTEN
THE
RULES...



YOU
CAN'T
KILL
ME!!

ANY MORE
THAN I CAN
KILL YOU. NOT
HERE! NOT ON
EARTH!

ESPECIALLY
NOT IN THIS PLACE!
THIS--**ANOMALY**. WHERE
OUR POWERS ARE
NEUTRALIZED.

THEN I'LL
JUST HAVE
TO GET
CREATIVE.



NO ONE TOLD ME THERE'D BE ANOTHER 'ELITE' ALREADY STATIONED HERE.

THEY SAID I'D BE DOING THIS SOLO.

BESIDES, I THOUGHT YOU MALES WEREN'T ALLOWED ON EARTH EXCEPT FOR EXTREME CASES.

I'M OUTTA HERE.



DIDN'T MEAN TO STARTLE YOUR HUMAN. HE MUST NOT BE ABLE TO DECIPHER MY LIGHT FORM.

BUT WE'RE BETTER OFF ALONE, ANYWAY. GOD STILL LIKES IT WHEN HIS ACTIONS GO UNSEEN.

GOD?

I KNOW. I QUESTION IT SOMETIMES, TOO.



I'VE WONDERED MANY TIMES WHY WE STILL ALIGN OURSELVES WITH HIM. HE TREATS US LIKE 'LOST SOULS' MOST OF THE TIME, AT LEAST MY COMMANDERS DO, INSTEAD OF GIVING US MISSIONS WE'RE WORTHY OF.

A REBELLION! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED. SOMETHING THAT'LL SEND A LOUD MESSAGE TO ALL OF THEM UP THERE.



DON'T
YOU AGREE?
EVEN IF IT WAS
JUST YOU
AND I.

I'VE HEARD
ABOUT YOU
MALES, HOW
YOU'RE ABLE TO
'TRANSCEND'
AT WILL.

I'D BE
WILLING TO DO
ANYTHING
TO LEARN HOW
YOU DO THAT. MAYBE
THEN THEY'D PAY
ATTENTION
TO ME.



EVEN
NOW, WHEN I
TRIED TELLING
THEM ABOUT THIS
ANOMALY, NONE
OF THEM COULD
BE BOTHERED
ENOUGH TO
CARE.

THEY WANTED
MORE DATA, THEY
SAID. FIRST, NO **ANOMALY**
EXISTS HERE, AND SECOND,
NONE OF HELL'S CREATURES
HAS EVER FOUND ANY
OF THOSE THAT
DO EXIST.

SO... I MUST
BE WRONG, THEY
SAID, AND I SHOULD GO
BACK AND RE-DO MY
RESEARCH.



BUT, I
KNOW WHAT I
FOUND.

AND SO
DO YOU. THAT'S
WHY YOU HAVEN'T
SAID ANYTHING,
ISN'T IT?

IT
WAS YOU,
WASN'T
IT?



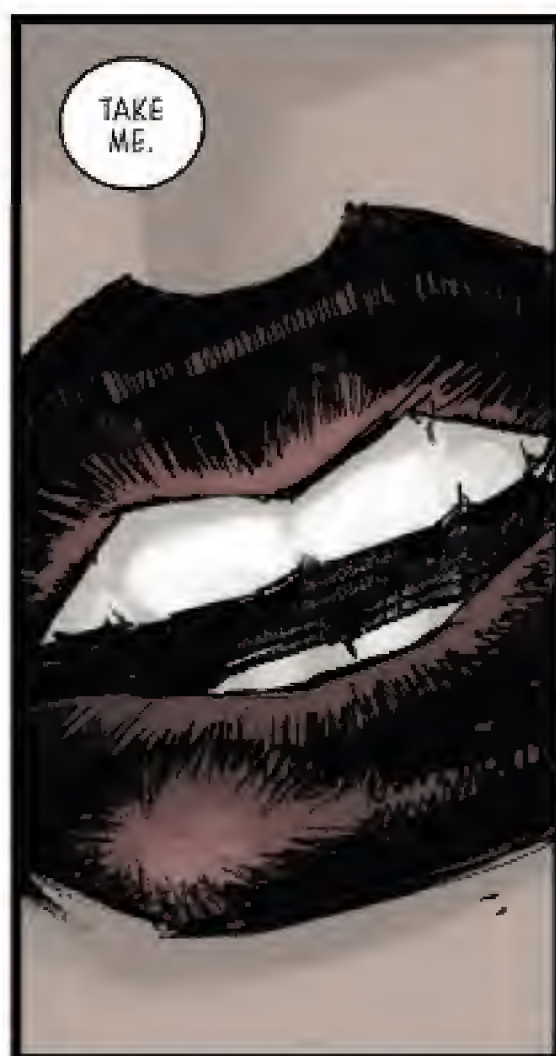
YOU KILLED
THAT SPAWN
DEMON, DIDN'T
YOU?

EVEN
THOUGH WE'RE
IN AN **ANOMALY**,
YOUR POWERS
STILL WORK
HERE.



LIKE
YOUR BODY
SPIKES, THEY'RE
STILL REACTING
TO EVERY-
THING.

EVEN
ME.







LINGG!



AND WHAT
YOU DID TO
GOD...



...WAS
UNFORGIVABLE!!



KRAK

I DON'T
KNOW HOW
IT WORKS, OR
WHEN IT
WORKS,

BUT
YOU'RE
RIGHT...

I DO
HAVE
POWER!
AND I WANT
TO KNOW
WHY?!



IT'S WHY
GOD THREW YOU
OUT! BECAUSE YOU
COULDN'T CONTROL
THEM ANYMORE!
THEY'VE BEEN
WATCHING
YOU.

AND THOUGH
YOU WERE BANISHED
WE KNEW YOU'D RETURN. SO
THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU--
AND EVERYONE YOU'VE CARED
ABOUT. NONE OF YOU ARE
SAFE FROM US.



NONE
OF YOU ARE
SAFE FROM
US.



BLEE
BLEE

UNH?



NONE
OF YOU.

SARA?



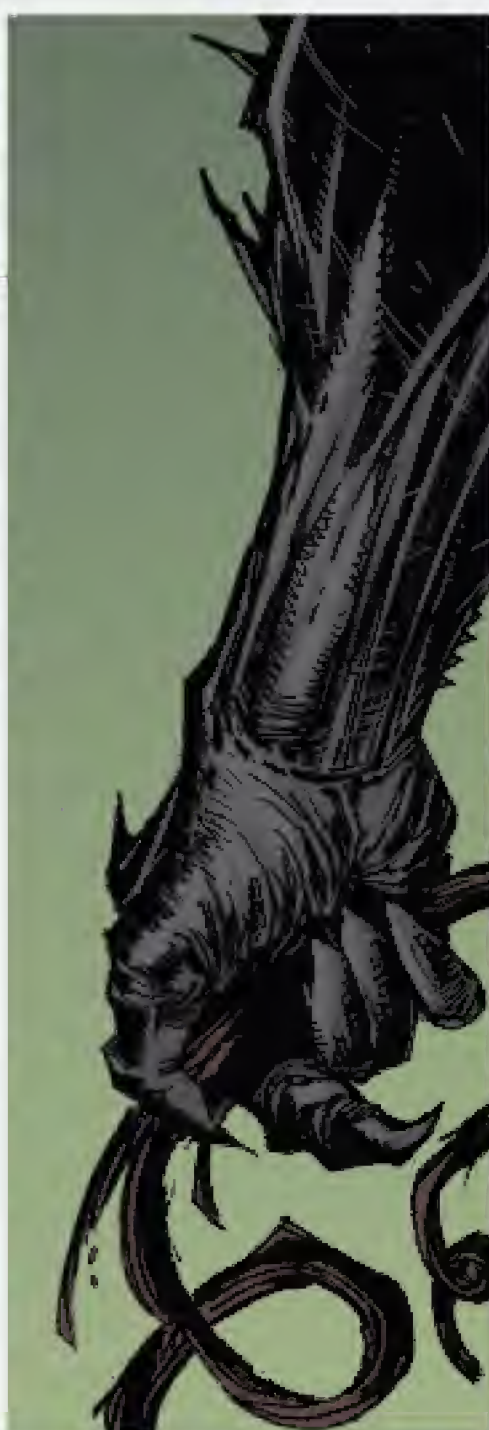
JIM. THEY'RE
STILL HERE.
STILL WATCHING.
DON'T COME
NEAR HERE.


I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT THEY
WANT, BUT I
DON'T THINK
IT'S SAFE.

DID
YOU
HEAR
ME?

HELLO?
JIM! YOU'RE
BREAKING
UP.

DON'T
COME BACK.
I'LL LET YOU
KNOW WHEN
YOU CAN.





I'M GOING TO
STOP WHOEVER YOU
SENT TO HER HOUSE...
AND YOU'D BETTER
PRAY I GET THERE
IN TIME.

BECAUSE IF
ANYTHING HAPPENS
TO HER, I'LL ANNIHILATE
THOSE RESPONSIBLE, THEN
I'LL BE **BACK** FOR YOU!
WE'RE FAR FROM BEING
FINISHED HERE!

YOU
KNOW
WAY TOO
MUCH!





THIRTY SECONDS!...

UNNGH

THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME *EVERYTHING* I WANT, OR I GUT YOU LIKE A FISH!

UNDER-
STAND?!!

AND I SWEAR, IF YOU'VE TOUCHED SARA--I'LL KILL YOU! *ALL OF YOU!!*



NOW, WHO SENT YOU? THE ANGEL SAID YOU KNEW ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT...

URK!

YOU'RE CRAZY! WHAT ANGEL?

NO BULLSHIT ANSWERS! THAT'S WHAT GOT YOUR WINGED FRIEND STUCK TO A WALL!

THE ONE WHO SAID YOU'D BE HERE. THE ONE WHO THREATENED ME.

THAT JOG YOUR MEMORY?

YOU'VE GOT TWENTY SECONDS LEFT.

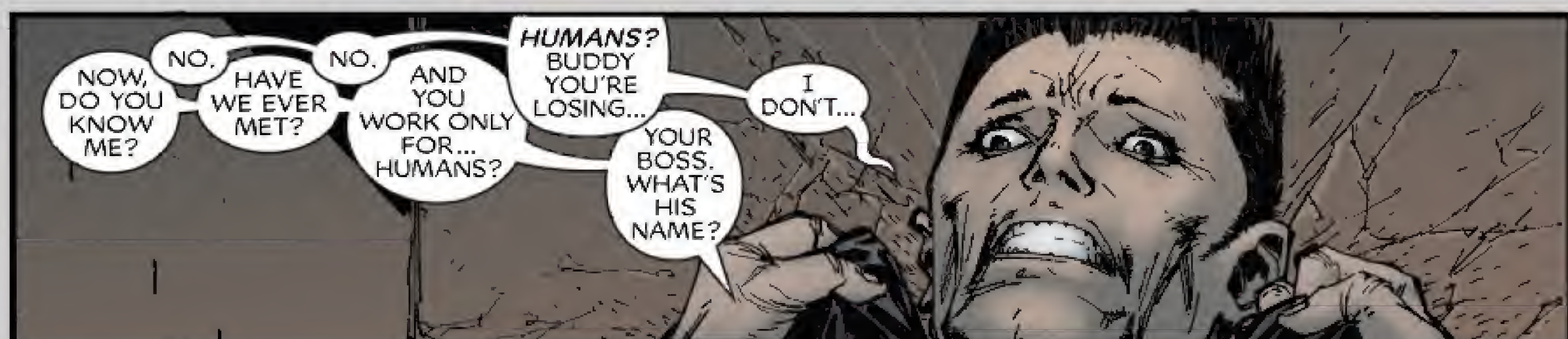
YOU'RE JUST A JOB. THAT'S ALL! I'M SUPPOSED TO FIND YOU THEN DELIVER YOU TO A 'MEETING' WITH MY BOSS.

WHAT ABOUT SARA?

I DON'T CARE ABOUT HER...OR YOUR ANGEL DELUSIONS. MY JOB WAS TO FIND YOU.



CONSIDER ME
FOUND!



NOW,
DO YOU
KNOW
ME?

NO.

HAVE
WE EVER
MET?

NO.

AND
YOU
WORK ONLY
FOR...
HUMANS?

HUMANS?
BUDDY
YOU'RE
LOSING...

I DON'T...

YOUR
BOSS.
WHAT'S
HIS
NAME?



TEN
SECONDS!



GILBERT.

GILBERT
WHAT?

GILBERT
SANCHEZ.

WHERE'S
HE
WORK?

SOHO.



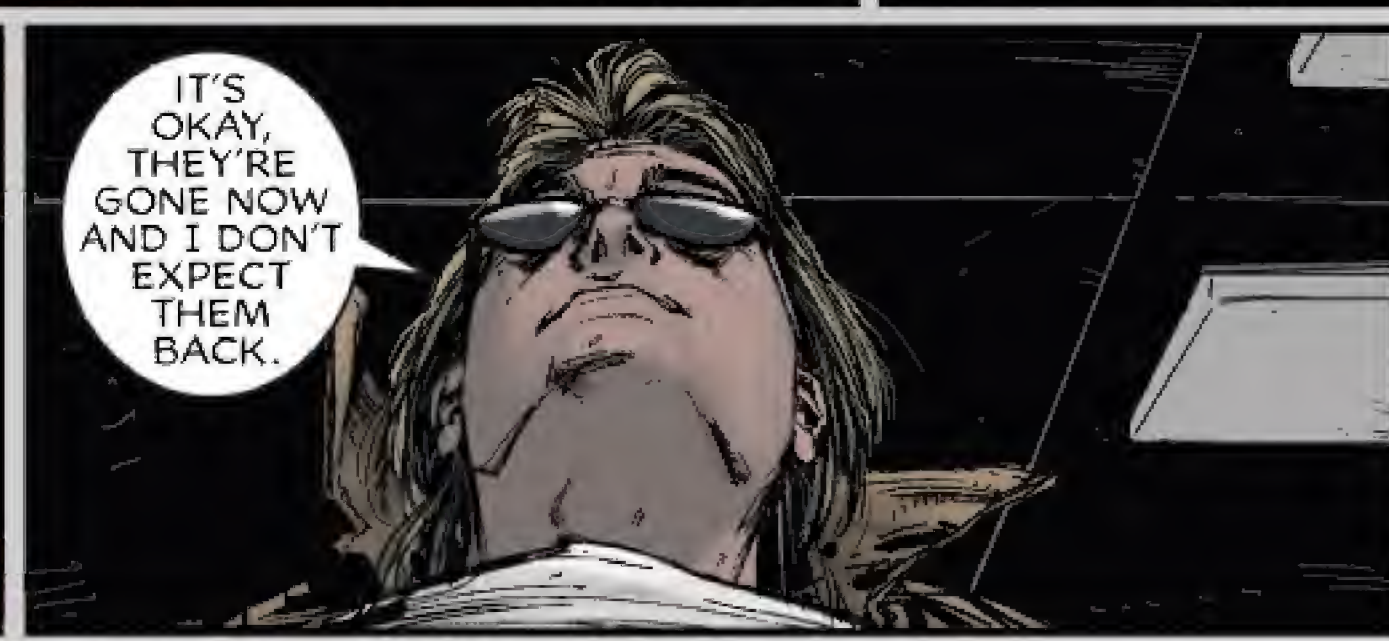
GOOD.



THEN TELL
MR. SANCHEZ
TO SAVE HIS ENERGY.
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO
HUNT ME ANYMORE.
BECAUSE, I'M GOING
TO **FIND HIM**
INSTEAD.

AND WHEN
I GET THERE,
I'M GOING TO BE
VERY **PISSED OFF!**
SO SOMEONE HAD
BETTER BE READY
TO TELL ME
WHO I AM.





THEY SAID THEY DIDN'T HURT YOU.

NO, THEY WERE JUST ASKING QUESTIONS.

ABOUT WHAT? YOU.

THEY KEPT WANTING TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT. SAID THEY WERE FROM ST. ANTHONY'S, BUT WHEN I MADE UP A DOCTOR'S NAME, THEY SAID THEY KNEW HIM. THAT'S WHY I CALLED.*

I... I JUST GOT SCARED.



I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO LEAVE AGAIN.



15 Minutes Ago



WELL,

WELL,

WELL.

NOW
WHAT DO
WE HAVE
HERE?



I HADN'T
HEARD THAT GOD
DEPLOYED **MORE**
WARRIORS TO
THIS REGION.

MEANING
SOMETHING'S
GOT HIM A **LITTLE**
NERVOUS.



NOW
WHAT COULD
THAT BE, I
WONDER...

OH
YES!!

THE
**DECAPITATED
SPAWN!**
YOU FOUND
HIM, DIDN'T
YOU?

NO, WAIT! YOU
LIGHT WARRIORS
AREN'T SMART
ENOUGH TO FIGURE
THESE THINGS OUT ON
YOUR OWN. SO ONE OF
YOUR 'GUARDIANS'
TOLD YOU ABOUT IT,
DIDN'T THEY?

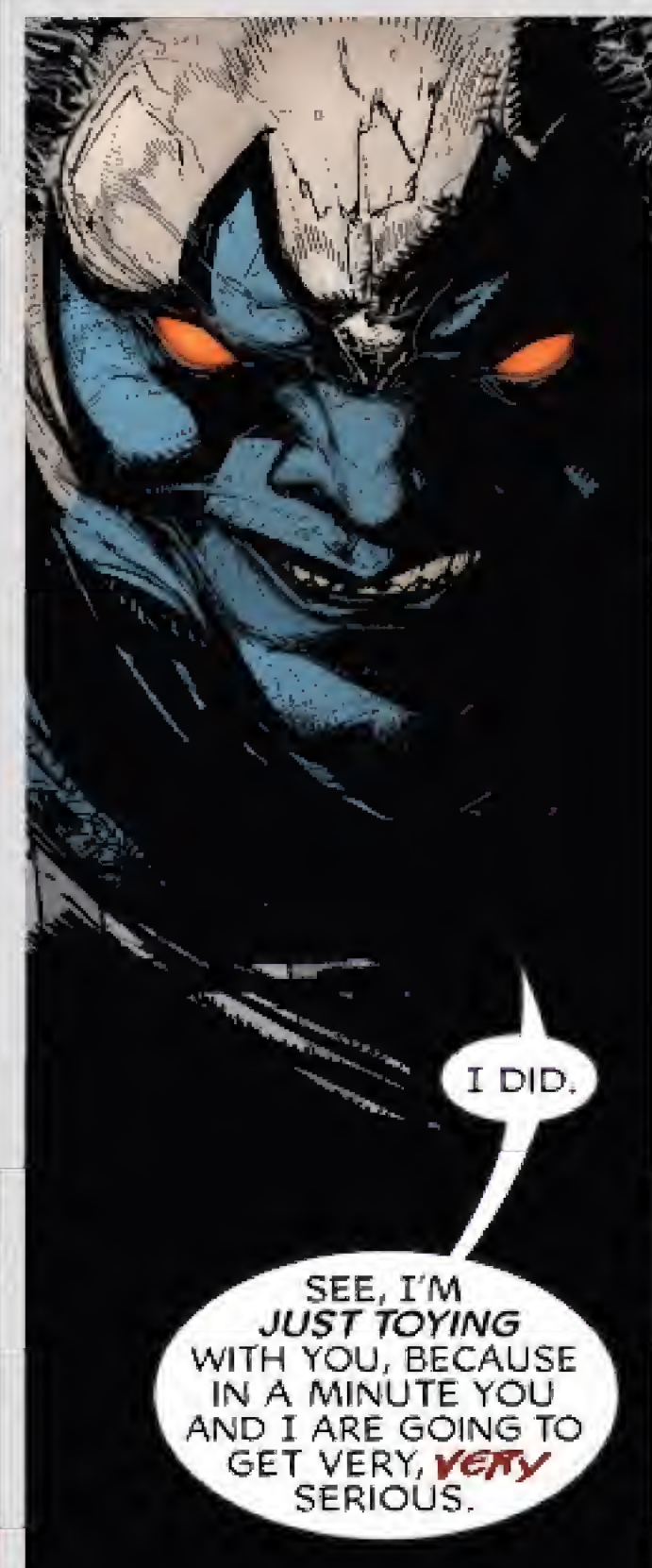
MUST HAVE
BEEN SPYING
ON ME.
SNEAKY LITTLE
BASTARDS.

AND GOD, HE
WANTED TO MAKE
SURE THE 'GUARDIAN'
WASN'T PULLING HIS LEG,
RIGHT? HE NEVER DID
HAVE A SENSE OF
HUMOR, DID HE?

GUARDIANS
WOULDN'T REPORT
DIRECTLY TO GOD. BUT
YOUR GARCASM TELLS ME
YOU ALREADY KNEW
THAT.



DIDN'T
YOU!



I DID.

SEE, I'M
JUST TOYING
WITH YOU, BECAUSE
IN A MINUTE YOU
AND I ARE GOING TO
GET VERY, **VERY**
SERIOUS.



I'M TELLING YOU... *NONE* OF THIS MAKES SENSE!

WHAT DOESN'T?

THIS--THE ARTICLE I'M TRYING TO PIECE TOGETHER.

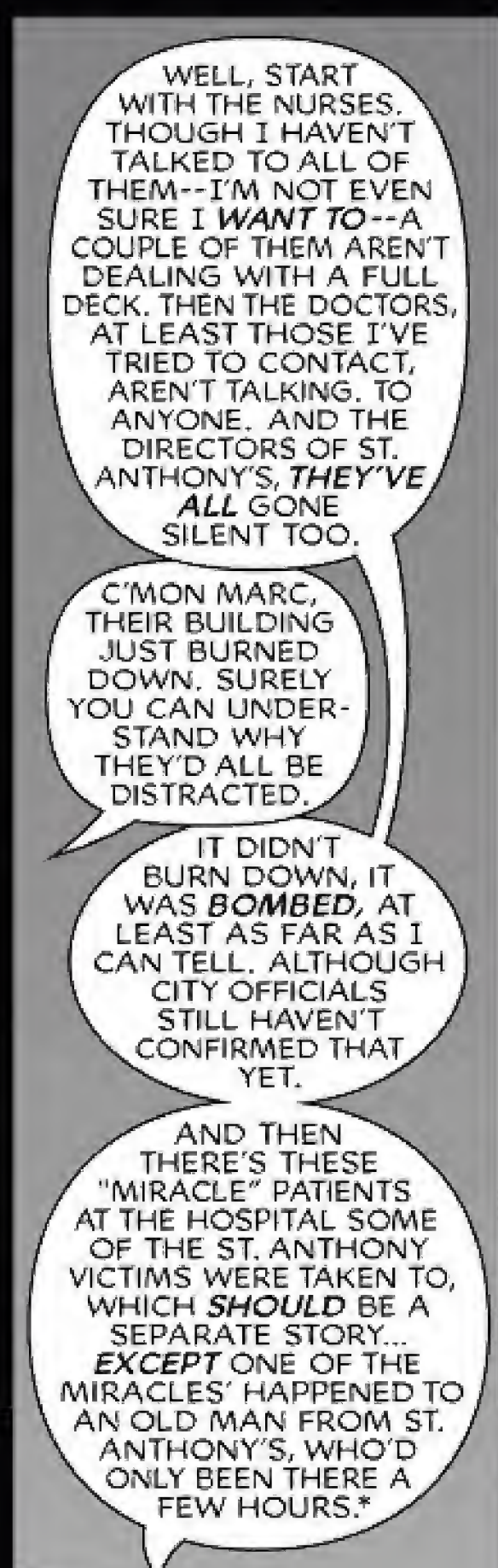
WHAT PART CAN'T YOU FIGURE OUT?

ALL OF IT! EVERYTHING.

THAT'S A BIT MELODRAMATIC, DON'T YOU THINK?

I WISH. I MEAN, FIRST THINGS LOOK LIKE THEY DON'T FIT TOGETHER OR SHOULDN'T BE RELATED, AND THEN THESE PIECES--JUST LITTLE THINGS--KEEP BUTTING INTO EACH OTHER.

FOR INSTANCE...?

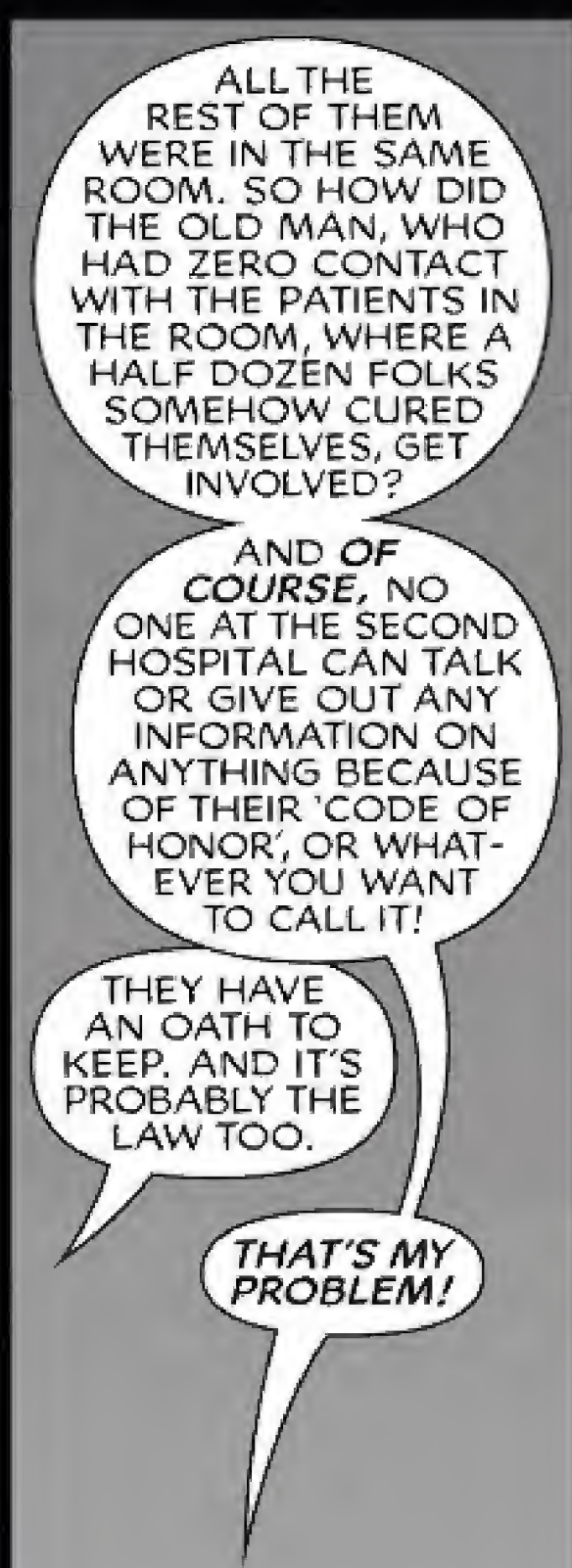


WELL, START WITH THE NURSES. THOUGH I HAVEN'T TALKED TO ALL OF THEM--I'M NOT EVEN SURE I *WANT TO*--A COUPLE OF THEM AREN'T DEALING WITH A FULL DECK. THEN THE DOCTORS, AT LEAST THOSE I'VE TRIED TO CONTACT, AREN'T TALKING. TO ANYONE. AND THE DIRECTORS OF ST. ANTHONY'S, *THEY'VE ALL GONE SILENT TOO.*

C'MON MARC, THEIR BUILDING JUST BURNED DOWN. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'D ALL BE DISTRACTED.

IT DIDN'T BURN DOWN, IT WAS *BOMBED*, AT LEAST AS FAR AS I CAN TELL. ALTHOUGH CITY OFFICIALS STILL HAVEN'T CONFIRMED THAT YET.

AND THEN THERE'S THESE "MIRACLE" PATIENTS AT THE HOSPITAL SOME OF THE ST. ANTHONY VICTIMS WERE TAKEN TO, WHICH *SHOULD* BE A SEPARATE STORY... *EXCEPT* ONE OF THE MIRACLES' HAPPENED TO AN OLD MAN FROM ST. ANTHONY'S, WHO'D ONLY BEEN THERE A FEW HOURS.*



ALL THE REST OF THEM WERE IN THE SAME ROOM. SO HOW DID THE OLD MAN, WHO HAD ZERO CONTACT WITH THE PATIENTS IN THE ROOM, WHERE A HALF DOZEN FOLKS SOMEHOW CURED THEMSELVES, GET INVOLVED?

AND *OF COURSE*, NO ONE AT THE SECOND HOSPITAL CAN TALK OR GIVE OUT ANY INFORMATION BECAUSE OF THEIR 'CODE OF HONOR', OR WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT!

THEY HAVE AN OATH TO KEEP. AND IT'S PROBABLY THE LAW TOO.

THAT'S MY PROBLEM!

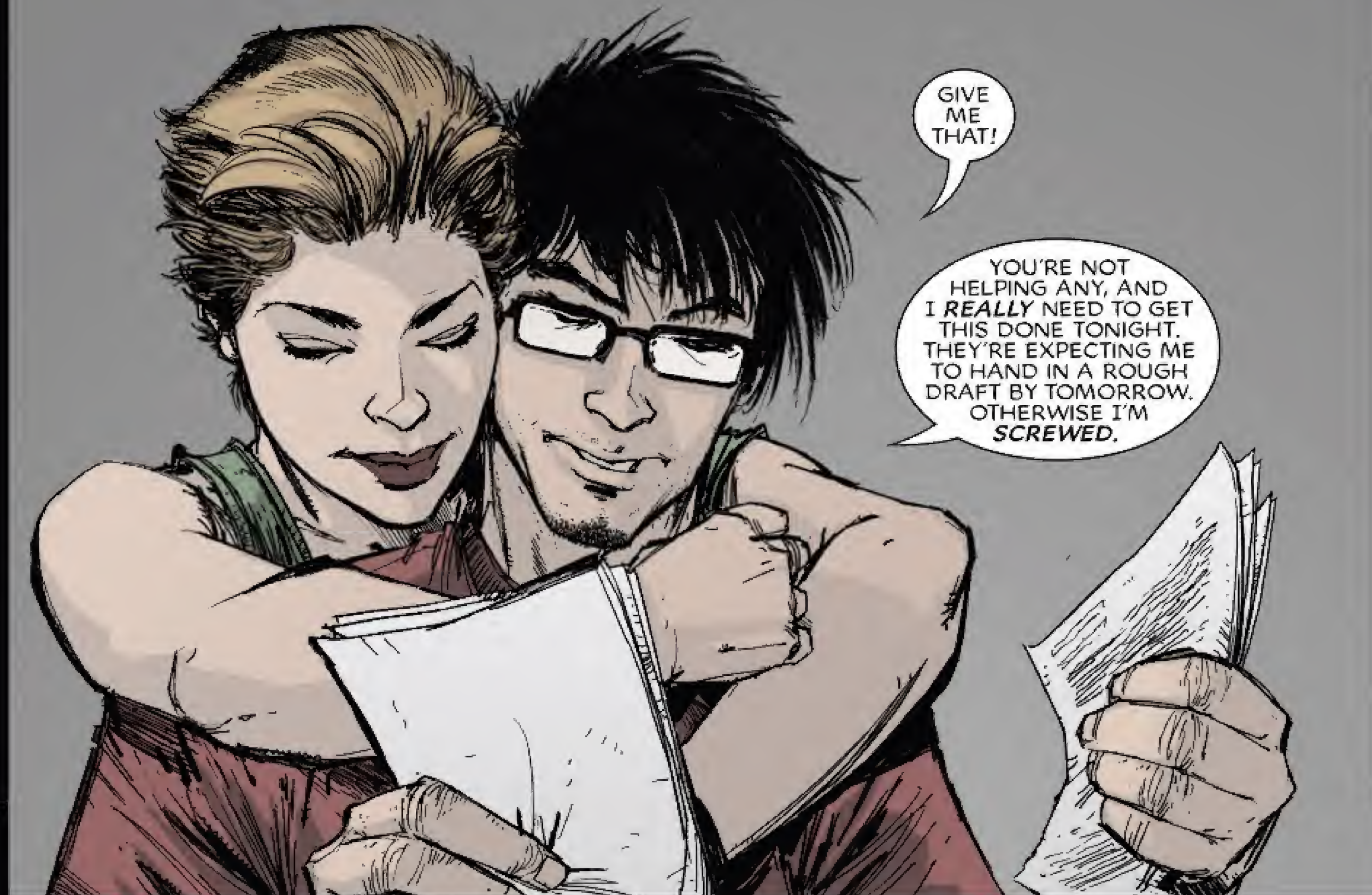


I CAN'T GET ENOUGH INFORMATION TO FULLY FLESH ANY OF THIS OUT.

LET ME SEE THAT! THERE'S YOUR PROBLEM *RIGHT THERE!*

WHERE?

IT SAYS RIGHT HERE, THAT YOU NEED TO SPEND *MORE ATTENTION* ON YOUR LOVELY GIRLFRIEND AND IF YOU DO, THEN *ALL* YOUR ANSWERS WILL BECOME CLEAR.



GIVE ME THAT!

YOU'RE NOT HELPING ANY, AND I **REALLY** NEED TO GET THIS DONE TONIGHT. THEY'RE EXPECTING ME TO HAND IN A ROUGH DRAFT BY TOMORROW. OTHERWISE I'M **SCREWED**.



SPEAKING OF WHICH...

SUSAN! STOP IT! I NEED YOU TO GET OUT OF HERE.

YOU'RE STARTING TO PISS ME OFF.



WAIT.

I'M SORRY. COME BACK HERE.

I'M JUST...

COMPLETELY INSENSITIVE AT TIMES. I KNOW. BUT I WON'T HOLD IT AGAINST YOU.



THANKS.

SO WHAT LEADS ARE YOU STUCK ON?

WELL, THE NURSES AT DEACON'S HOSPITAL SAID THEY TRANSFERRED SOMEONE FROM THE "MIRACLE ROOM" TO ANOTHER HOSPITAL. AND IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT PATIENT **WASN'T** AFFECTED LIKE ALL THE REST. PLUS I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHO RODE IN THE AMBULANCE WITH THE OLD MAN FROM ST. ANTHONY'S.

THEN THERE'S **THE WHOLE** ST. ANTHONY'S DEBACLE.





BUT *FIRST*,
TELL ME ABOUT
YOUR POOR MAN'S
CRUCIFIXION.



I'M CURIOUS
AS TO WHICH ONE
OF *OURS* WAS
SKILLED ENOUGH TO
GET YOU UP THERE
IN THE FIRST
PLACE.

SEE, I'M
PUTTING TOGETHER
MY OWN LITTLE ARMY,
AND I COULD DO WITH A FEW
MORE SKILLED RECRUITS. AND
I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK
THEY HAD *ALL* BACKSLID
TO THE POINT OF BEING
USELESS.



SO DO
TELL.
PLEASE.

YOU'RE
JOKING,
RIGHT?

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT YOUR
OWN SIDE IS
DOING?

NOW THAT'S
REALLY SOMETHING
TO LAUGH AT...
MR. CLOWN.



YOU
MOCK
ME?

EVEN
THOUGH I'VE
SLAUGHTERED
THOUSANDS OF
YOUR SISTERS,
YOU DARE
MOCK
ME?!

THEN
LET ME
SHOW YOU
A LITTLE
REMINDER
OF *EXACTLY*
WHO
YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH.



CLEARER
NOW?



I'M NOT
AFRAID.



THEN
YOU'RE NOT
PAYING
ATTENTION.

AND YOU'RE
RIGHT, I CAN'T KILL
YOU ON EARTH. BUT I'VE
LIVED ENOUGH TO KNOW
THERE ARE THINGS WORSE,
FAR WORSE THAN DEATH.
ESPECIALLY FOR AN
ANGEL.

LET ME
DEMON-
STRATE.



UUUUUUUKHHH!!



SPAWN[®]

ENDGAME PART EIGHT



03
McFARLANE

70703



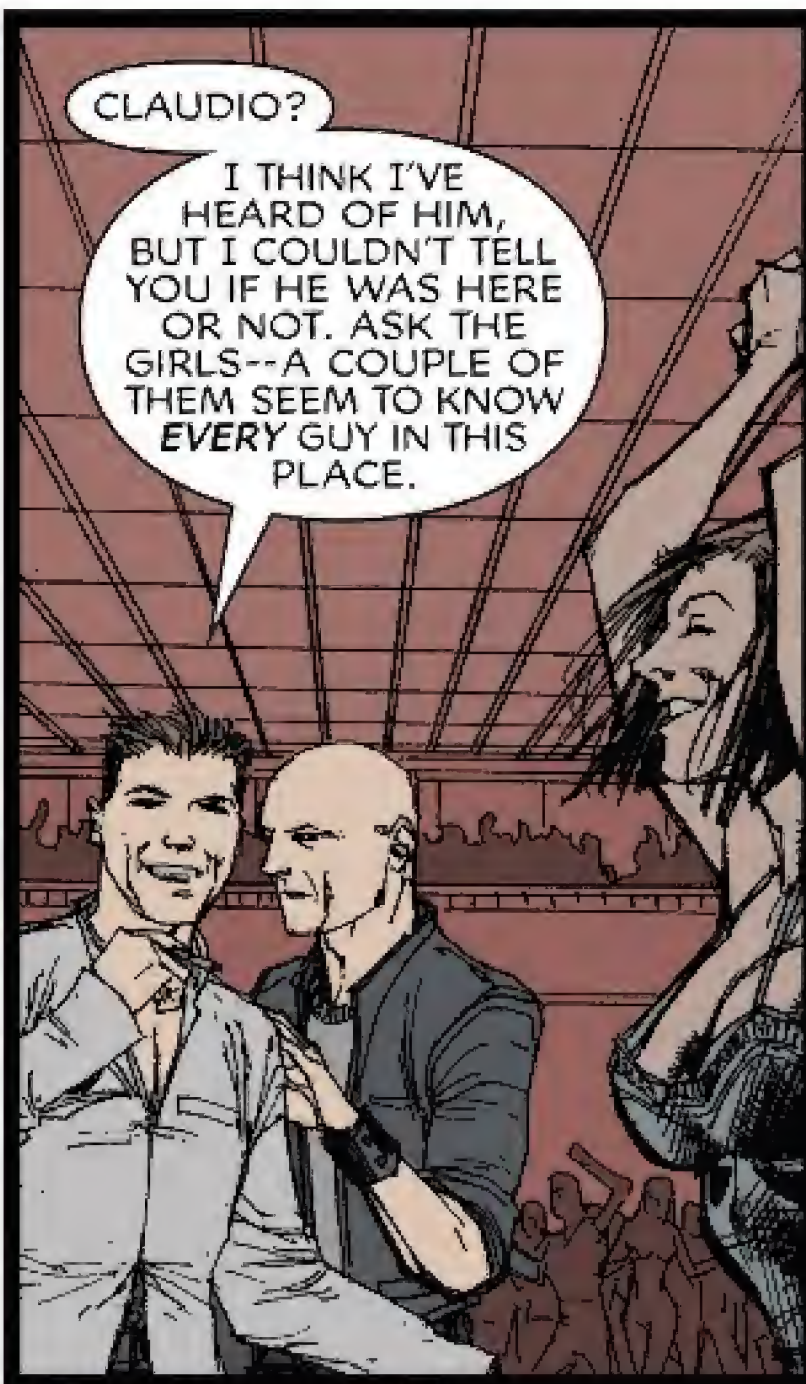


THIS'LL BE INTERESTING.



Um... EXCUSE ME, I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE CALLED CLAUDIO.

SORRY, DON'T KNOW HIM... BUT IS HE CUTE?



CLAUDIO?

I THINK I'VE HEARD OF HIM, BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU IF HE WAS HERE OR NOT. ASK THE GIRLS--A COUPLE OF THEM SEEM TO KNOW EVERY GUY IN THIS PLACE.



NOPE. NEVER HEARD OF THE GUY.

THANKS.



ARE YOU SURE?

SOMEONE SAID THEY THOUGHT YOU USED TO DATE HIM.

WELL, THEY'RE WRONG. I MAY BE A LITTLE DRUNK, BUT I'D REMEMBER DATING *THAT* DUDE. NOT THAT I DIDN'T TRY, IT JUST NEVER PANNED OUT.

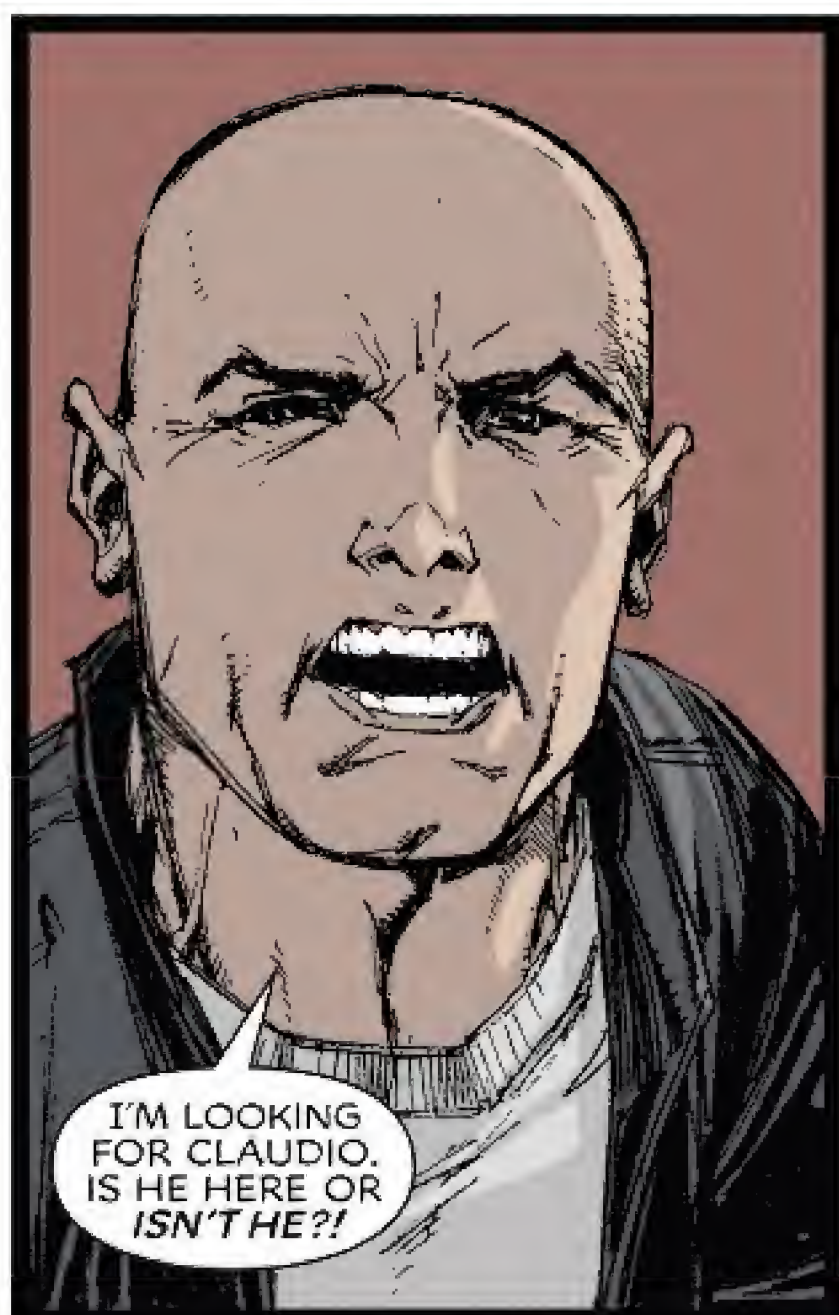
HIS LOSS.

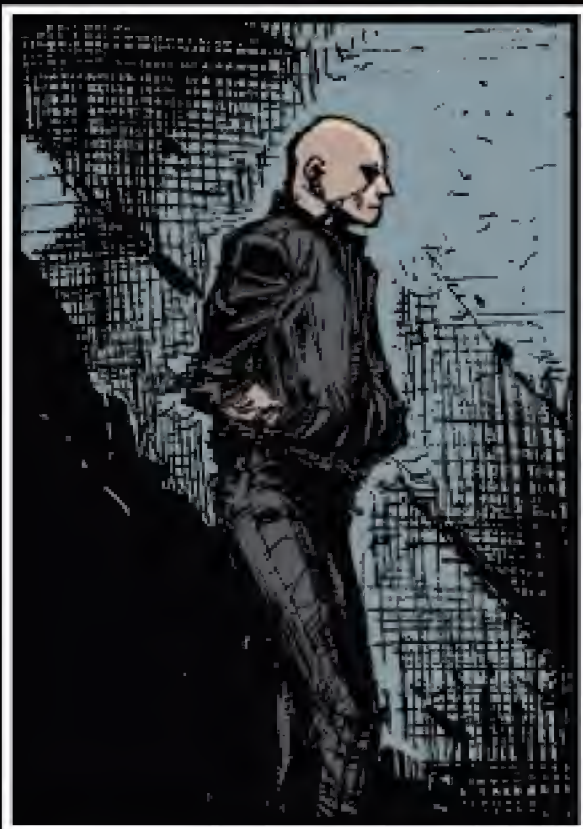
THANKS.

IF YOU SEE HIM TONIGHT, I'D APPRECIATE YOU LETTING ME KNOW. IT'S WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS.

A GRAND!

I'M ALL OVER THAT!









BUT WE DO.



NO.

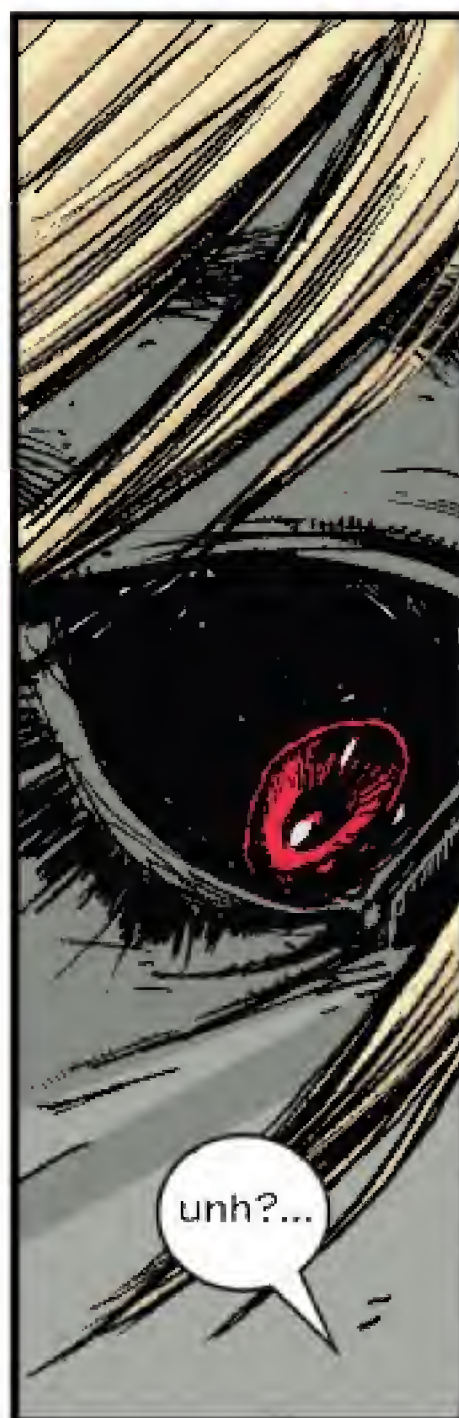


SO NOW, I EITHER KILL YOU OR I MAKE YOU ONE OF US.

YOUR CHOICE.

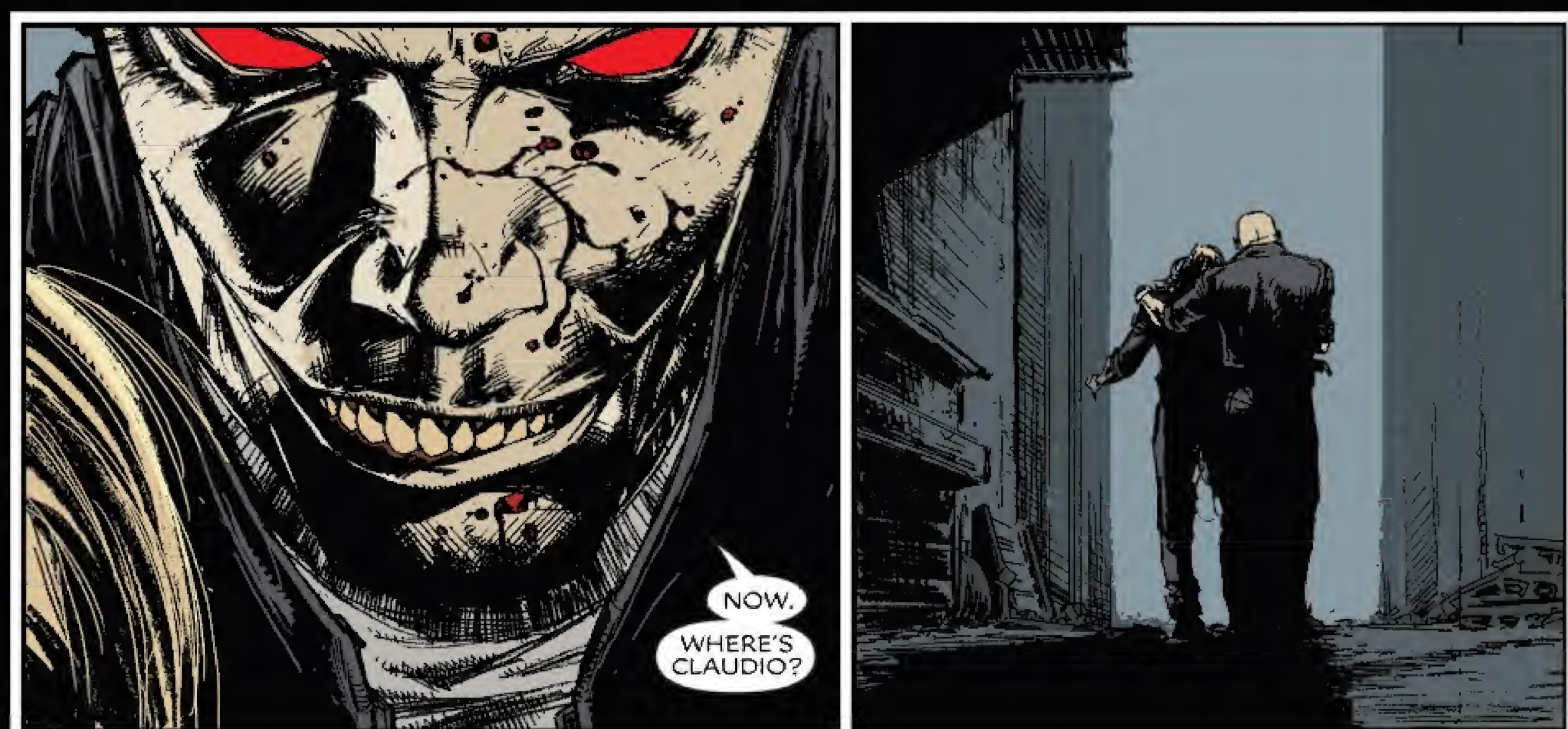
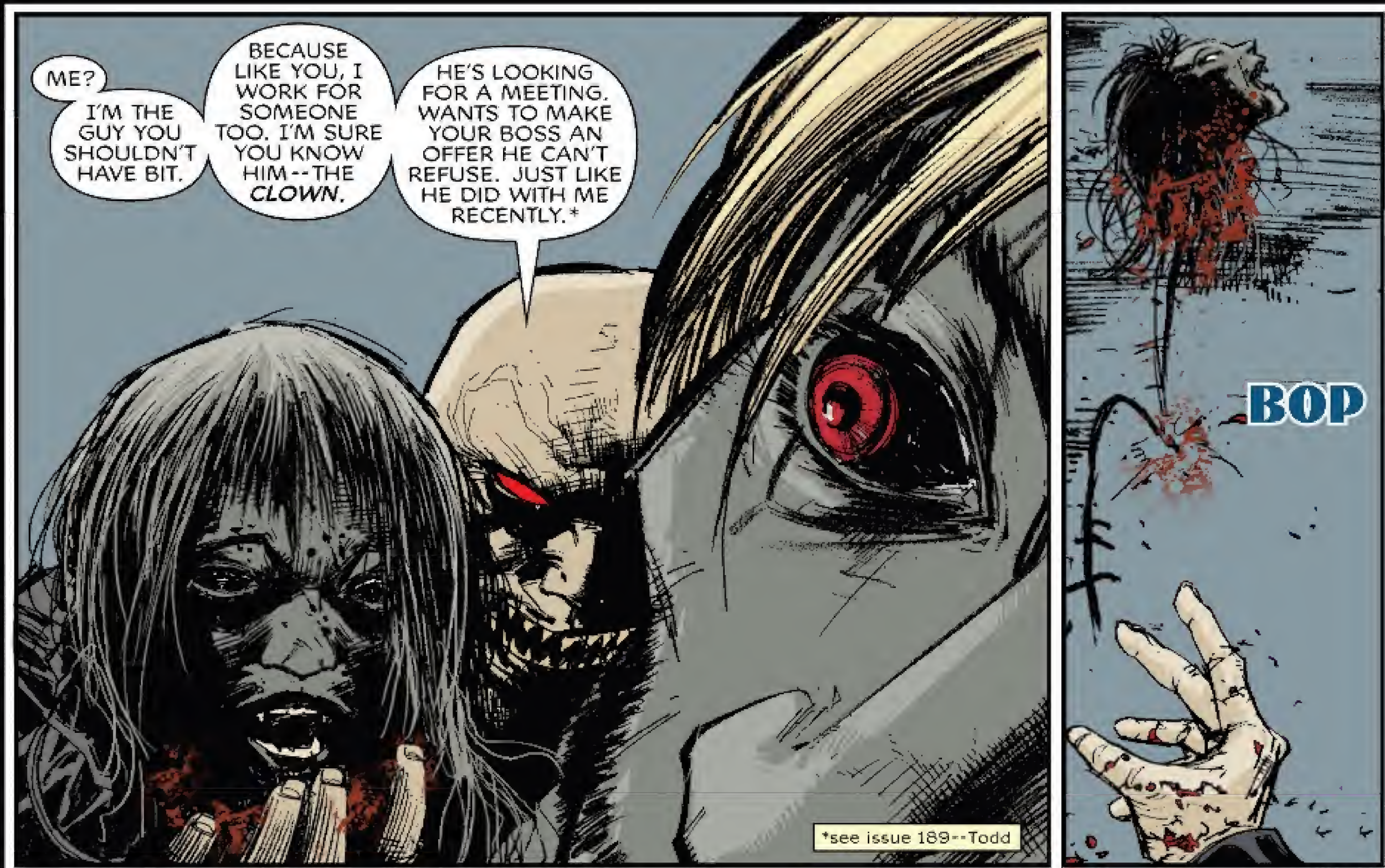


YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS.









Deep in the alleyways.







SHE
HAD
ANSWERS!!

AND
SHE
KNEW...
WHO I
WAS.





IT'S *YOU!*
HOW'D
YOU GET
DOWN?

NEVER
MIND.

YOU SAID
YOU KNEW ME.
SAID YOU *KNEW*
WHO I WAS!!

ALL THAT
STUFF ABOUT
HEAVEN AND GOD,
WHAT'S THAT ALL
MEAN? HOW DO I
FIT INTO ANY OF
THAT?

...SNOWBIRDS...

**ANSWER
ME!!** DAMMIT!
WHAT'S
WRONG WITH
YOU?!



HAS SOMEONE
DONE SOMETHING TO
YOU? IS THAT HOW YOU
GOT DOWN FROM THERE?
SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE
SINCE I LEFT? IS THAT
WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOK AT
ME, DAMN
YOU! WHAT'S
WRONG--YOU'RE
NOT MAKING
ANY SENSE.

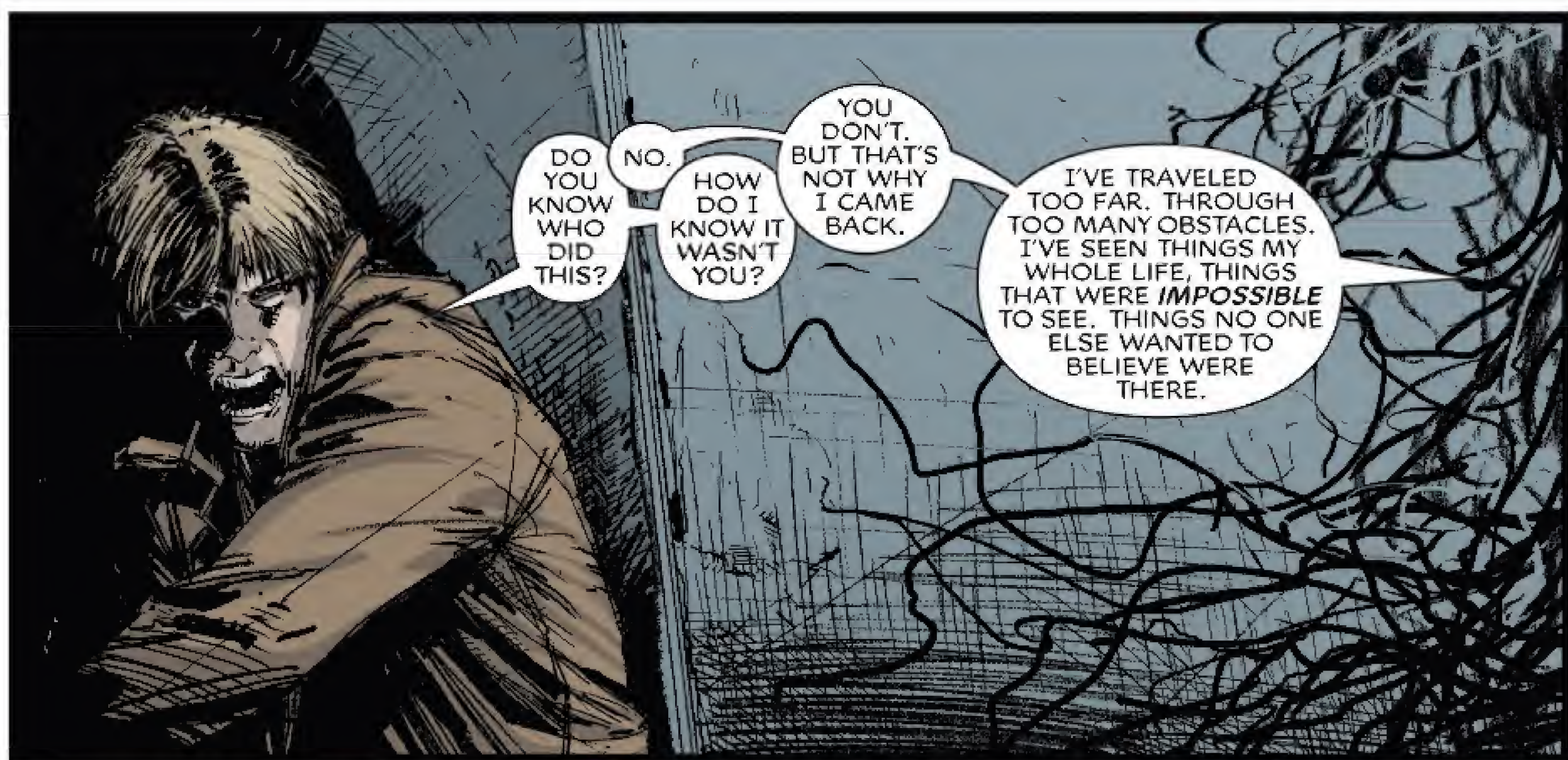


HE
DIDN'T...
LIKE ME

MY GOD,
YOUR
WINGS.

THEY'RE
GONE.





DO YOU
KNOW
WHO
DID
THIS?

NO.

HOW
DO I
KNOW IT
WASN'T
YOU?

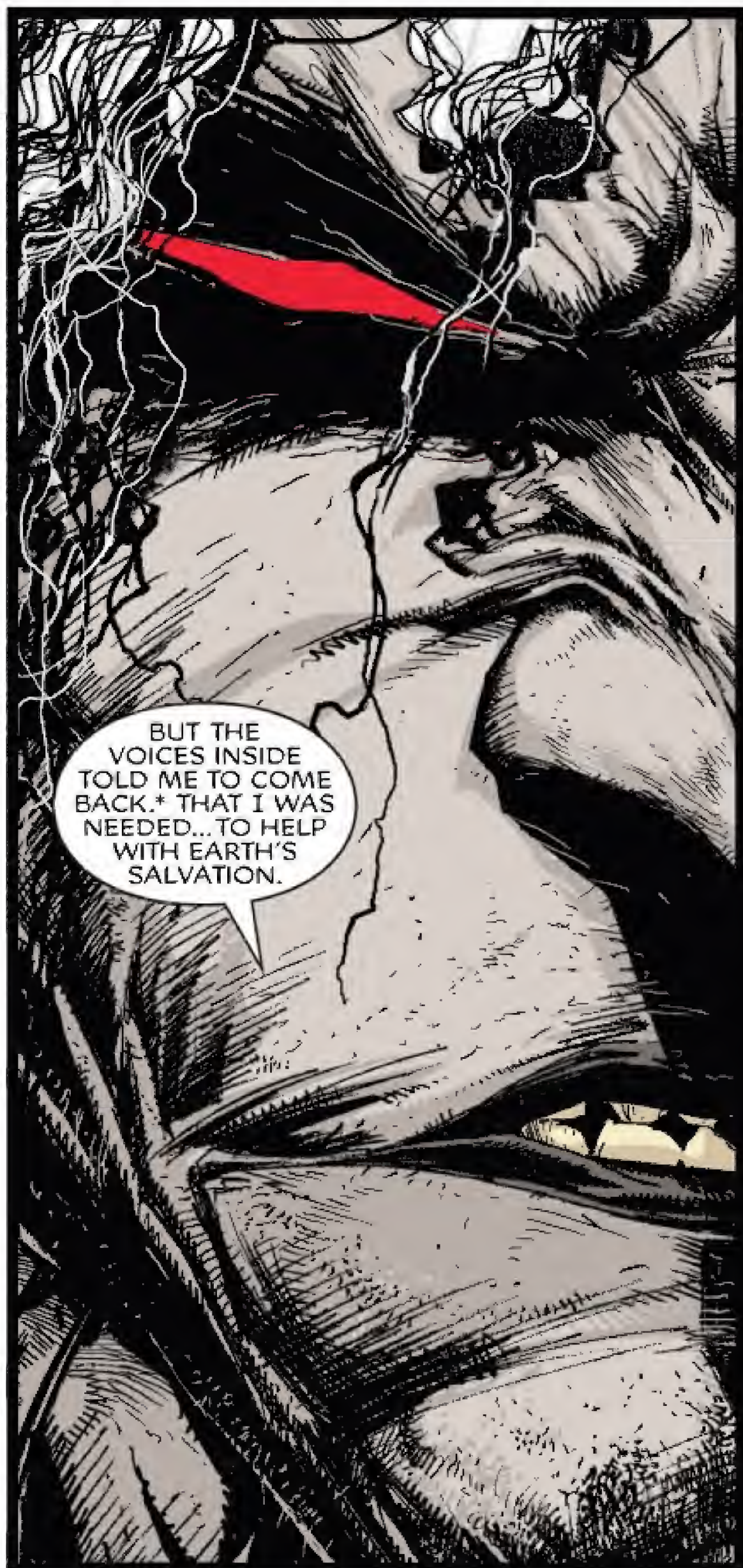
YOU
DON'T.
BUT THAT'S
NOT WHY
I CAME
BACK.

I'VE TRAVELED
TOO FAR. THROUGH
TOO MANY OBSTACLES.
I'VE SEEN THINGS MY
WHOLE LIFE, THINGS
THAT WERE *IMPOSSIBLE*
TO SEE. THINGS NO ONE
ELSE WANTED TO
BELIEVE WERE
THERE.



THE DOCTORS.
NURSES. TEACHERS.
EVEN MY OWN PARENTS.
THEY ALL THOUGHT I WAS
CRAZY. BUT I COULD SEE
THEM. THEY WERE EVERY-
WHERE. ALL AROUND US.
BUT STILL, NO ONE
WANTED TO LISTEN. THEY
SAID I WAS BEING DIFFI-
CULT. DELUSIONAL.
PARANOID.

SAID
I WAS
BECOMING A
FREAK.
AND SO I DID.
I BECAME THEIR
LITTLE FREAK
BOY.



BUT THE
VOICES INSIDE
TOLD ME TO COME
BACK.* THAT I WAS
NEEDED... TO HELP
WITH EARTH'S
SALVATION.



I DON'T
GIVE A CRAP
HOW YOUR
CHILDHOOD WAS.
WHAT'S YOUR
CONNECTION
TO THAT
ANGEL?

BECAUSE I'M
LOOKING FOR
ANSWERS AND RIGHT
NOW I'LL TAKE 'EM
FROM WHOEVER
I HAVE TO.

DID
YOU SEE
WHO TOOK
THE ANGEL
DOWN?
WHY'D THEY
BEAT
HER?

NO. BUT
I CAN THINK
OF A THOUSAND
REASONS WHY
HER ENEMIES
WOULD WANT
TO.



SHE HAD
INFORMATION.
INFORMATION I INTEND
ON GETTING. SO YOU
EITHER WATCH OR WALK
AWAY. BUT I'M GETTING
WHAT I NEED FROM
HER.



OR WHAT,
YOU'LL HURT
ME?

LOOK AT
YOU. YOU CAN
BARELY CONTROL
YOURSELF. YOUR
SPIKES ARE GET-
TING LONGER AND
HARDER. WHAT'S
THE MATTER, I'M
GETTING YOU
EXCITED?



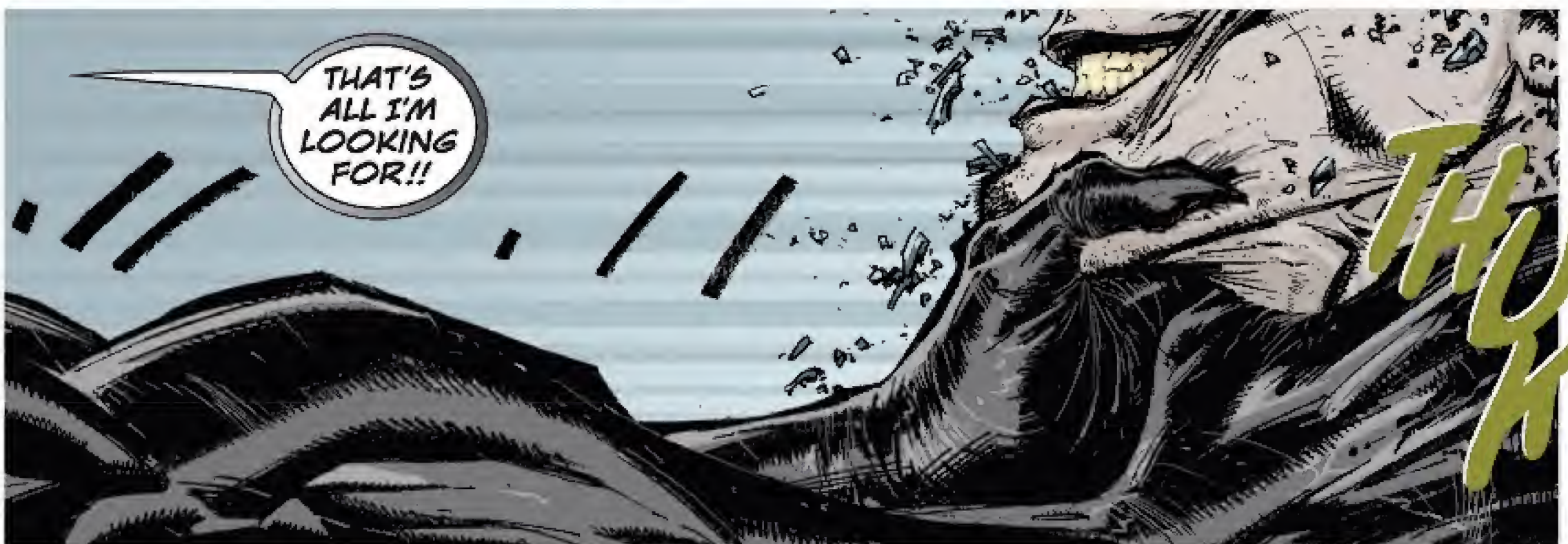
THAT'S ENOUGH!



YOU HEAR ME?!

THAT'S ENOUGH!!

I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHO I AM AND WHY ALL OF THIS IS HAPPENING.



THAT'S ALL I'M LOOKING FOR!!



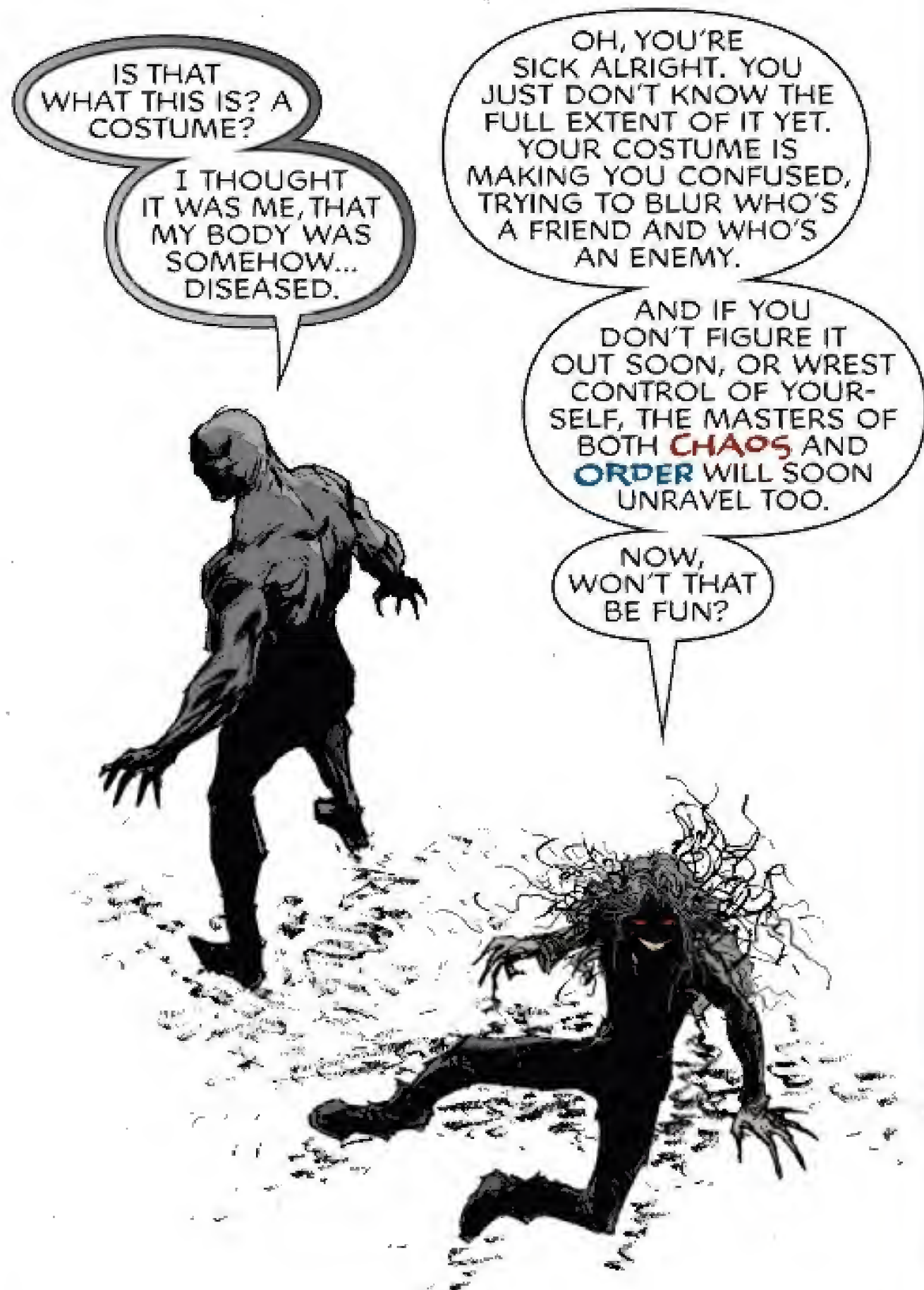
IS THAT ASKING TOO MUCH?

YOU FEEL IT, DON'T YOU? YOUR POWERS. THEY'RE SLIPPING AWAY.

LOOK AT YOU NOW. YOUR SPIKES HAVE RETREATED, YOUR EYES HAVE DIMMED. YOUR COSTUME IS STRUGGLING TO EVEN SURVIVE ITS BONDING PROCESS WITH YOU.

YOU'RE NOT MUCH MORE THAN A HUMAN RIGHT NOW.

COSTUME?







...NOT
EVERYONE.





193

DIGITAL EDITION

McFARLANE
CAPULLO

SPAWN®

ENDGAME PART NINE



Capullo
McFarlane
Tefes




YOU
SEE, SOME
OF US HOLD
THE **SECRETS**
YOU'RE
SEARCHING
FOR.


ABOUT
YOUR COSTUME.
ABOUT YOUR
POWERS.

BUT MOST
IMPORTANTLY--
ABOUT

you!!



SO, COME
CLOSER, AND
I'LL TELL YOU WHY
THEY CHOSE YOU
TO BE THEIR NEW
SPAWN.



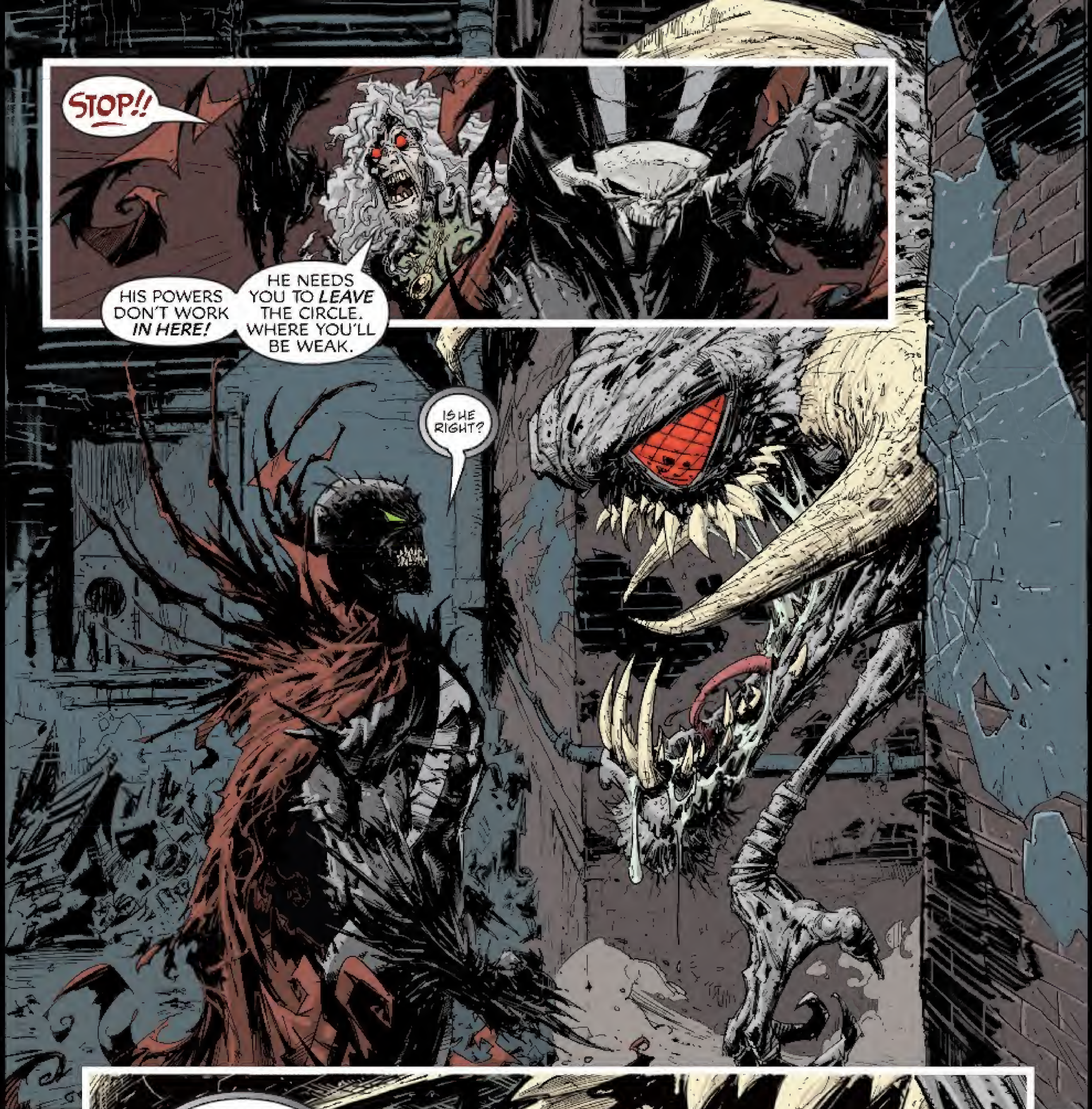
YES,
THAT'S
RIGHT...THEY
GAVE YOU A
NAME.

IT'S
SPAWN.
GET USED
TO IT!



WHERE'RE
YOU
GOING?

DON'T LISTEN!
HE WANTS TO KILL
YOU. IT'S WHAT HE
DOES!



STOP!!

HIS POWERS
DON'T WORK
IN HERE!

HE NEEDS
YOU TO *LEAVE*
THE CIRCLE.
WHERE YOU'LL
BE WEAK.

IS HE
RIGHT?



ARE YOU
SCREWING WITH
ME? OR DO YOU
REALLY HAVE
ANSWERS?

WHICH
IS IT?



DON'T!!

STAY AT THE
EDGE! WHERE
HE'S *POWERLESS!*
WHERE HE CAN'T
PENETRATE!



FOOL!

I WAS
GOING TO KILL
YOU...BUT NOT
NOW!

THERE'S
ANOTHER--JUST
*LIKE YOU--*WHO'S
ENTERING THE ALLEYS.
AND HE'S FAR MORE
DANGEROUS TO
MY PLANS.



I'LL
SLAUGHTER
HIM
FIRST!

THERE YOU ARE!

THAT'S RIGHT, AND TONIGHT ONE OF US DIES!!

WHY THE NEW-FOUND BRAVERY?

BECAUSE WHEN YOU THREATEN A SPAWN... YOU THREATEN **ME!**

KRAK

BAM

UNGH

UMPHH

NO...!

BRADOW

NOT THAT!

WHIEW.

THAT'S GOING TO LEAVE A MARK.

EVERYONE STILL SAFE?

'CUZ I DON'T THINK **THAT THING** WILL BE BOTHERING US AGAIN. ESPECIALLY YOU, SPAWN.



NO.
THERE'S NO
WAY.

THIS
ISN'T RIGHT!
HE'S FROM
HELL. AND
AREN'T YOU?!
YOU'RE FROM
HELL!



YES.

ALL
THREE
OF US
ARE.

BUT YOU
AND I, SPAWN,
WERE **CREATED**
THERE. THIS...THIS
FREAK HERE, CAME
THROUGH THE BACK
DOOR. AND AS YOU
CAN SEE, HE DIDN'T
WEATHER IT
TOO WELL.

THAT'S
A LIE!!



LOOK--I CAME
HERE TO HELP. I KNOW
WHAT THAT COSTUME'S
ABOUT AND WHAT YOU'RE
GOING THROUGH. I'VE
BEEN DOWN THIS SAME
PATH TOO.

BUT, I'LL ALSO
UNDERSTAND IF
YOU'D RATHER BE
LEFT ALONE.

I KNOW
I DID.



WHAT
ABOUT YOU,
FREAK? NEED A
RIDE SOME-
PLACE? ALWAYS
LIKE TO HELP A
BROTHER.

NO!

YOU'RE
NOT MY
BROTHER!



SO STAY
AWAY FROM
ME. JUST STAY
AWAY!

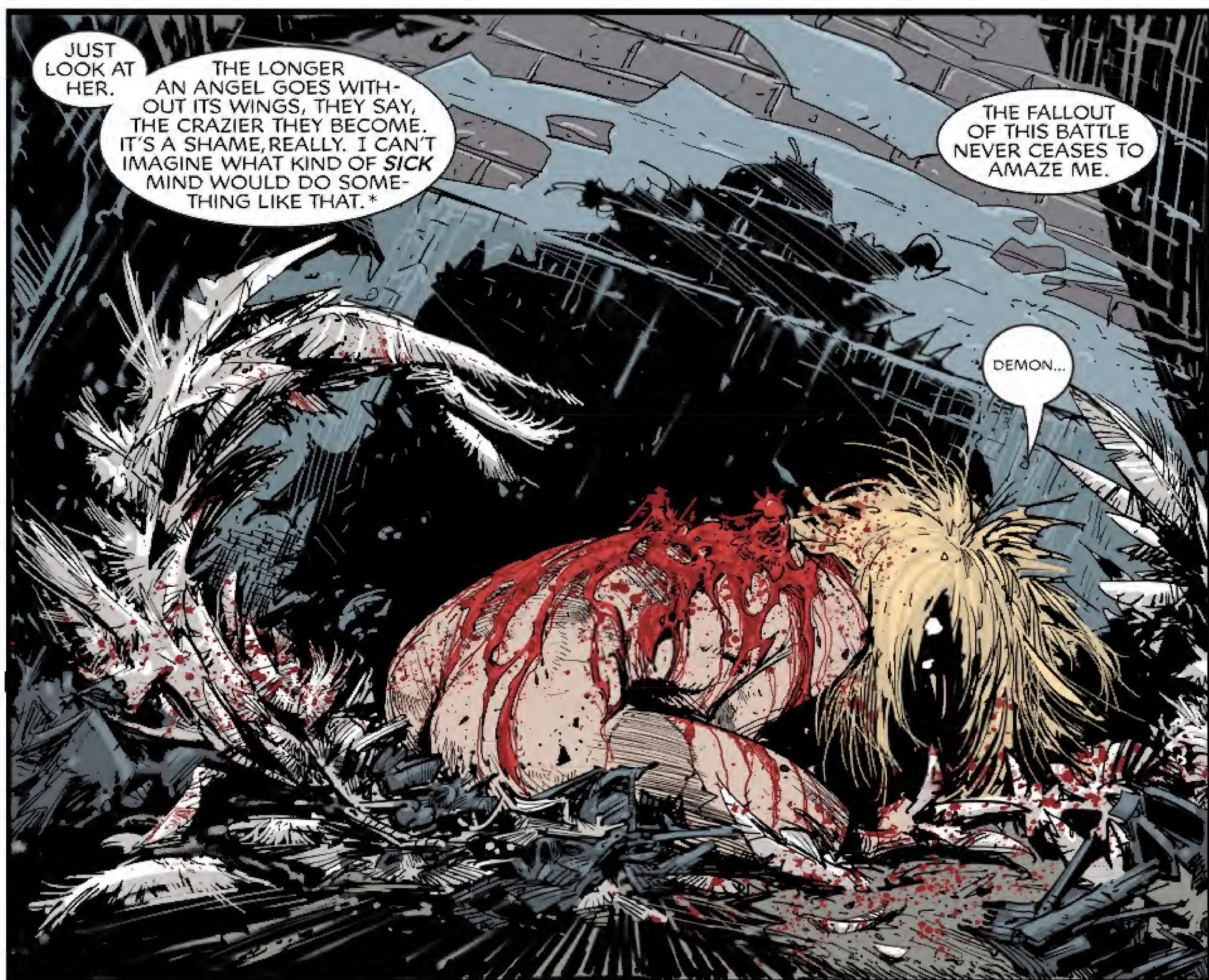
SURE,
BRO.



WHATEVER.

GUESS
HE NEVER
NOTICED WE
BOTH HAVE THE
SAME RED
EYES.

THAT'S
THE TROUBLE
WITH THIS WAR.
IT TAKES ITS TOLL
ON ALL OF US.
EVEN GOD'S ARMY
SUFFERS.



JUST
LOOK AT
HER.

THE LONGER
AN ANGEL GOES WITH-
OUT ITS WINGS, THEY SAY,
THE CRAZIER THEY BECOME.
IT'S A SHAME, REALLY. I CAN'T
IMAGINE WHAT KIND OF *SICK*
MIND WOULD DO SOME-
THING LIKE THAT.*

THE FALLOUT
OF THIS BATTLE
NEVER CEASES TO
AMAZE ME.

DEMON...

*see issue 191--Todd.



SHE SAID
SHE KNEW
ME.

I'M
SURE
SHE
DID.
NOT
ANY-
MORE.



THEN I'LL
FIND HER
ATTACKER!

WHY?

SHE'D NEVER
TELL HER ENEMIES
ANYTHING. EVEN
DURING TORTURE.
THAT'S WHY THEY'RE
GOD'S ELITE.



WHATEVER SECRETS SHE MAY HAVE HELD, YOU'RE NOT GETTING THEM.

AS YOU CAN SEE, SHE'S TRYING TO *STRIP* HERSELF OF EVERYTHING... LITERALLY.

WHERE DO YOU FIT INTO ALL THIS?



DON'T KNOW.

STILL TRYING TO FIGURE THAT OUT.

BUT I THOUGHT WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER.

WHY?

WHY NOT?



LOOK...

LOOK AT MY FACE. SEE THIS BLACK MARK? IT'S AN 'M'. THE SAME SYMBOL GROWING ON YOUR CHEST. WE'VE BOTH BEEN BRANDED, OR RECRUITED, WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT--BUT *WE BOTH* COME FROM THE SAME PLACE, AND THAT'S HELL.

YES.

THERE IS SUCH A PLACE. YOUR COSTUME'S JUST TRYING TO BLOCK THOSE MEMORIES.

BLOCKING? YOU'RE SAYING--

THAT YOUR COSTUME'S *ALIVE*. THAT'S CORRECT. HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED HOW IT SLITHERS ON YOUR BODY WHEN IT APPEARS? AND SINCE YOU'RE STILL NEW TO IT, THE PAIN MUST BE ALMOST *UNBEARABLE* WHILE IT'S STILL ADJUSTING.

ADJUSTING TO WHAT?

TO YOU.



YOU NEED TO RELAX. EMBRACE IT, THEN YOU'LL BEGIN TO **CONTROL IT**, INSTEAD OF THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

THAT'S IT. VERY GOOD.

IT'S STILL LIKE A WILD ANIMAL THAT NEEDS TAMING. THAT'S WHY YOUR SPIKES GO CRAZY AND YOUR SHROUD JUST POPPED OUT. IT'S FIGHTING YOU AND THIS PLACE.

THE FARTHER YOU GET AWAY FROM THIS SPOT THE BETTER YOU'LL BE.



THE ANGEL-- SHE SAID I DID SOMETHING. SOMETHING TO GOD. DOES THAT MAKE ANY SENSE?



WE'VE ALL DONE THINGS WE'D LIKE TO **HIDE FROM**. WHAT MATTERS NOW IS...

WHOA!

I'VE GOTTA GO!!



NEED TO BE SOME-PLACE.

NOW?

YOUR NAME? I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME.

JIM. JIM DOWNING.

GREAT! I'LL BE IN CONTACT.

HOW?

SEE YA!

Manhattan.







THIS IS GOING TO GET OUT OF CONTROL REAL FAST.

WE HAVE TO FIND SPAWN.



WOW.
AND HOW DO YOU PROPOSE WE DO THAT?

YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN MONTHS. WHY'S HE GOING TO REAR HIS HEAD NOW? GUY'S ALWAYS BEEN LIKE A GODDAMN GHOST, COMING AND GOING AS HE...

OOPS

CRASH



MY BAD.

DIDN'T SEE IT THERE.

THAT'LL BE GOING ON MY REPORT.

OH, SCREW YOU, JOHNSON!



HERE, I'LL PAY FOR THE STUPID THING.

TAKE IT.

I SAID TAKE YOUR DAMN BLOOD MONEY!!



THINK FIFTY BUCKS WILL COVER IT?

YOU'RE ABOUT SEVEN HUNDRED SHORT.

REALLY.

KEEP WALKING.

SUPER-PAWN
BUY - SELL - TRADE - CA



WHAT IN THE CHRIST??



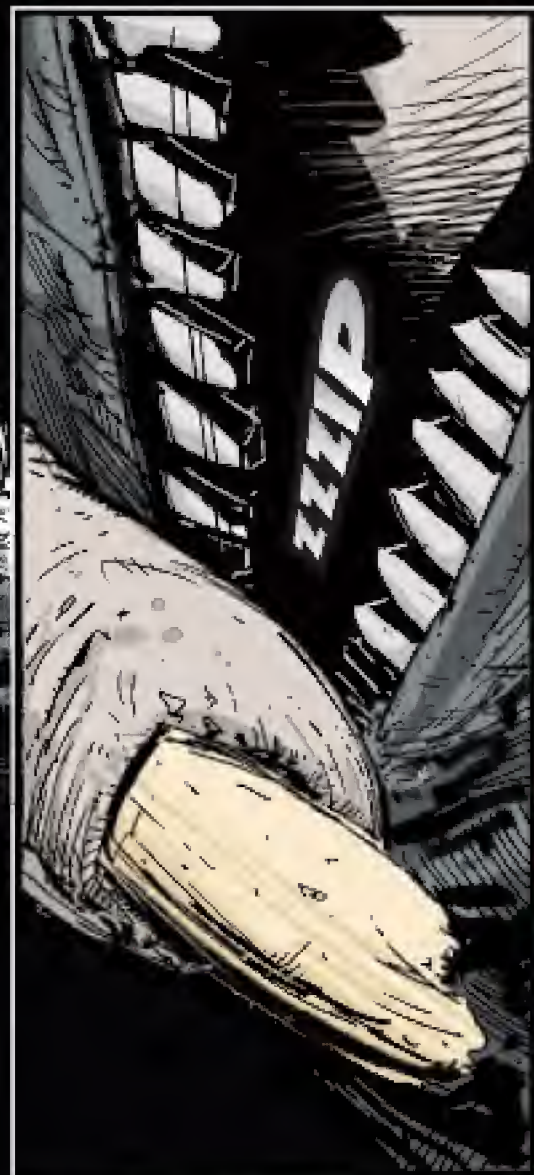
HEY, BUDDY!! YOU TRYING TO GET YOURSELF KILLED?

IDIOT!



NOW WHAT'S HE DOING?

SAM, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.



HE'S NOT GOING TO...

PISS



YOU ASS-WIPE!!
I JUST WAXED IT YESTER-DAY!



C'MON.



puff



puff

puff



C'MON.

I DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT FOR THIS.



puff

puff

gasp!

puff

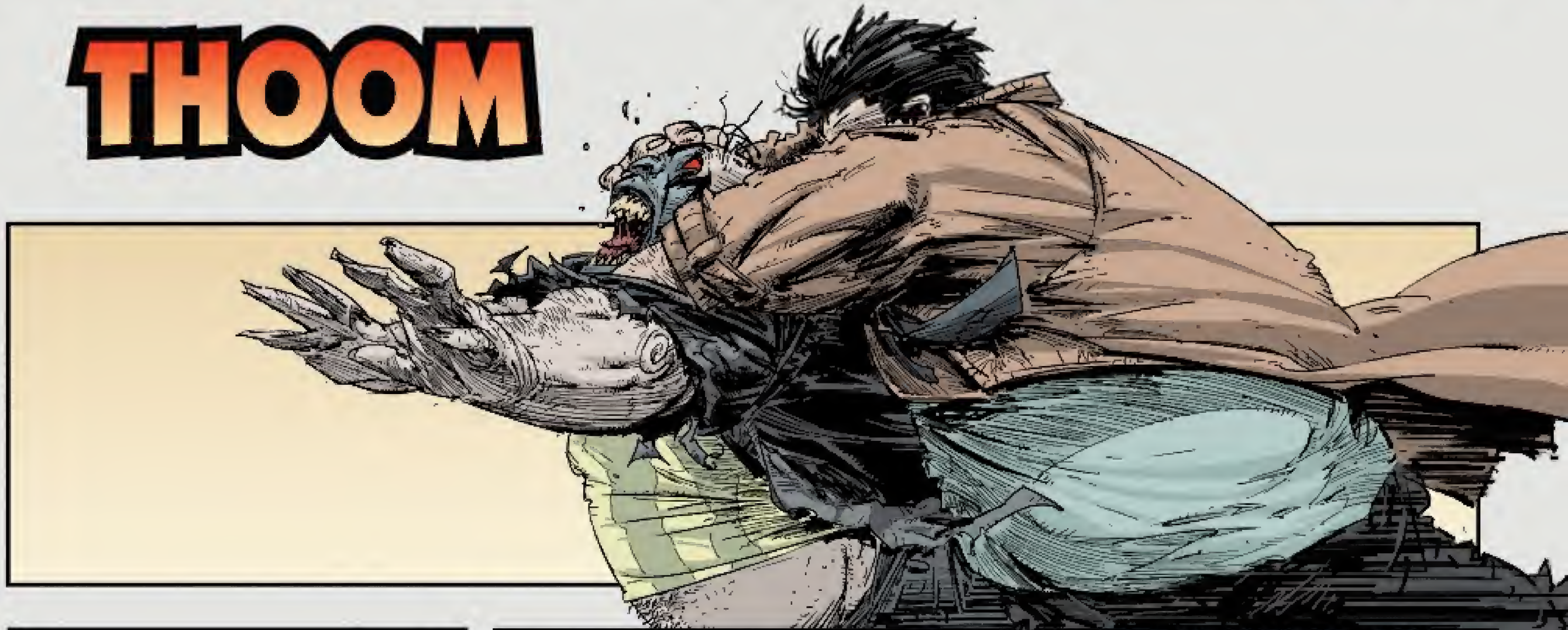


DON'T

MOVE!!



THOOM









...BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, THIS WINSTON CASE ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS EVERYONE WANTS US TO MAKE IT.

THE EASY QUESTION THAT KEEPS BUGGING ME...



IS WHY? WHY DO HIGH RANKING OFFICIALS NEED THIS TO GO AWAY SO BADLY? I EVEN HEARD THERE'S TALK OF REMOVING US FROM THE CASE, IF WE KEEP TURNING OVER ROCKS.



A MAN INEXPLICABLY BLOWING HIS HEAD OFF DOESN'T SEEM TO ALARM THEM MUCH.

SO, I'M WITH YOU, SIR, WE NEED TO FIND ANSWERS SOONER THAN LATER.

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH IN NEW YORK?



NOT SURE.

BUT WE'RE GETTING TOO MUCH RESISTANCE HERE. MAYBE I CAN GET ONE OF WINSTON'S CLIENTS THERE TO OPEN UP.

AND IF NOTHING ELSE, I'D LIKE TO MEET THIS COP THAT'S GIVING ME A BLEEDING ULCER.



YOU TWO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE?

JUST ONE THING.

WHEN YOU GET THERE, TELL'EM I THINK THE YANKEES SUCK!





C'MON, CLAUDIO. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT.

WHEN THEY TOLD ME THAT YOU'D COME HERE--

WHO TOLD YOU?

DOESN'T MATTER. THEY'RE DEAD NOW.



BUT YOU THOUGHT THE **SAFEST** PLACE WAS TO BE SURROUNDED BY A BUNCH OF COPS? AND THAT SOMEHOW THEY'D PROTECT YOU FROM ME?

I COULD HAVE WALKED RIGHT THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS AND TAKEN YOU **REGARDLESS** OF THEM. BUT THE WORLD DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT US.

AT LEAST NOT YET.



WHAT DO YOU NEED?

I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR BOSS.

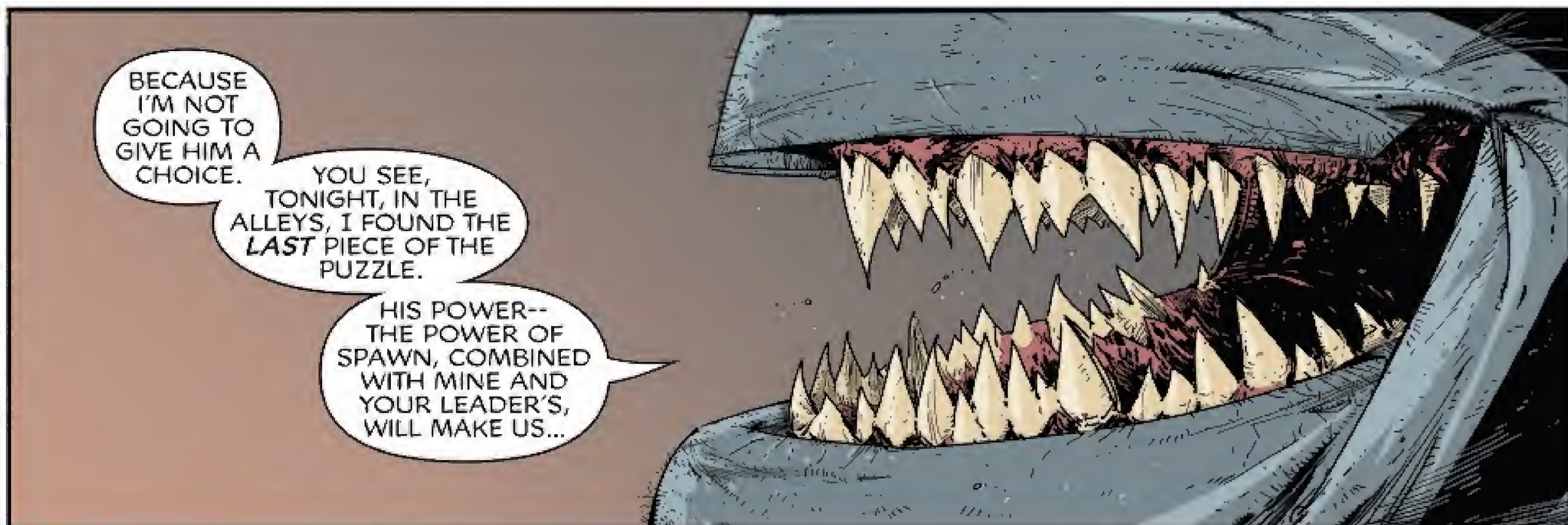
IMPOSSIBLE!

I'M GOING TO CONVINCE HIM THAT HE NEEDS TO WORK FOR ME.

HIM AND HIS **ENTIRE** ARMY OF BLOOD SUCKERS.



AND WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?



BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE HIM A CHOICE.

YOU SEE, TONIGHT, IN THE ALLEYS, I FOUND THE **LAST** PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.

HIS POWER-- THE POWER OF SPAWN, COMBINED WITH MINE AND YOUR LEADER'S, WILL MAKE US...

THE NEW
**UNHOLY
TRINITY!**

AND
I'LL KILL
ANYONE
THAT GETS IN
MY WAY!





image

194

DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO

SPAWN[®]

ENDGAME PART
TEN



Capullo
McFarlane
FOTOS



...MY CONTACTS AT THE POLICE FORCE SAY THEY'RE GOING TO TURN OVER A FEW MORE ROCKS BEFORE THEY CAN PUT THIS CASE TO BED.

HE SAID THEY'RE GETTING CAUGHT IN A BUNCH OF POLITICAL GARBAGE. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS GETTING A TON OF CALLS FROM POTENTIAL VOTERS WANTING TO KNOW IF ST. ANTHONY'S WAS AN ACCIDENT OR AN ORGANIZED TERRORIST ATTACK.



SO WE AREN'T ABLE TO SWEEP THIS AWAY AS FAST AS WE'D LIKE.

POLICE. POLITICIANS. THE MEDIA.

THEY'RE ALL POKING THEIR HEADS INTO IT RIGHT NOW.

WE DON'T NEED A BUNCH OF GOODIE TWO-SHOES SNOOPING INTO *OUR* BUSINESS. BESIDES, I'VE GOT ENOUGH QUESTIONS MYSELF.



BUT NONE OF THEM IS AS BIG A PROBLEM AS FINDING PATIENT 47.

WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE'LL REMEMBER-- OR *HOW MUCH!*



I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN RID OF THAT GUY *A LONG TIME AGO!* BUT NO ONE WANTED TO LISTEN TO ME, DID THEY?



WE DON'T LISTEN TO YOU, LOUIE, 'CUZ YOU'RE TOO **DAMN** EMOTIONAL! NOW TAKE A BREATHER AND LET THE REST OF US TALK.

FINE! GO AHEAD-- SAY YOUR PIECE.

MY CONCERN RIGHT NOW IS MORE OF THE BIGGER PICTURE. I'M CONCERNED ABOUT PROTECTING OUR **ENTIRE** OPERATION. NOT JUST ONE PART THAT'S DRIFTED AWAY.

ARE YOU **CRAZY?!** PATIENT 47'S MORE THAN JUST A **DRIFTING** PART!

LET ME FINISH.

LOUIE, C'MON, LET HIM FINISH.

I UNDERSTAND WE NEED TO GET HIM BACK, BUT **WHO THE HELL** TORCHED OUR BUILDING IN THE FIRST PLACE? * BECAUSE NONE OF OUR CURRENT ENEMIES ARE THAT STUPID.

* See issue 189--Todd

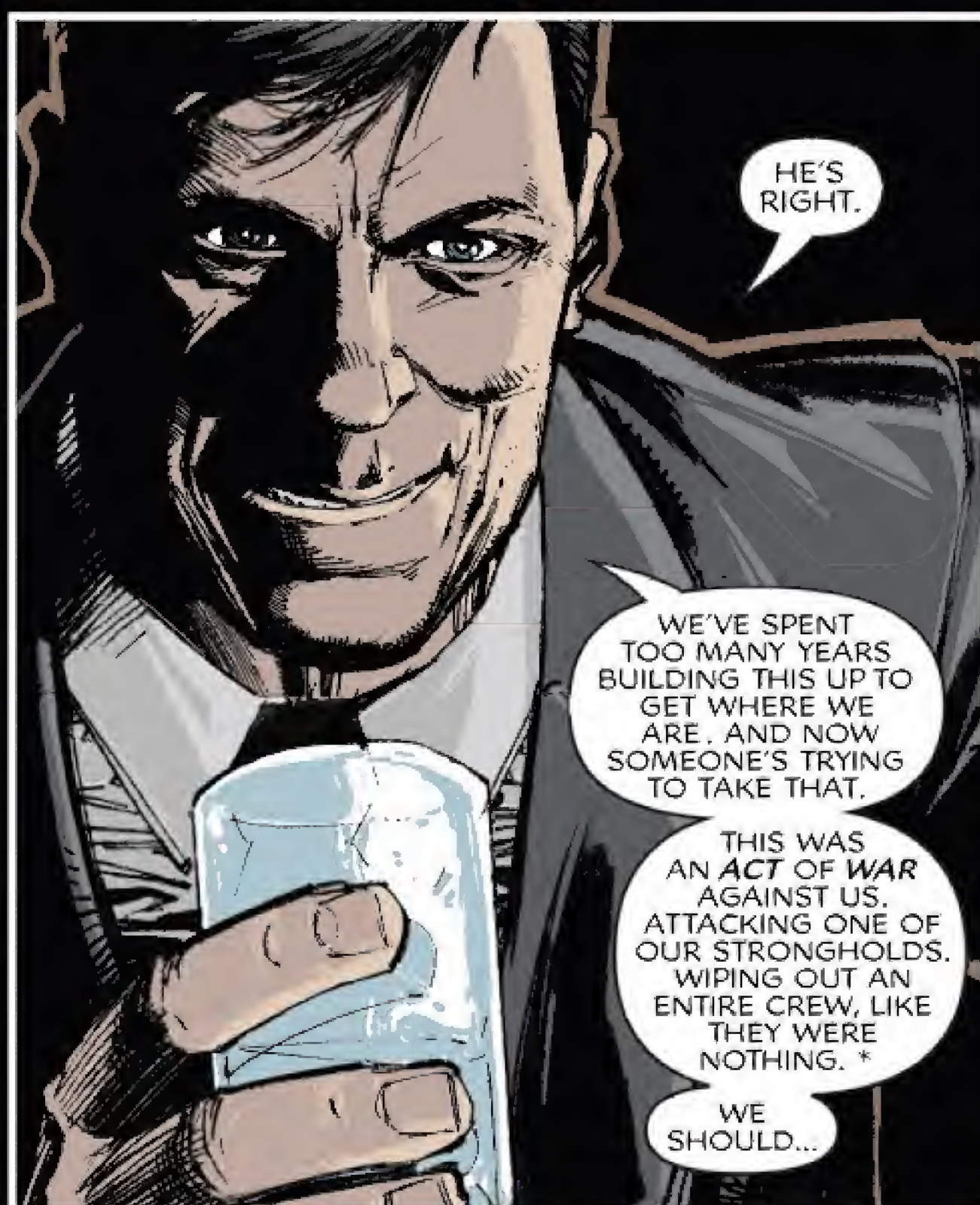


SO THE MORE IMPORTANT QUESTION IS WHO DOES SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO US?

NO CLUE.

BUT THEY DID IT ANYWAY.

AND I'M SURE THEY'LL CONTINUE DOING IT UNTIL WE GIVE THEM A REASON NOT TO.



HE'S RIGHT.

WE'VE SPENT TOO MANY YEARS BUILDING THIS UP TO GET WHERE WE ARE. AND NOW SOMEONE'S TRYING TO TAKE THAT.

THIS WAS AN **ACT OF WAR** AGAINST US. ATTACKING ONE OF OUR STRONGHOLDS. WIPING OUT AN ENTIRE CREW, LIKE THEY WERE NOTHING. *

WE SHOULD...

* See issue 188--Todd



SILENCE!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH.

I DIDN'T CALL YOU HERE TO BICKER AMONGST YOURSELVES. I CALLED YOU SO WE COULD PLAN. SO WE COULD FORM A STRATEGY FOR HOW TO REACT TO THIS NEW THREAT. MOST OF MY BEST MEN HAVE ALREADY BEEN MOBILIZED TRYING TO FIND THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO ATTACKS.

AS WELL AS TRYING TO FIND THE WHEREABOUTS OF OUR MISSING 'PATIENT'.



PARDON MY INTERRUPTION, SIR, BUT I TOO HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF DISPATCHING SOME OF MY OWN MEN. AS I WAS PULLING UP TO THE HOUSE I RECEIVED WORD ONE OF THEM IS COMING HERE WITH SOME VERY VALUABLE INFORMATION.

HOPEFULLY, YOU DON'T MIND ME TAKING SUCH A BOLD MOVE IN THESE MATTERS.

I JUST THOUGHT IT WOULD BE IN OUR BEST INTEREST IF WE WERE TO TRY AND POOL OUR RESOURCES.



WE'RE ALL ANXIOUS TO SORT THIS OUT, TOMMY. SO WHATEVER WE HAVE TO DO TO PUT A LID ON THIS THE WE'LL DO. I'M ALL FOR EFFICIENCY.

WHEN ARE YOU EXPECTING YOUR BOY TO...



SHOW UP?

HOW ABOUT RIGHT NOW!

EVENING, GENTLEMEN. PLEASE, DON'T GET UP. REALLY. STAY WHERE YOU ARE. I'M ONLY GOING TO NEED ABOUT FIVE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME.

THEN I'LL TAKE MY LEAVE.



WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?

HIS NAME IS GILBERT SANCHEZ, HE'S BEEN...

I'M NOT TALKING TO YOU! I ASKED HIM.

AS HE SAID, IT'S GILBERT SANCHEZ.

WELL THEN GILBERT, IF I WERE YOU, I'D BE VERY CAREFUL HOW I CONDUCTED MYSELF IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES.



MY APOLOGIES. I MEANT NO DISRESPECT, MR. NORTEGO.

INSTEAD, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE SUCCESSFULLY LOCATED YOUR TARGET.

CHRIST, LOUIE, HE'S EVEN COCKIER THAN YOU ARE.



AND WHAT TARGET MIGHT THAT BE?



I BELIEVE YOU LIKE TO REFER TO HIM AS 'PATIENT 47'. THOUGH, THESE DAYS, HE GOES BY THE NAME OF JIM DOWNING.

JESUS!

SEEMS HE GOT BOUNCED AROUND A FEW HOSPITALS AFTER ST. ANTHONY'S BOMBING. WE'D HAVE FOUND HIM SOONER BUT SINCE THERE AREN'T ANY **MEANINGFUL RECORDS** OF HIS EXISTENCE, MEDICAL NOR OTHERWISE, THE HOSPITAL PERSONNEL WE SPOKE WITH WERE JUST AS BAFFLED AS WE WERE AT FIRST.

IMAGINE **ALL** THE CONFUSION THEY WERE DEALING WITH. I'M SURE YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.



BUT LONG STORY SHORT, WE FOUND THE GUY.

ONE OF THE NURSES THAT USED TO BABY SIT HIM AT ST. ANTHONY'S TOOK HIM HOME WITH HER. SO FAR SHE ISN'T SAYING MUCH, BUT WHEN WE PAID HER A VISIT, THIS JIM DOWNING GUY COMES TO HER RESCUE AND ROUGHS UP ONE OF MY GUYS A BIT.*

MY GUY DID SAY THOUGH THAT DOWNING IS MESSED UP SOMEHOW. HIS EYES WERE ALL CRAZY-LIKE AND STUFF. HE EVEN SAID HE WAS COMING AFTER ME AND WHOEVER I WORKED FOR.

BEEN WAITING FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS MOVE, BUT SO FAR NOTHING. JUST ACTING TOUGH, I GUESS.

WHERE IS HE NOW?

WELL... um... WE'VE LOST TRACK OF HIM AT THIS MOMENT. BUT HE'LL BE BACK AT THE NURSE'S PLACE FOR SURE.

* See issue 191 --Todd



SO YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S AT?

LIKE I SAID, NOT AT THIS EXACT MOMENT.

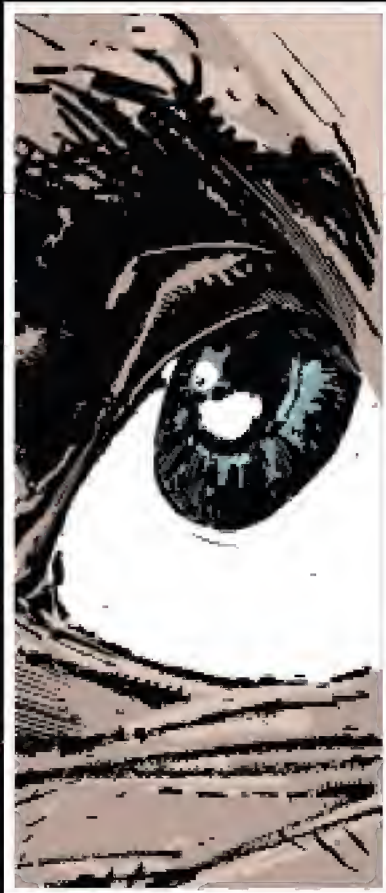
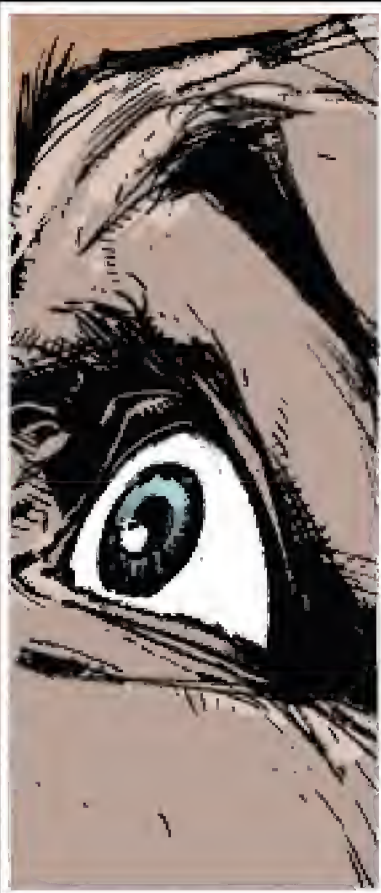


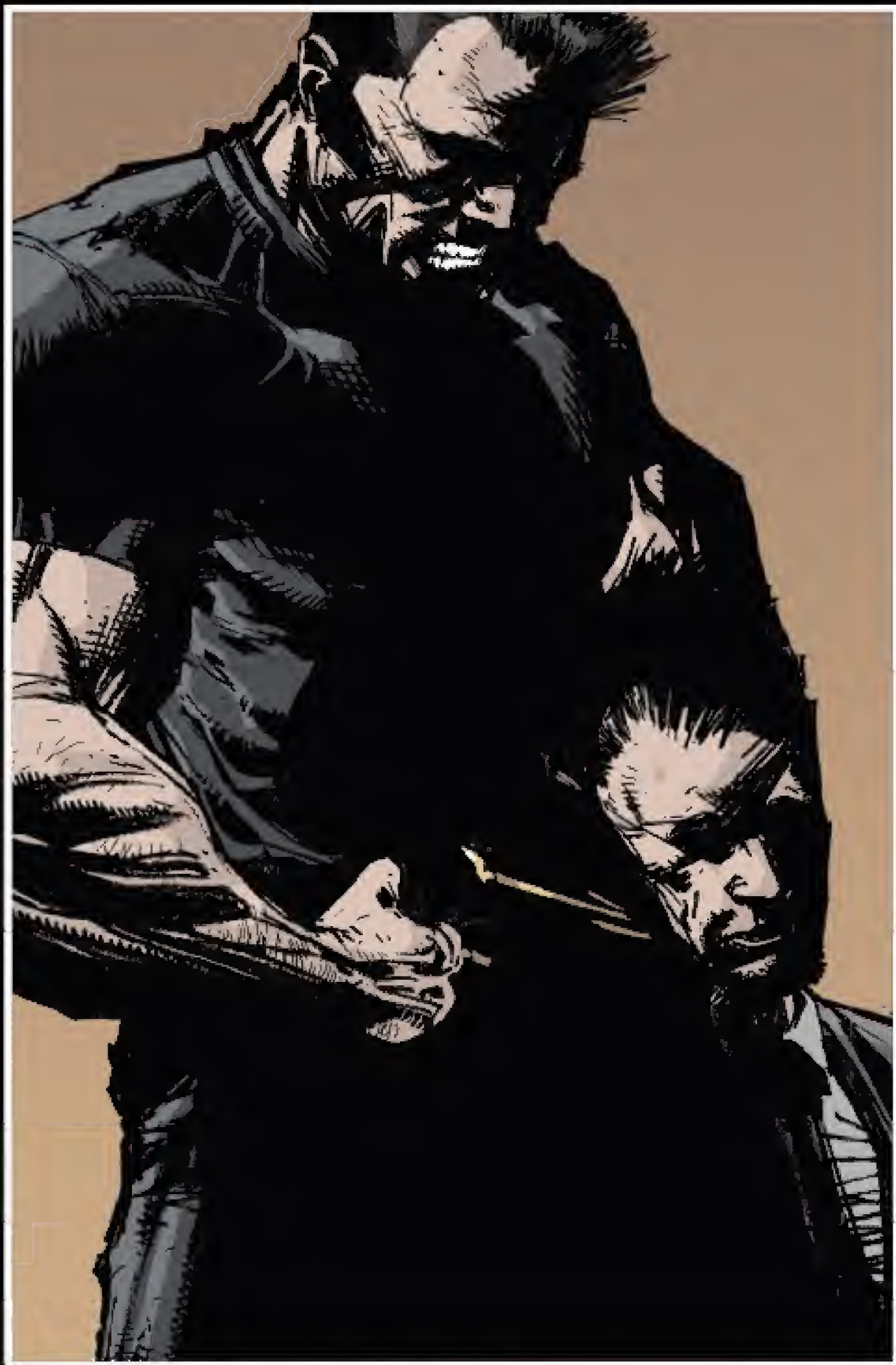
WHO ELSE KNOWS WE REFER TO HIM AS 'PATIENT 47'?

NADA.

BOSS SAID NOT TO MENTION THAT







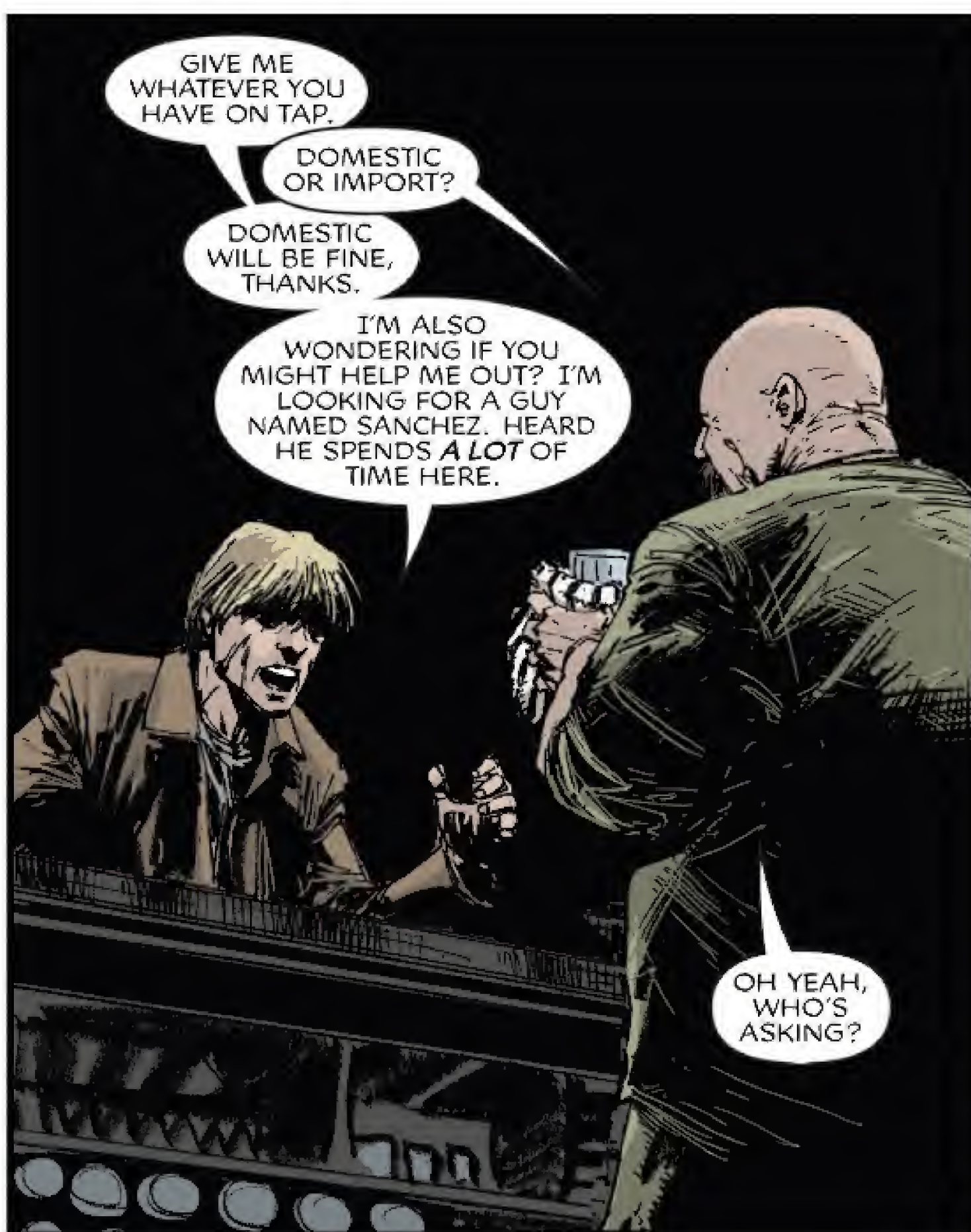


EVENING.

WE'RE GETTING
READY TO CLOSE UP
FOR THE NIGHT. SO YOU'VE
ONLY GOT ABOUT TEN
MINUTES OR SO.

DON'T MEAN
TO RUSH YOU,
BUT IT'S BEEN A
LONG DAY.

TELL
ME
ABOUT
IT.



GIVE ME
WHATEVER YOU
HAVE ON TAP.

DOMESTIC
OR IMPORT?

DOMESTIC
WILL BE FINE,
THANKS.

I'M ALSO
WONDERING IF YOU
MIGHT HELP ME OUT? I'M
LOOKING FOR A GUY
NAMED SANCHEZ. HEARD
HE SPENDS A LOT OF
TIME HERE.

OH YEAH,
WHO'S
ASKING?



SOMEONE
WITH
INFORMATION
ABOUT A GUY
NAMED JIM
DOWNING.



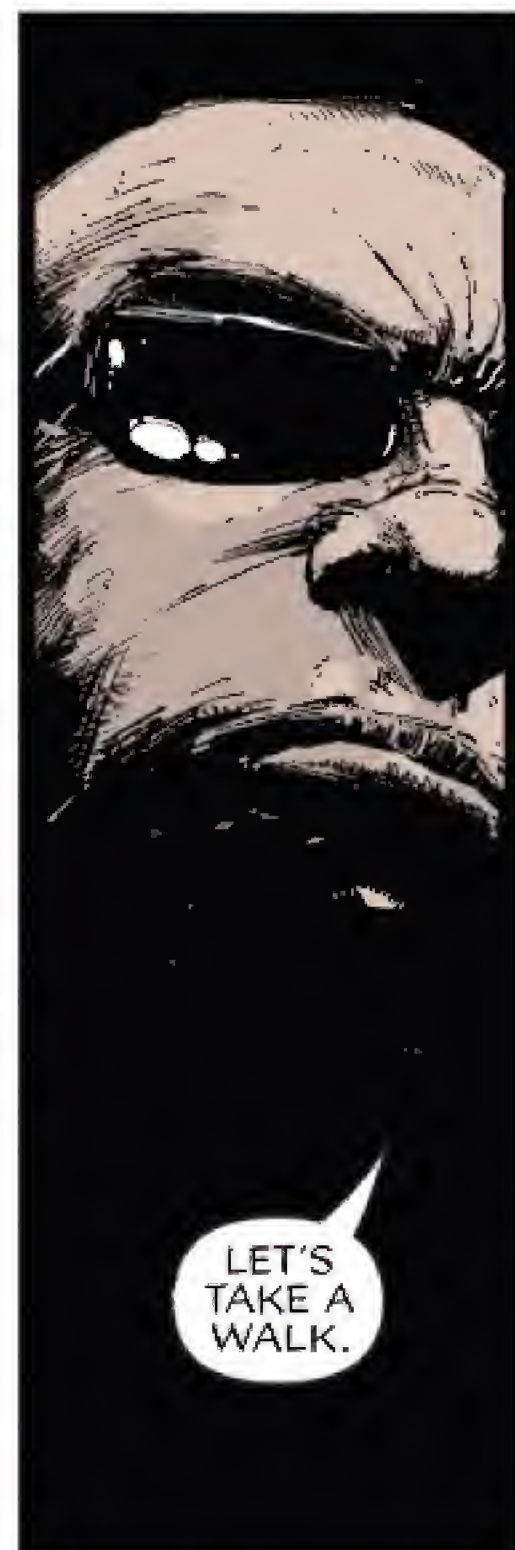
SANCHEZ
ISN'T HERE.
HASN'T BEEN
ALL DAY.

THAT'S
FINE. I CAN
WAIT.



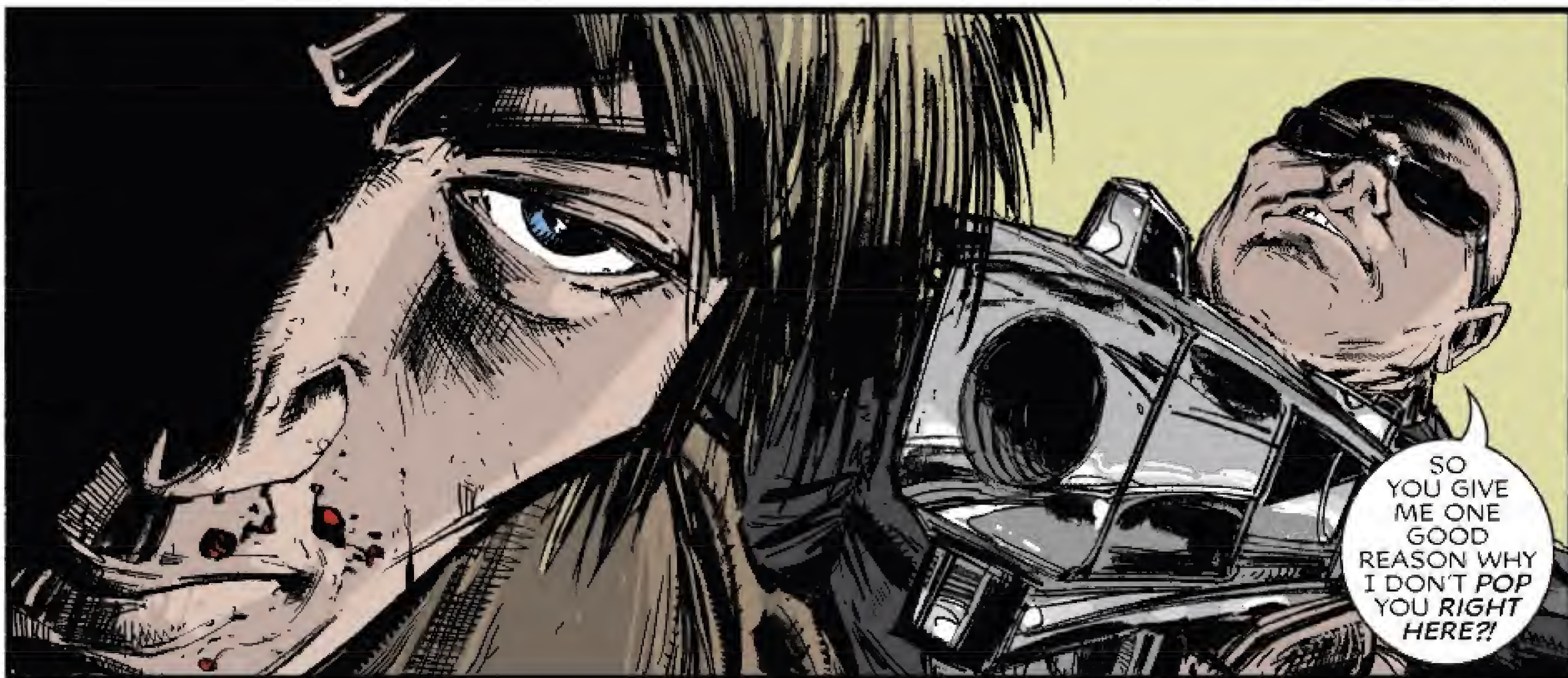
BAR-
TENDER
ALREADY TOLD
YOU HE'S
CLOSING
UP.

AND
I SAID
I CAN
WAIT.



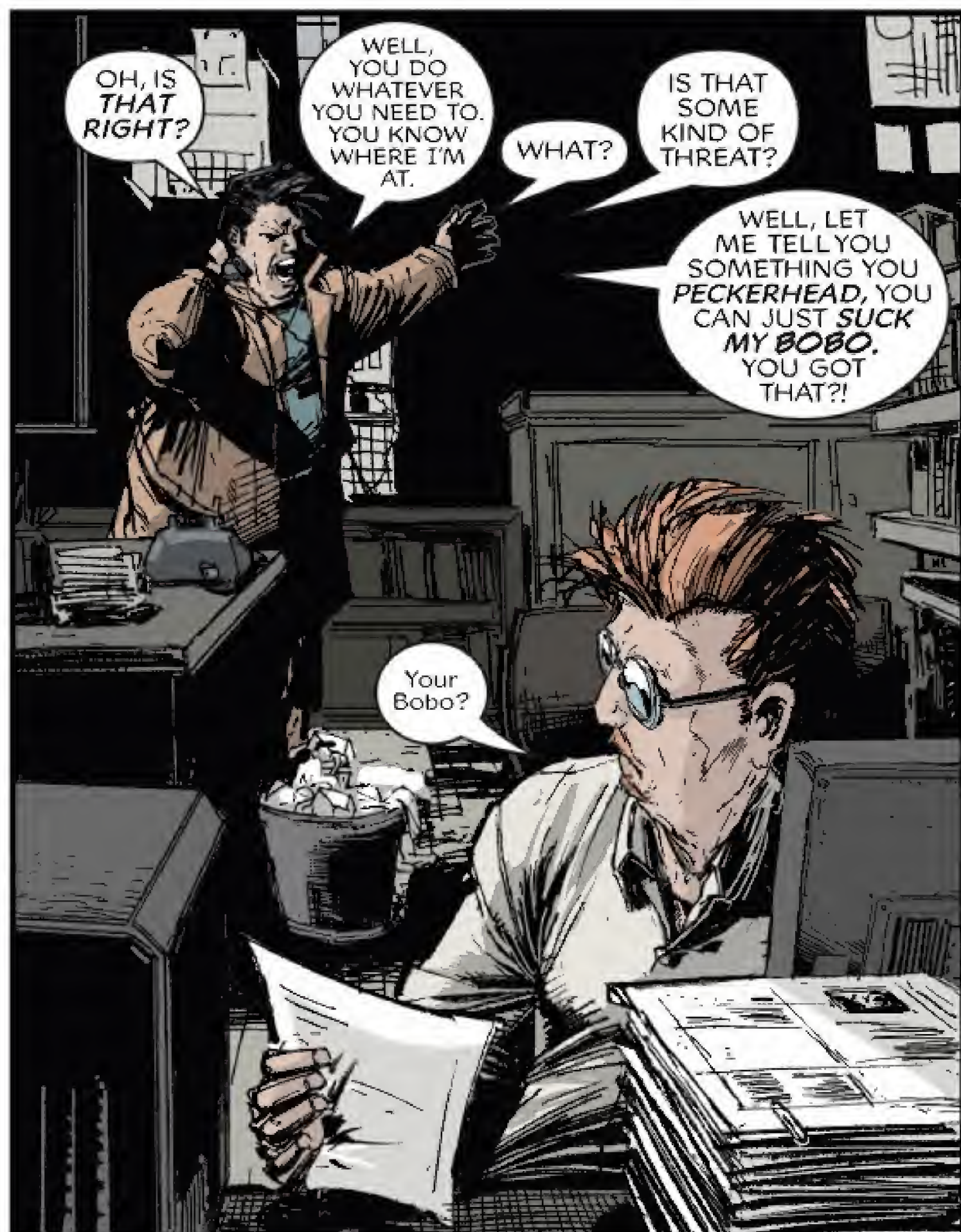
LET'S
TAKE A
WALK.



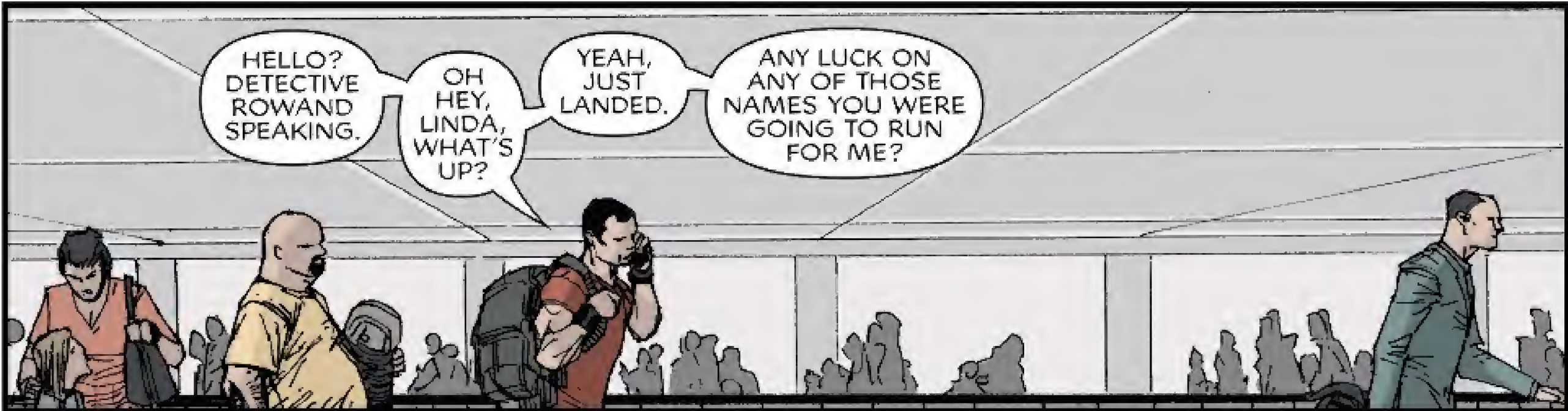








breep
breep
breep



HELLO?
DETECTIVE
ROWAND
SPEAKING.

OH
HEY,
LINDA,
WHAT'S
UP?

YEAH,
JUST
LANDED.

ANY LUCK ON
ANY OF THOSE
NAMES YOU WERE
GOING TO RUN
FOR ME?



YOU
SURE?

TOO BAD,
I WAS HOPING
ONE OF THEM
WOULD GIVE
US SOME KIND
OF LEAD.

WHAT DO I DO NOW?
CROSS MY FINGERS AND
HOPE I TRIP OVER SOMETHING
REAL SOON. I HAD ANOTHER THREE
MESSAGES WAITING ON MY PHONE,
WHEN I GOT OFF THE PLANE, FROM
THE MAYOR'S OFFICE. MY GUESS
IS WE HAVE ABOUT ANOTHER WEEK
ON THIS AND THEN SOMEONE'S
GOING TO PULL THIS OUT
FROM UNDER US.

I'M TELLING
YOU, LINDA, WHO-
EVER THIS WINSTON
GUY WAS, HE SURE AS
HELL HAD SOMEONE
PROTECTING HIM. WHAT
ABOUT THE BULLET
CASING? BALLISTICS
REPORT COME
BACK YET?



JUST
GOT IT
AN
HOUR
AGO.

NOTHING OUT OF
THE ORDINARY, REALLY. IT'S AN
OBSCURE CASING, BUT IF YOU KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK YOU CAN FIND THEM.
I'M RUNNING A LIST OF MANUFACTURERS
AND RETAILERS IN THE STATE THAT
MIGHT HAVE HAD THEM.

BUT WITH THE TIME-
TABLE YOU JUST GAVE, I
DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S THE
BEST USE OF OUR TIME.

THERE IS **ONE**
THING THAT CAME
BACK ON THE REPORT,
THOUGH. WHEN THEY
TOOK THE GUN APART,
THEY SAID ONE OF
THE CHAMBERS WAS
LINED WITH A SPECIAL
TYPE OF METAL.

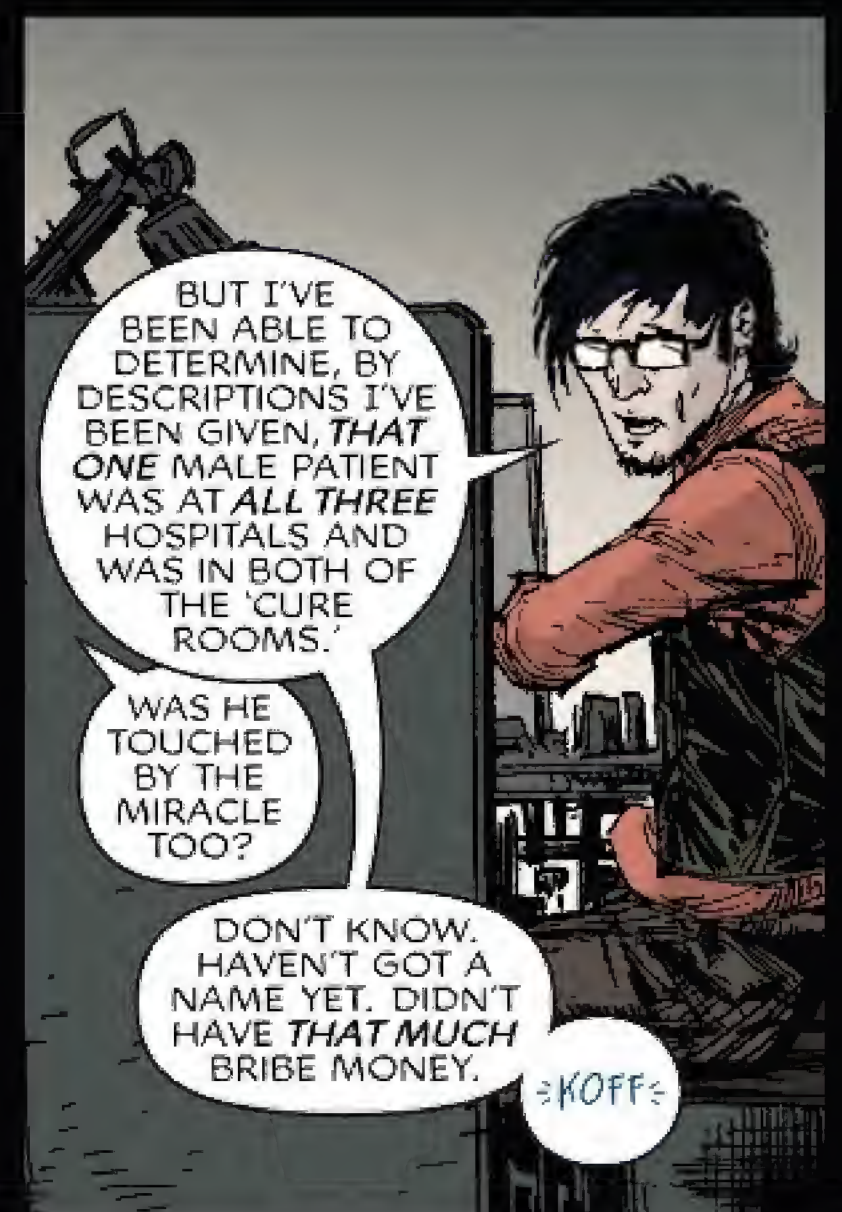
AND HERE'S THE
WEIRD THING, BEFORE YOU
ASK-- THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT
KIND OF METAL IT IS. NOT
BECAUSE THEY CAN'T CATALOGUE
IT, BUT BECAUSE, ACCORDING TO
THEM, THIS METAL **DOESN'T**
EVEN EXIST.

AND I DON'T MEAN
IN THE STATE OR COUNTRY.
THEY'RE SAYING IT DOESN'T
EXIST **ON THE PLANET**.

THAT'S RIGHT.
JUST ONE CHAMBER
WAS LINED WITH IT. NO
OTHER TRACES OF IT ANY-
WHERE ELSE. I'M JUST
HEADING INTO A MEETING
ABOUT IT SO I NEED
TO RUN. I'LL CALL
YOU LATER.

AND CRAIG--
YOU TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF.
YOU HEAR...?







YOU WANT TO GET THAT?

NAY. YOU TAKE IT.



HELLO? CLARION, THIS IS MARC.

GOOD EVENING, MR. ROSEN. I NEED YOU TO LISTEN VERY CAREFULLY.

UNH?

THE PEOPLE WHOSE BUSINESS YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NOSE INTO ARE QUITE DANGEROUS. THEY DON'T LIKE ANYONE THAT TRIES TO EXPOSE ANY OF THEIR DARK LITTLE SECRETS. WHICH MEANS THEY'RE VERY CAPABLE OF HARMING YOUR LOVED ONES.



BY THE WAY, YOU NEED TO KEEP YOUR GIRL-FRIEND SAFE.

WHO IS THIS?!?

A FRIEND. I'VE BEEN UP AGAINST THESE PEOPLE BEFORE. THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO PROTECT WHAT'S THEIRS.

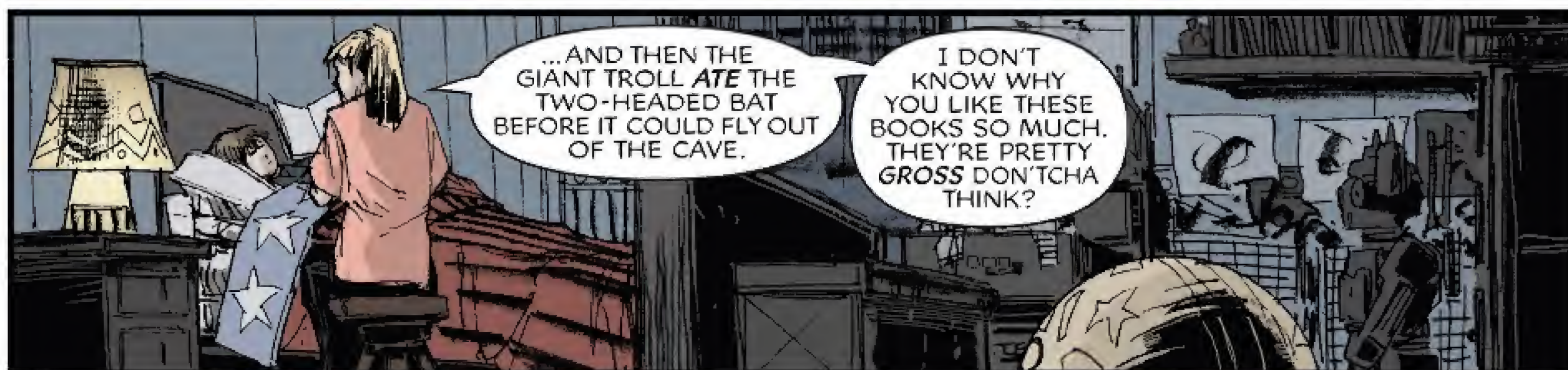
AND ONE LAST THING. THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR? THE ONE FROM THE HOSPITALS? HIS NAME IS DOWNING. JIM DOWNING. HE'S LIVING WITH HIS FORMER NURSE. I HOPE THIS HELPS.

CLICK





I'M GETTING THIRSTY!!



...AND THEN THE GIANT TROLL ATE THE TWO-HEADED BAT BEFORE IT COULD FLY OUT OF THE CAVE.

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU LIKE THESE BOOKS SO MUCH. THEY'RE PRETTY GROSS DON'TCHA THINK?



I THINK THEY'RE COOL.



WELL, THAT'S ENOUGH 'COOL' STUFF FOR NOW. GIVE YOUR MOM A KISS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP.



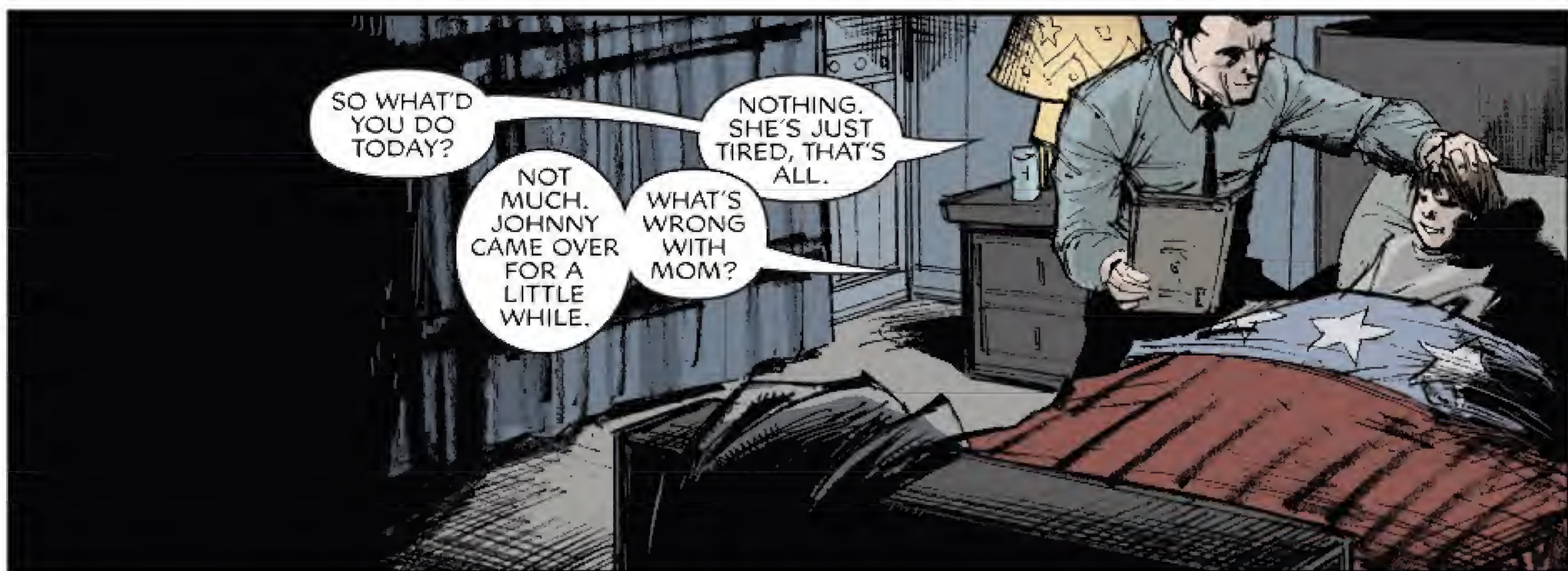
HEY, PARTNER. WHAT'RE YOU DOING UP SO LATE?

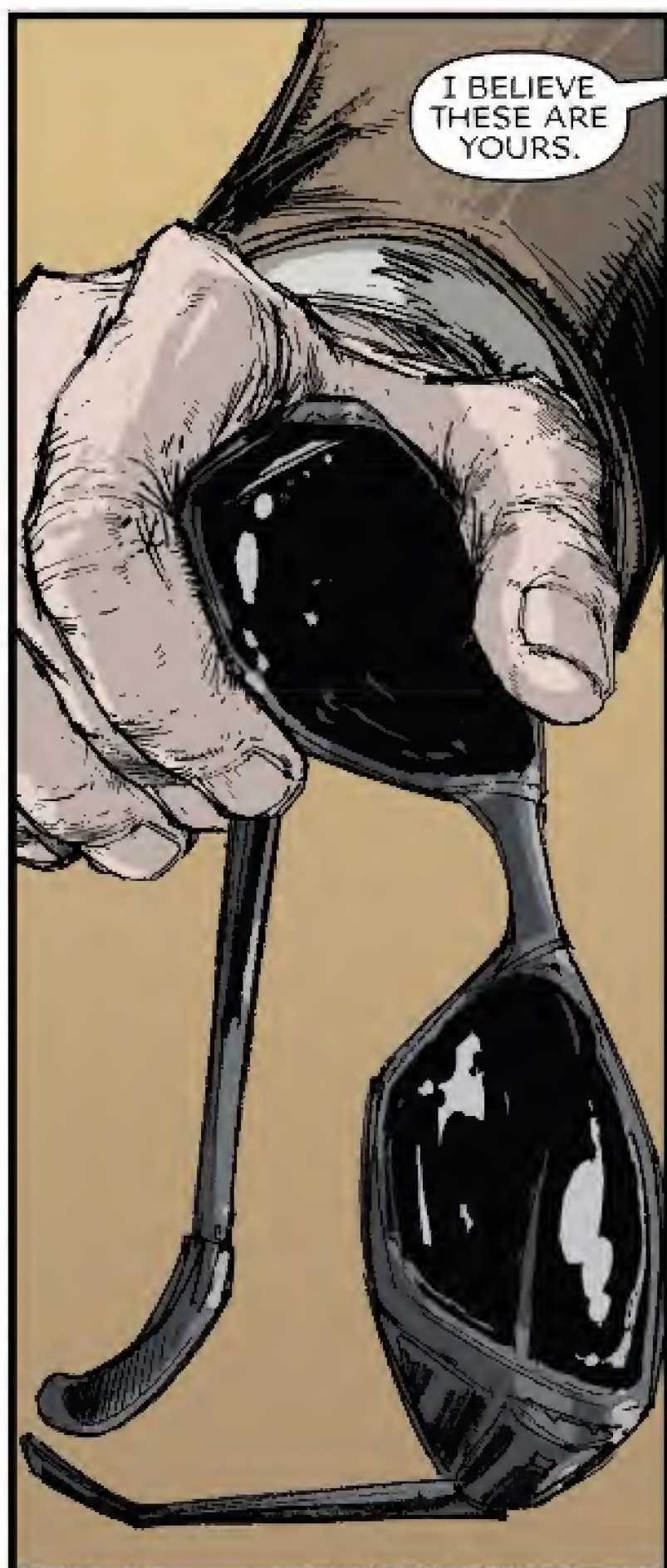


DAD!!

GUESS WHAT?!

I LOST ANOTHER TOOTH! THAT MEANS I GET MORE MONEY!





I BELIEVE THESE ARE YOURS.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU GET *THE HELL* OUT OF MY HOUSE!

PUT THEM ON.

WHAT? WHY? IT'S DARK OUTSIDE!

I SAID PUT THEM ON!



YOU AND I DIDN'T FINISH THE CONVERSATION WE STARTED THE OTHER NIGHT.*

*See issue 191 - Todd



FINE.

NOT HERE. NOT IN THE HOUSE. LET'S TAKE THIS OUTSIDE.



DADDY...?



WHO'RE YOU TALKING TO?

NO ONE.

NOW I NEED YOU TO GET BACK IN BED. TOMORROW MAYBE WE CAN...



TO BE CONTINUED...





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DIGITAL EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO

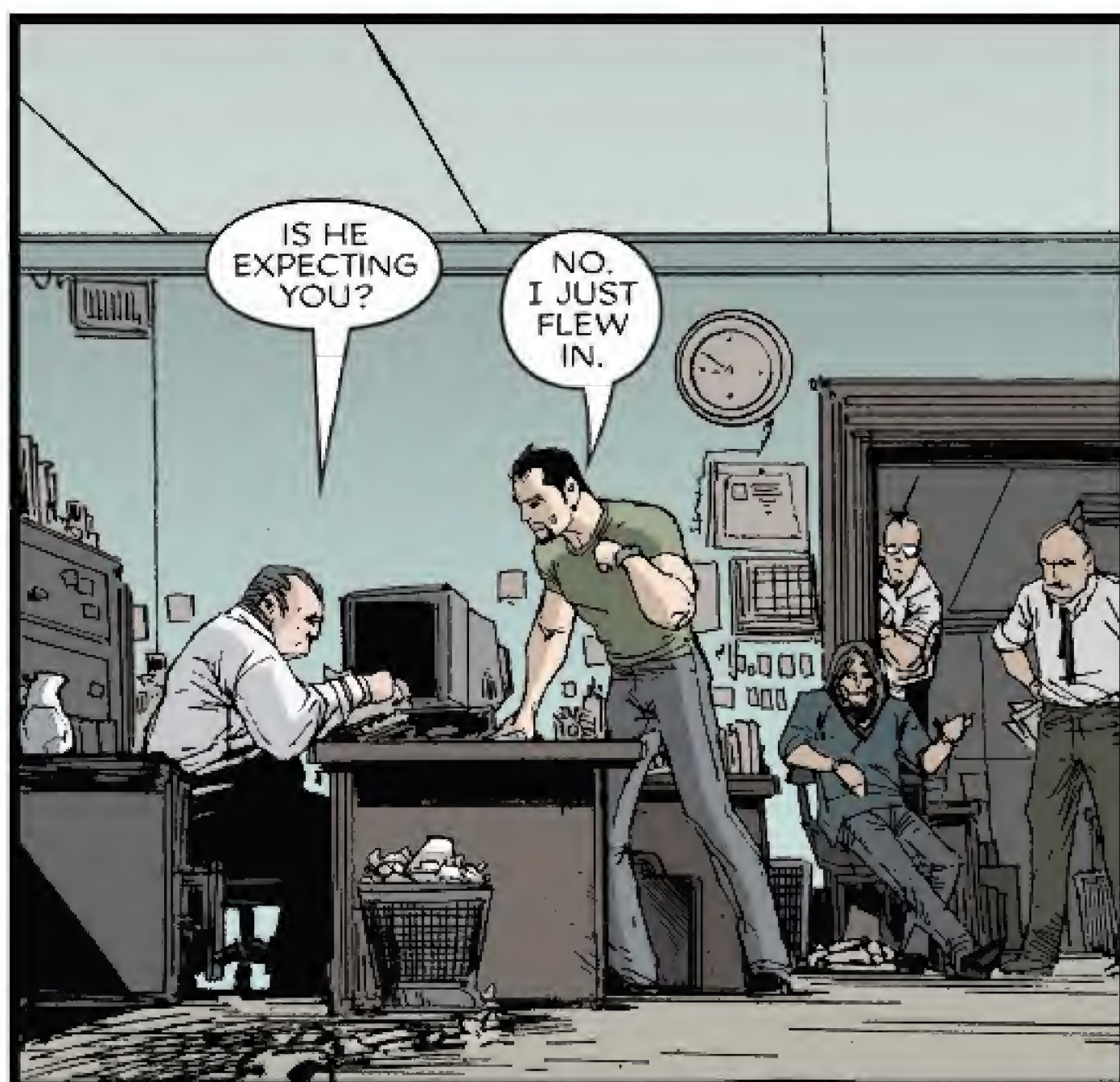
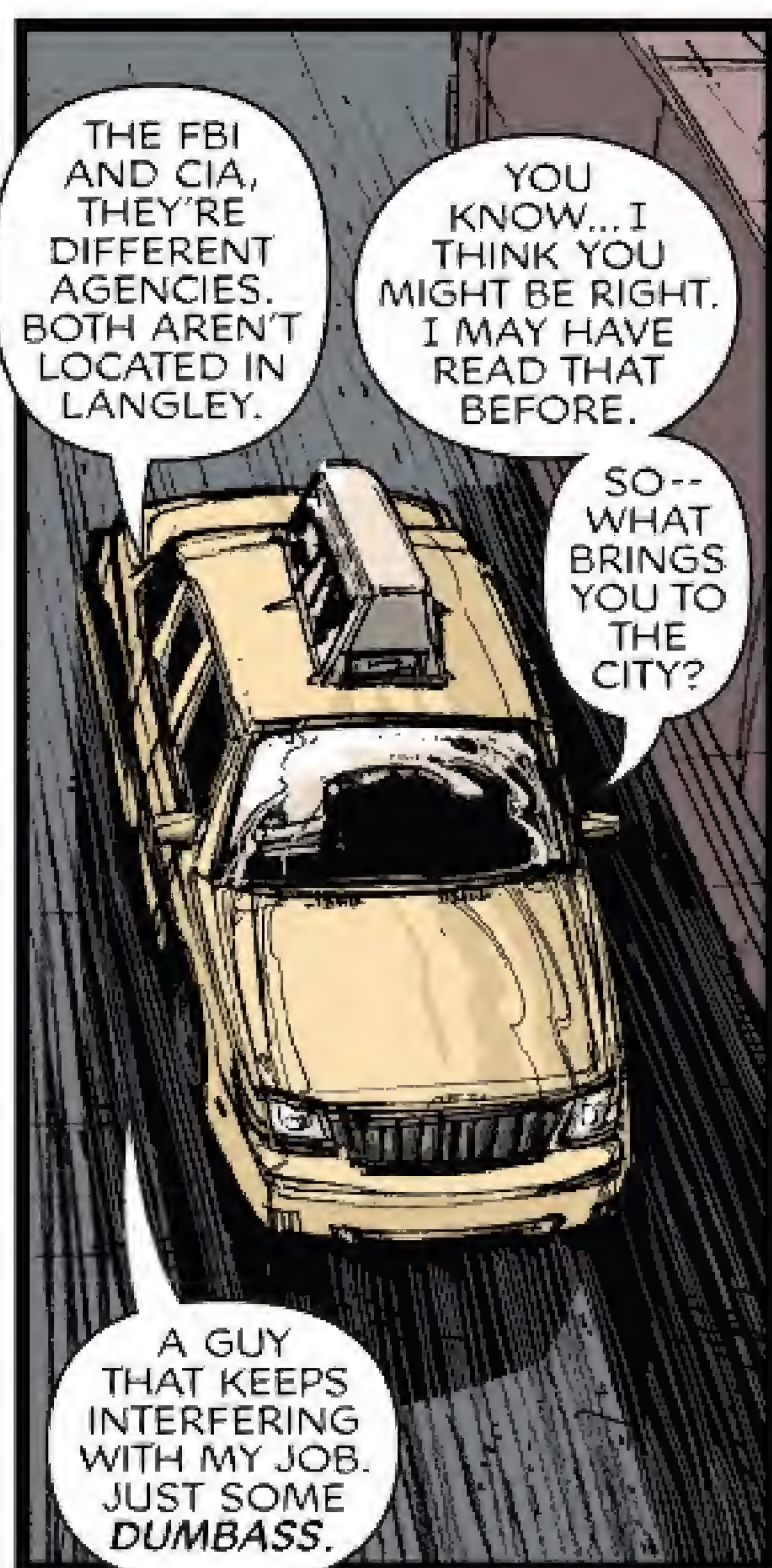
SPAWN

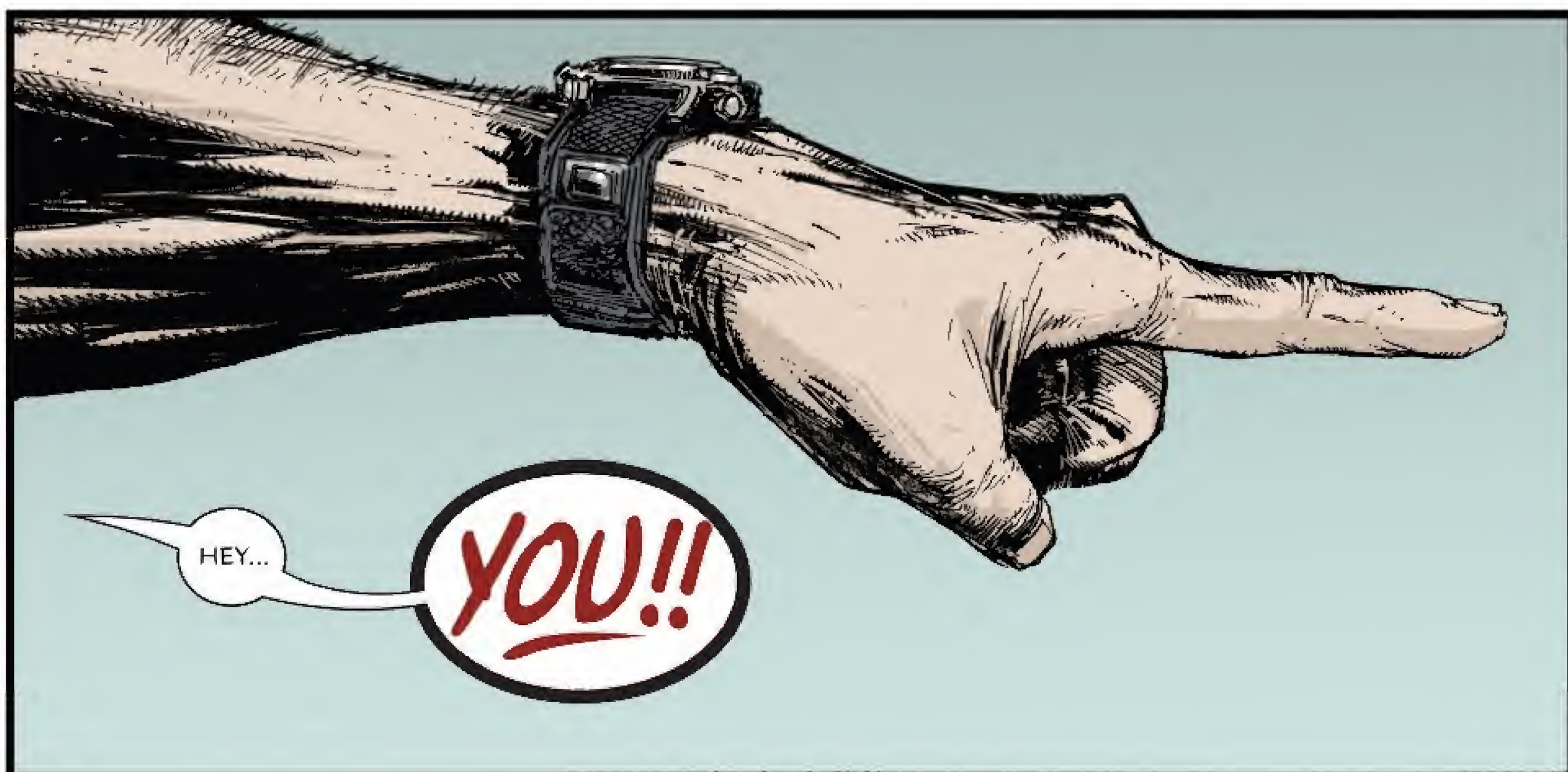
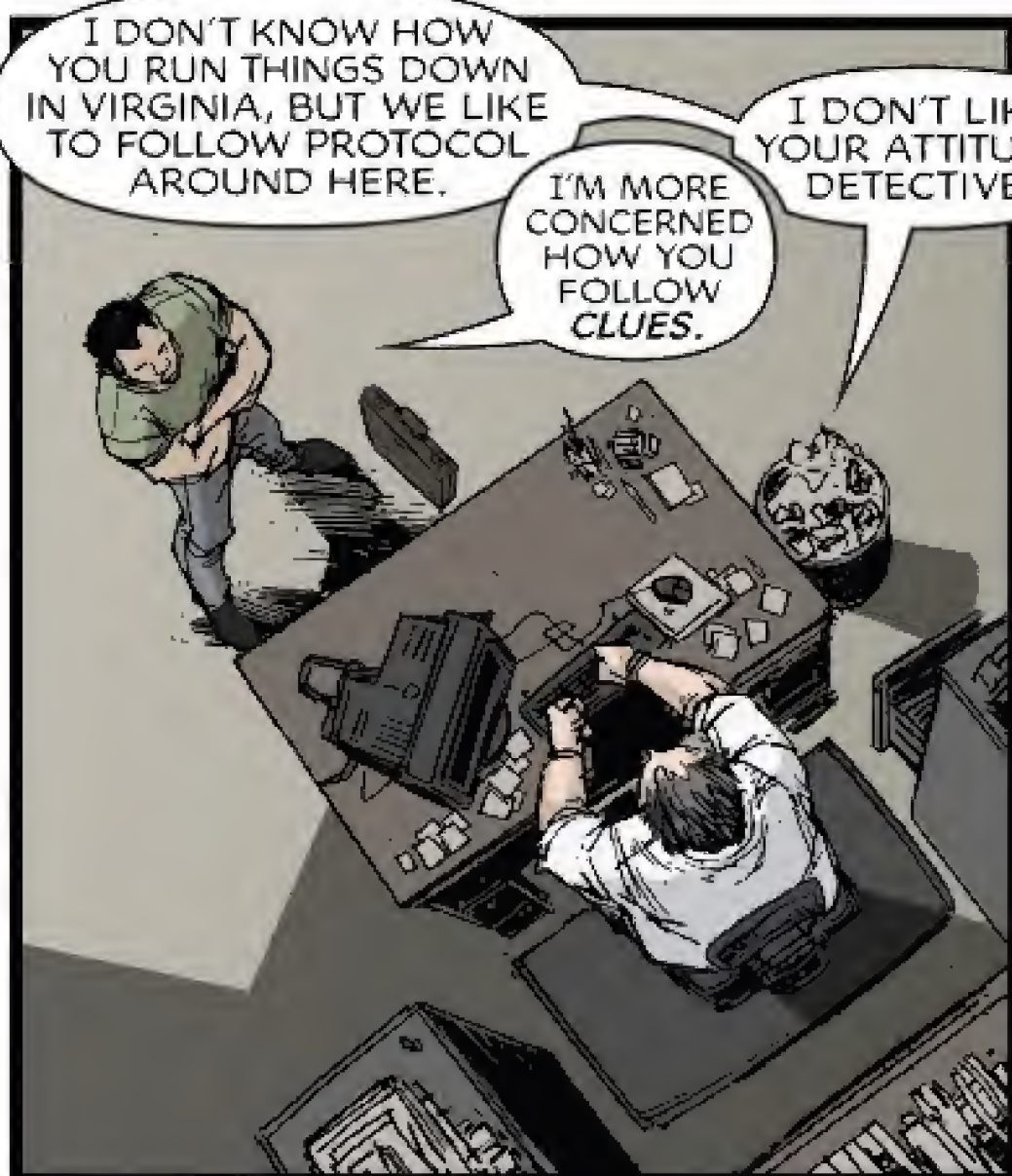
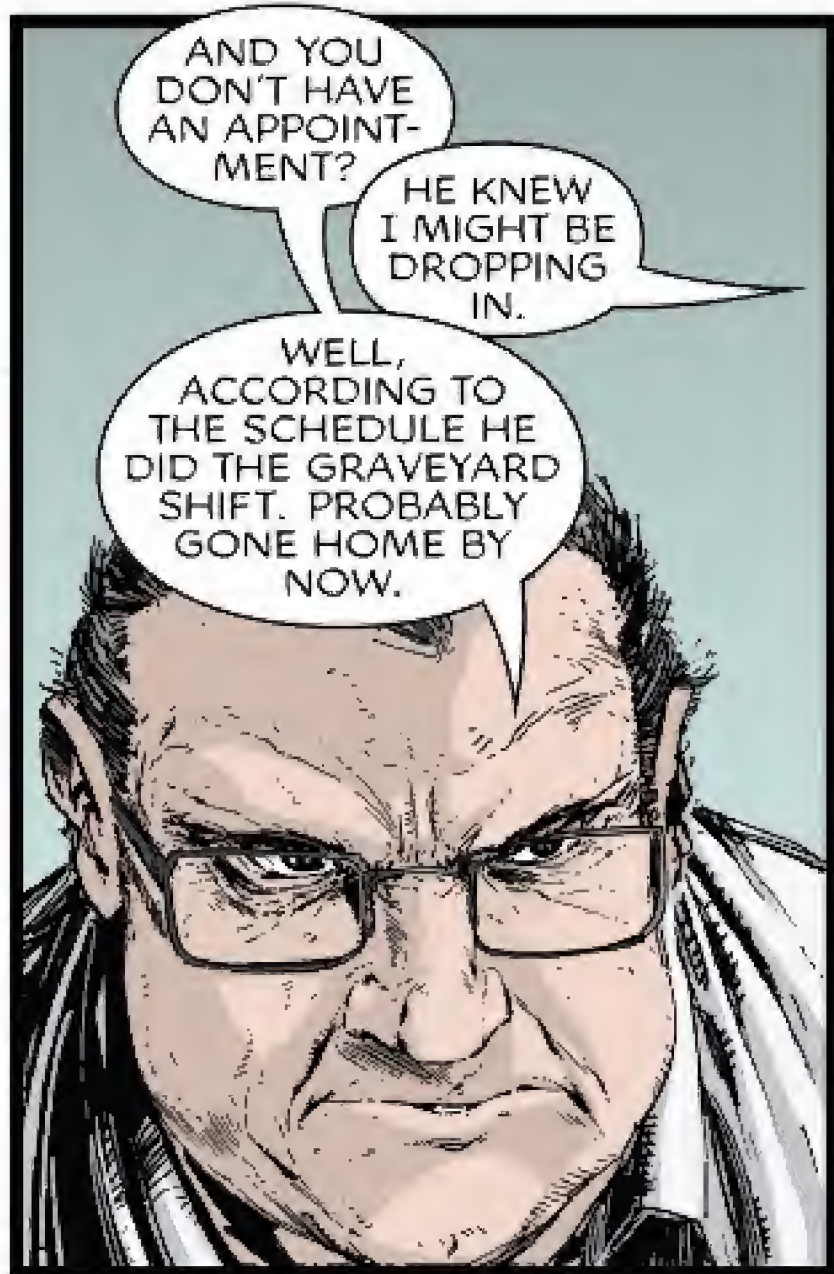
ENDGAME PART ELEVEN



McFARLANE
PORTACIO

New York. 7:43 A.M.









MAY I SUGGEST MOVING THIS DISCUSSION INTO OUR OFFICE?

THE INSULATION IS MUCH BETTER THERE.

ARE YOU CALLING ME FAT?

YA THINK?



ALRIGHT, DETECTIVE ROWAND, LET'S TRY TO KEEP THIS PROFESSIONAL.

HOW CAN WE BE OF SERVICE TO YOU TODAY?

I'VE GOT A DEAD LAWYER, THAT BLEW HIS HEAD OFF FOR NO APPARENT REASON. EVERYONE WITH AUTHORITY OVER ME WANTS ME TO FILE IT AWAY AS A SIMPLE SUICIDE.

I WON'T DO THAT.

THERE'S TOO MANY OPEN QUESTIONS AND TOO MANY LEADS STILL LEFT.

AND ONE OF THOSE OPEN QUESTIONS IS AN EXTENSIVE LIST OF NEW YORKERS THAT HAD BEEN CALLED BY MY VICTIM OR WAS IN MY VICTIM'S CONTACTS.



THE ENTIRE LIST IS IN THIS FILE. MY EXPERIENCE SAYS THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS.

BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO GET YOUR PARTNER TO GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANY OF IT!



WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR FILE. BUT TO BE FAIR TO MY PARTNER, WE'VE GOT OUR OWN HOMICIDE MYSTERY, OURSELVES.

STOP BEING A 'SUCK BUTT,' TWITCH! WE DON'T OWE THIS GUY ANY EXPLANATION ABOUT...



BURKE! WILLIAMS!...



JUST GOT A CALL ABOUT A HOUSE EXPLOSION IN CONNECTICUT. THE PROPERTY WAS OWNED BY BENNY VICARI.

VICARI? ISN'T HE ONE OF...



GILBERT SANCHEZ'S LEG BREAKERS.

WHA...?

YOU KNOW SANCHEZ?

NOT REALLY. ONLY WHAT I FOUND OUT IN MY RESEARCH. BUT I DO KNOW THAT HE WAS ON MY VICTIM'S CALL LIST. THEY TALKED A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.



GOOD. I SEE I'VE *FINALLY* GOTTEN YOUR ATTENTION.



SANCHEZ
WORKS FOR
A BIGGER FISH
NAMED CARLOS
NORTEGO. THAT
NAME RING A
BELL?

YEAH.



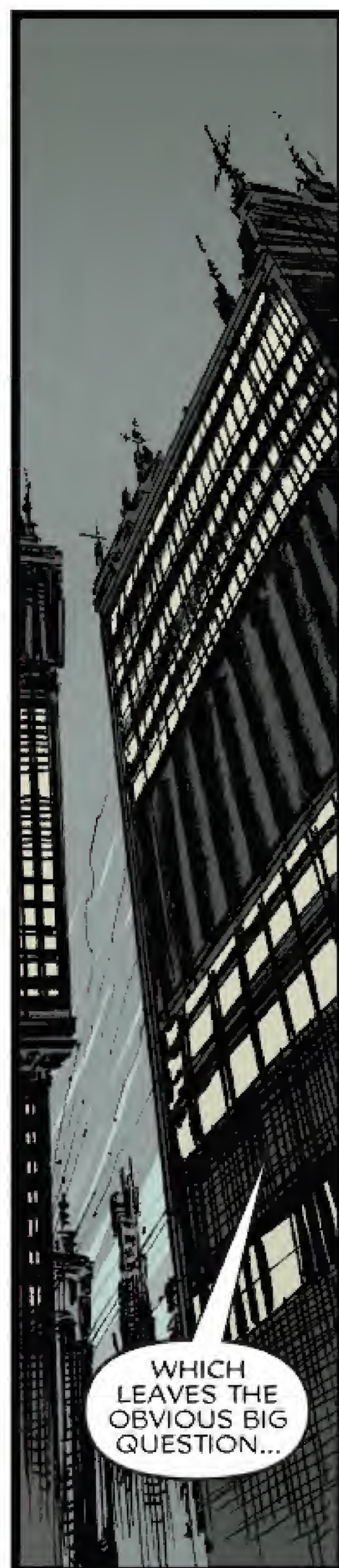
OUR DEAD
LAWYER--HIS
NAME WAS BILL
WINSTON, BY THE
WAY--HELPED
SUPPORT SOME
OF OUR LOCAL
POLITICIANS. I THINK
I SAW NORTEGO'S
NAME ON ONE OF
THE FUNDRAISING
LISTS. HE DONATED
CASH TO OUR
CURRENT
GOVERNOR'S
LATEST
CAMPAIGN.



THERE'S
MORE
DETAILS IN
THIS.



SO WE
BOTH HAVE
DEAD BODIES
AND NO
CLEAR
MOTIVES.



WHICH
LEAVES THE
OBVIOUS BIG
QUESTION...



"...WHAT ARE THEY
HUNTING FOR?"



TINK



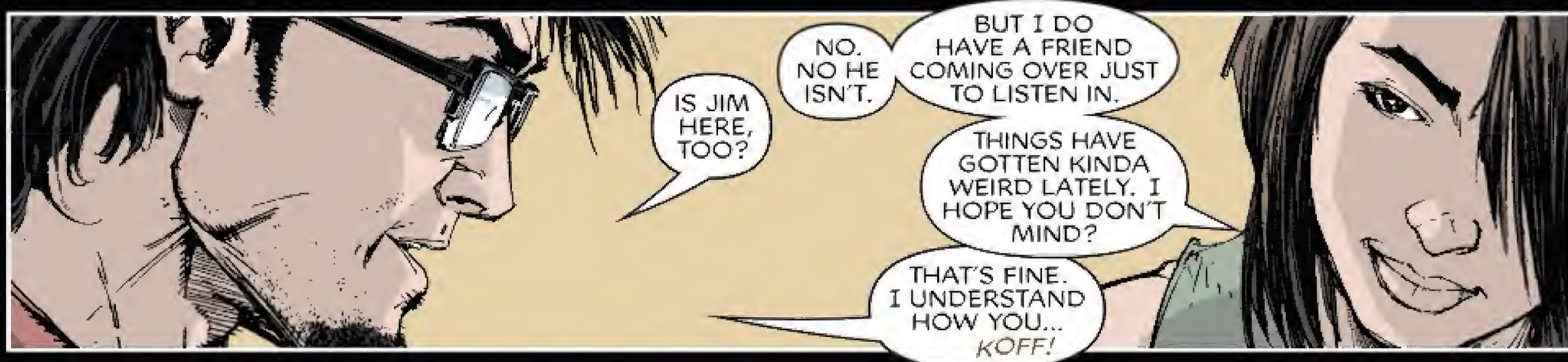
SKURT

SOMEONE'S
GOING TO
DIE
FOR THIS!!*



*See last issue's
climax!-- Todd.





Thirty minutes later.



...AND THE EARLY REPORTS WE'VE HEARD INDICATE THE EXPLOSION ORIGINATED ON THE THIRD FLOOR NEAR YOUR WORK STATION.

ANYTHING ELSE YOU REMEMBER FROM THAT NIGHT?

NO. I WISH I COULD. THE ONLY IMAGE I HAVE IS THE LORD'S LONG HAIR ANGEL STANDING OVER ME.*

* see issue 187 --Todd



AN ANGEL?

YES.

ARE YOU RELIGIOUS, MR. ROSEN?

NOT AS MUCH AS I SHOULD BE.

WELL, GOD SPOKE TO ME THAT NIGHT. SAID HE WOULD SAVE MYSELF AND JIM. SAID HE WASN'T DONE WITH US YET. PERHAPS THAT'S WHY WE WERE DELIVERED FROM THE EXPLOSION UNHARMED.

YES--WELL, THAT'S A NICE SEGUE TO MR. DOWNING.



I WAS HOPING TO BE ABLE TO TALK TO HIM TODAY. YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN HE'LL BE BACK?

NO. HE--HE JUST LEAVES WHEN HE WANTS. DOESN'T SAY WHERE HE'S GOING. WHY THE INTEREST?

WELL, HERE'S THE THING, ACCORDING TO MY RESEARCH, MR. DOWNING GOT TRANSFERRED TO TWO HOSPITALS THAT NIGHT. AND IN BOTH PLACES, SOME PRETTY MIRACULOUS RECOVERIES OCCURRED. I WAS JUST HOPING TO SEE IF... **KOFF**...JIM WAS SHOWING THE SAME SYMPTOMS AS OTHERS IN HIS ROOM?



THE DOCTORS CAN'T EXPLAIN WHY ANY OF IT HAPPENED. I THOUGHT...

KOFF KOFF KOFF

THAT'S GROSS.

I'M SORRY... I DON'T MEAN TO BE SO RUDE. **SNIFF**

BANG





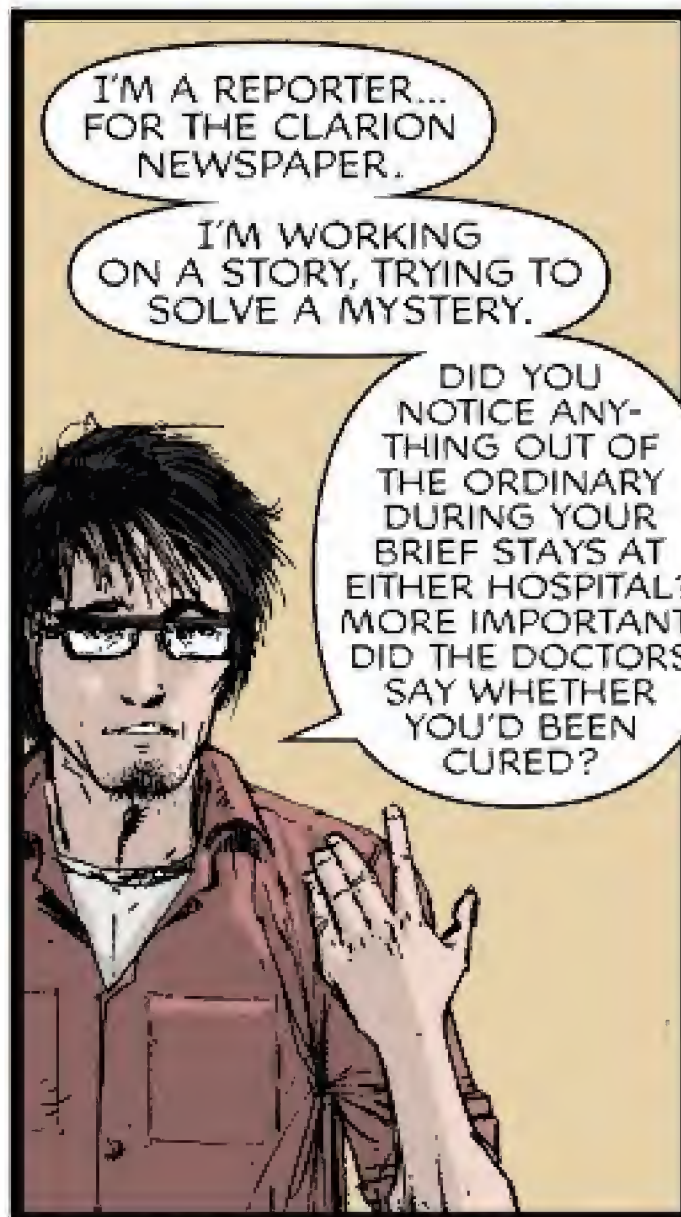
YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS, MR. DOWNING?

IT'LL JUST TAKE A FEW MINUTES.



QUESTIONS? WHAT ARE YOU EVEN HERE FOR?

WHO ARE YOU?



I'M A REPORTER... FOR THE CLARION NEWSPAPER.

I'M WORKING ON A STORY, TRYING TO SOLVE A MYSTERY.

DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY DURING YOUR BRIEF STAYS AT EITHER HOSPITAL? MORE IMPORTANT, DID THE DOCTORS SAY WHETHER YOU'D BEEN CURED?



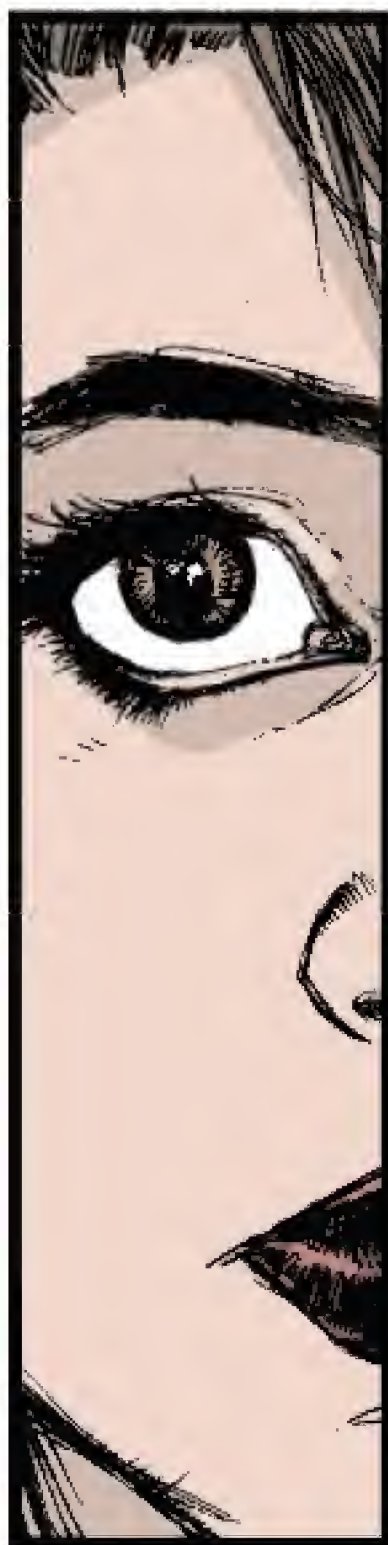
CURED OF WHAT? MY LOST MEMORY?

YES. LIKE THAT. THEY SAID...



SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MARC, BUT I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS, TOO.

FIRST OFF...



WHAT IS IT?



HOW DARE YOU BE SO SELFISH?!

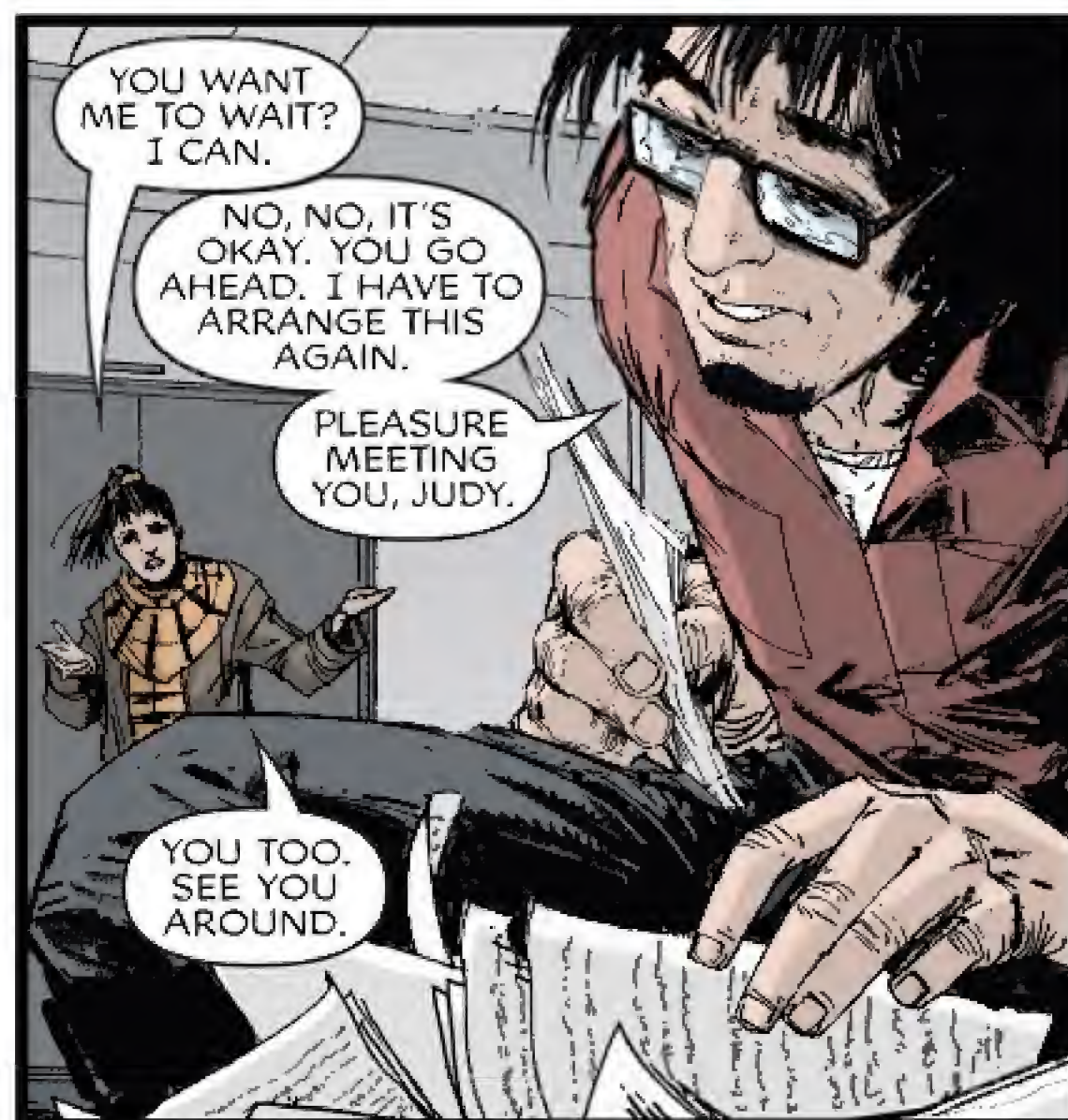
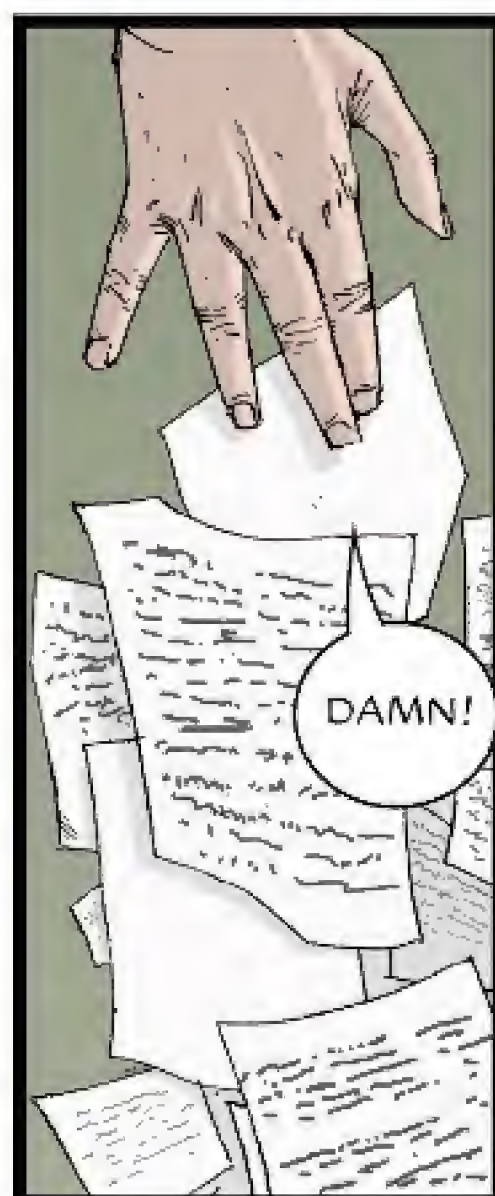
I WAS WORRIED *SICK* ABOUT YOU! YOU JUST GO WHENEVER YOU WANT--DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A WORD--LIKE I *DON'T* EVEN EXIST! AFTER EVERYTHING I'VE DONE FOR YOU. THAT'S HOW YOU THANK ME?! YOU SHOULD BE *ASHAMED* OF YOURSELF! GOD EXPECTS BETTER FROM US. YOU CAN'T JUST...

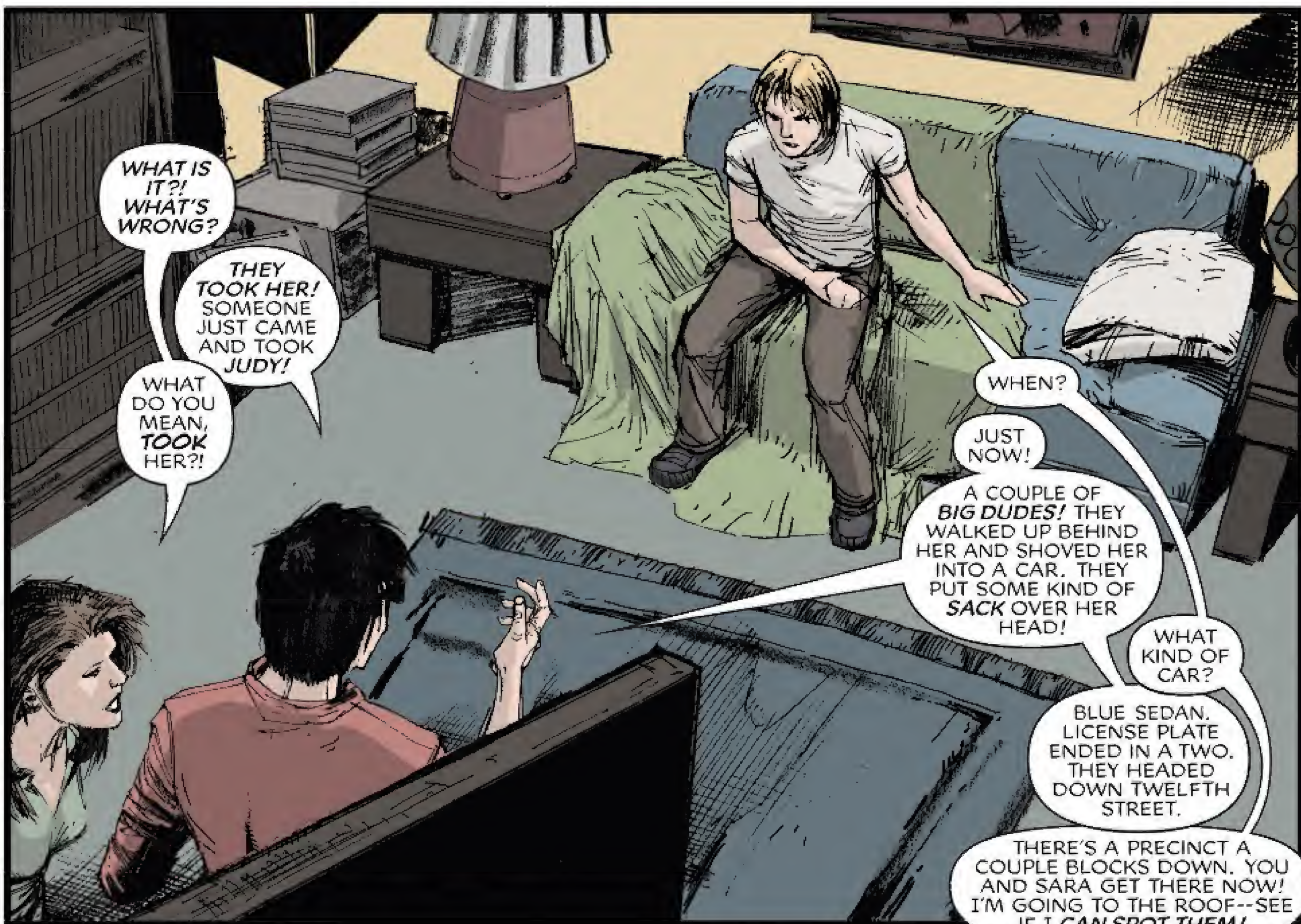


UM... I THINK WE'D BETTER LEAVE THESE TWO.

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.

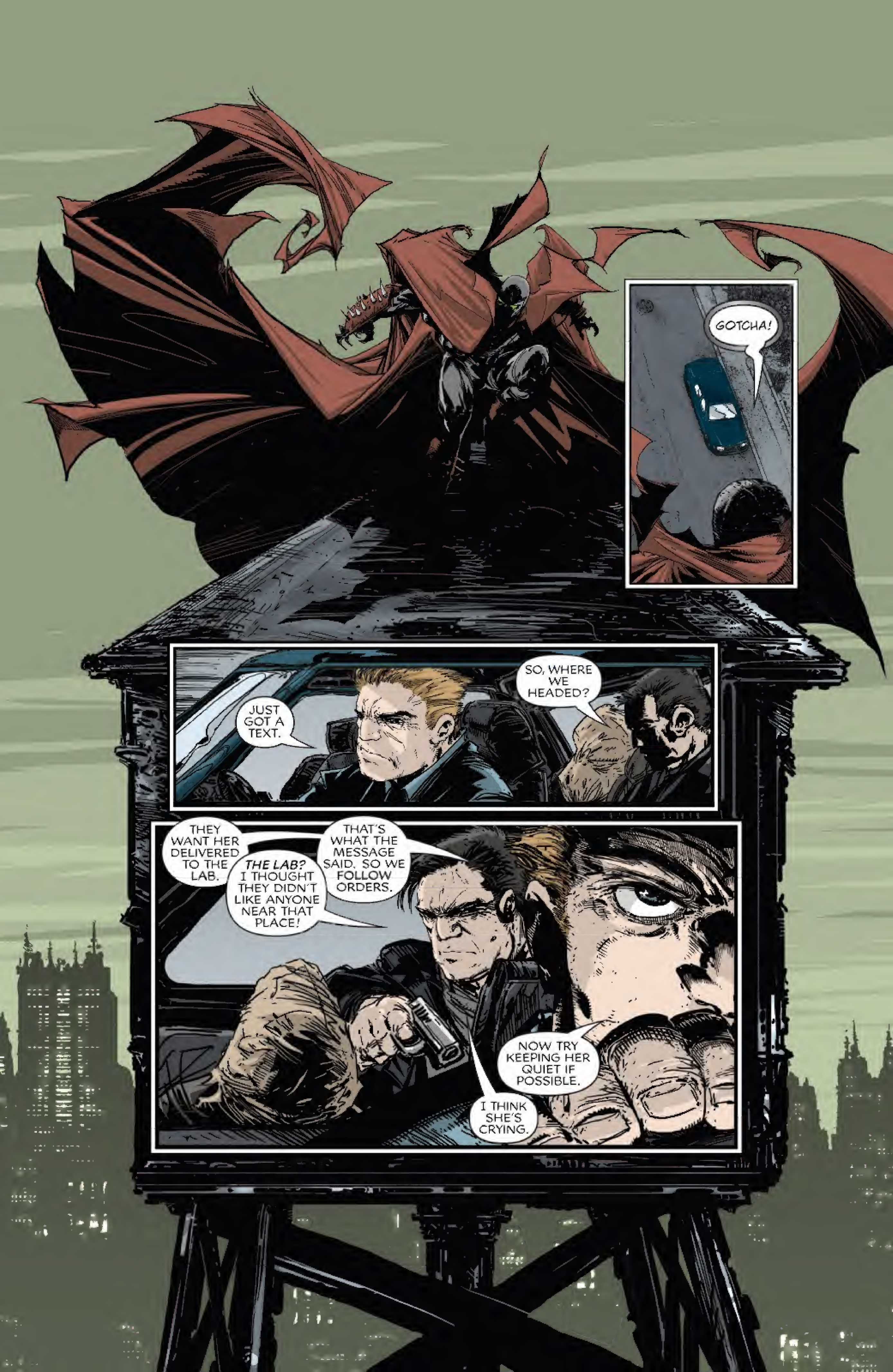
SARA, I'M BORROWING YOUR COAT. I'LL CALL YOU LATER.

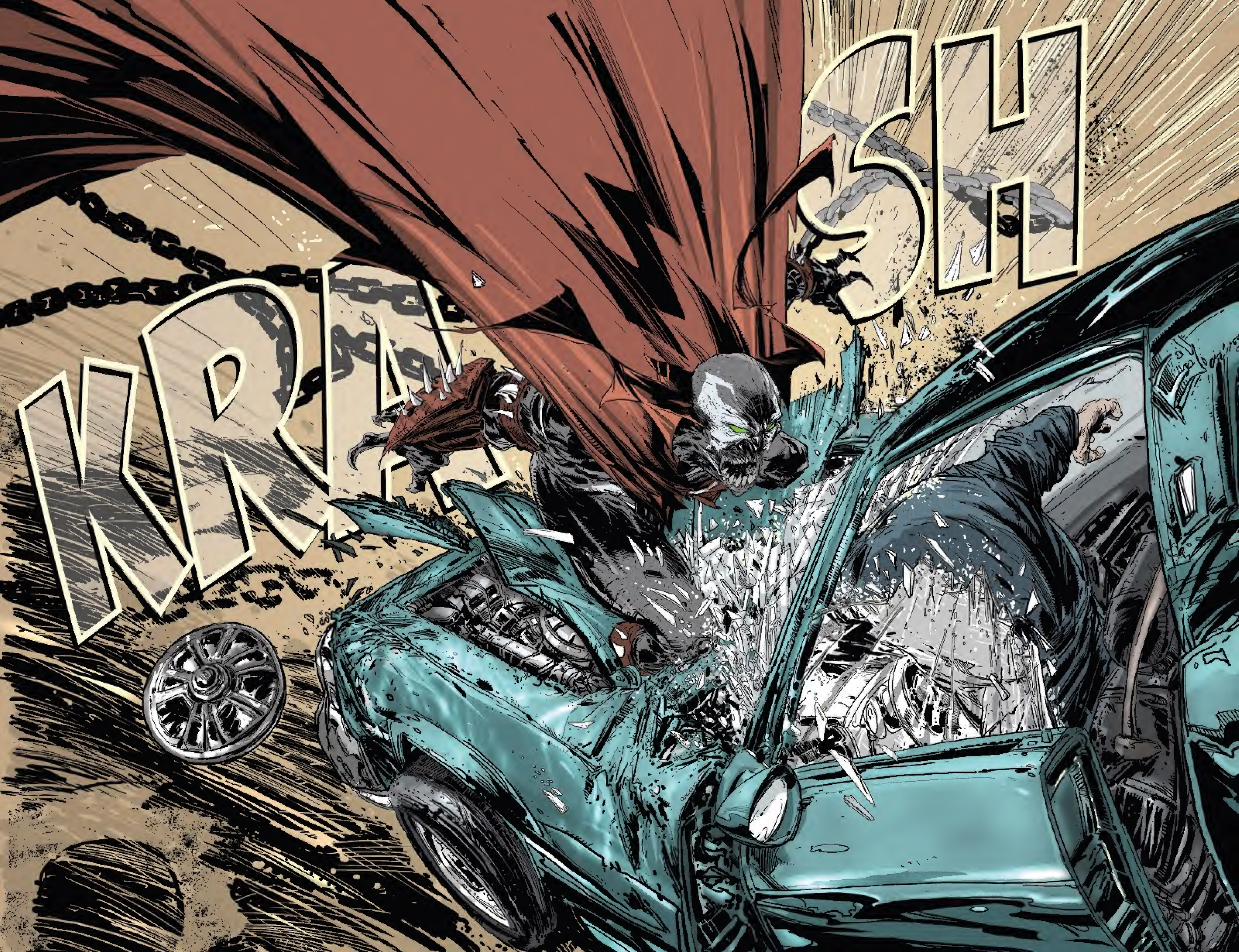


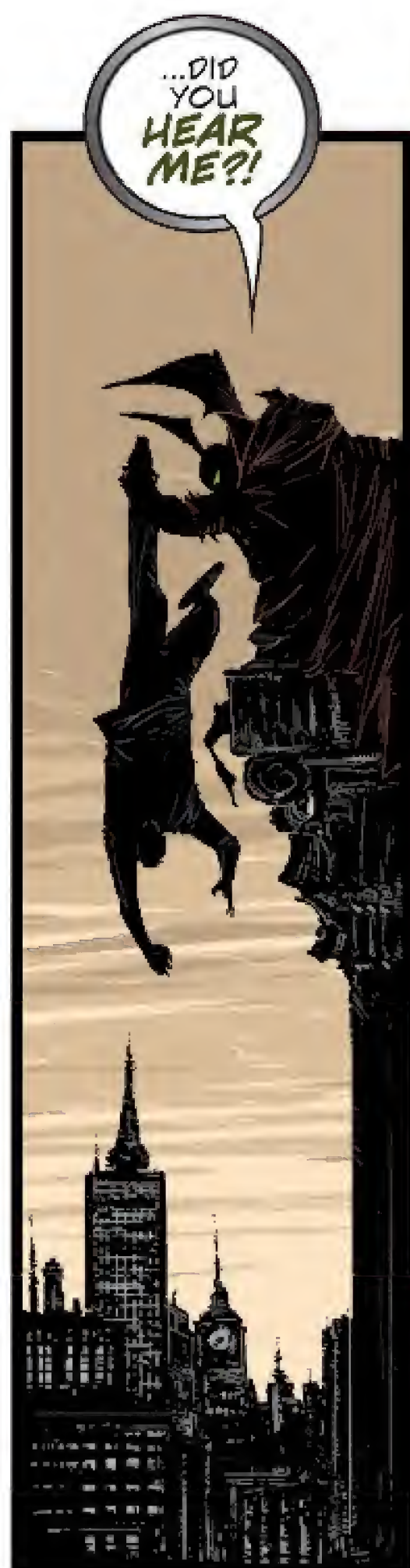














Image

196

DIGITAL
EDITION

McFARLANE
CAPULLO
LIEFELD

SPAWN®

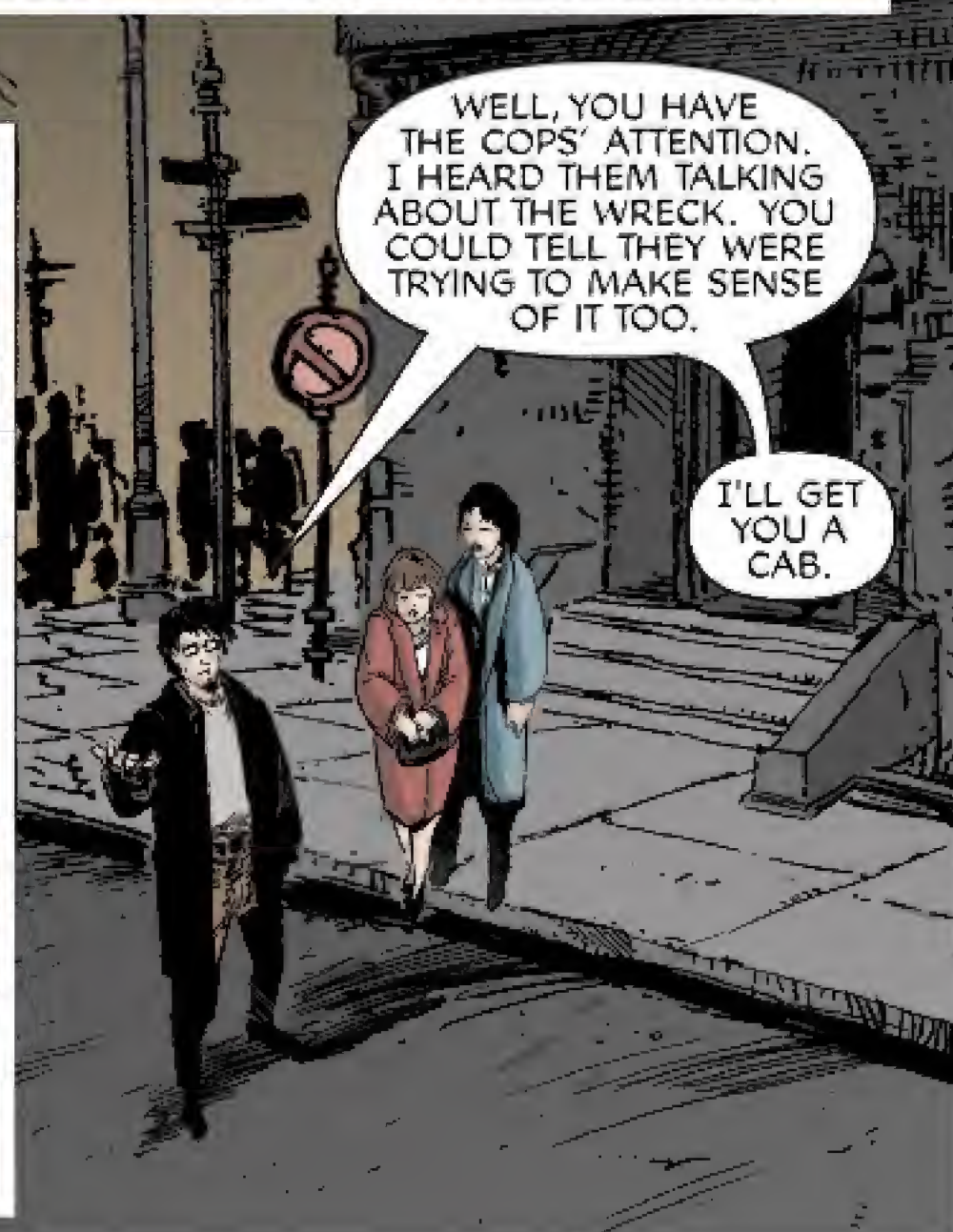
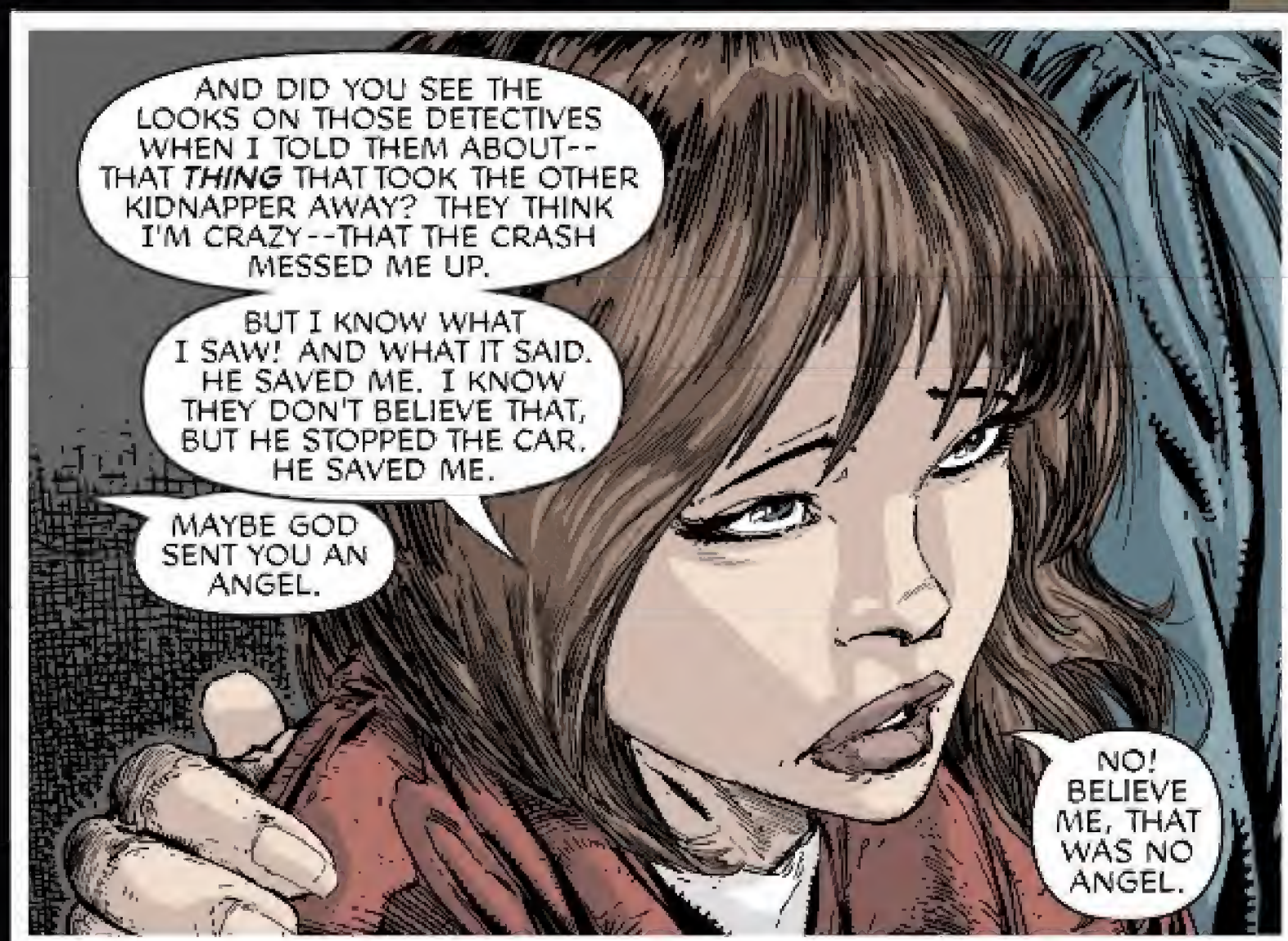
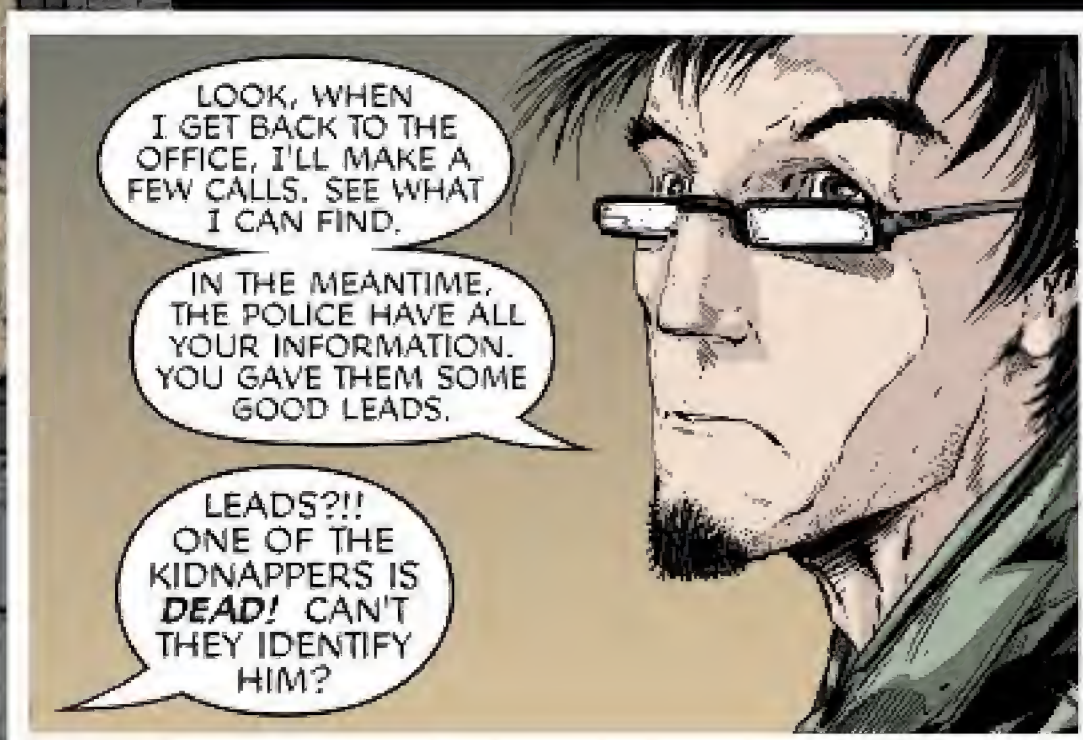
ENDGAME
CONCLUSION

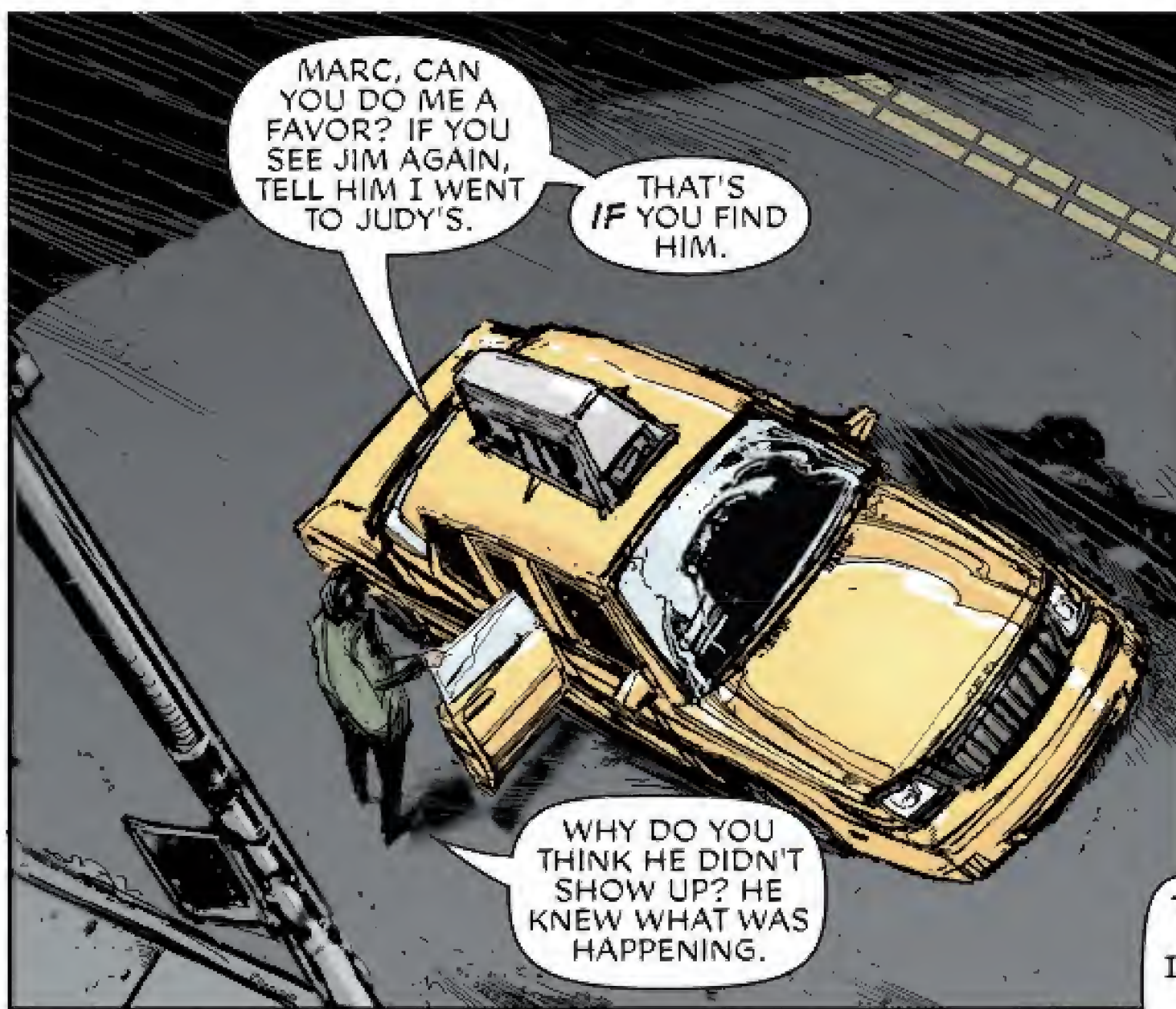


Capullo

Tates

McFARLANE





MARC, CAN YOU DO ME A FAVOR? IF YOU SEE JIM AGAIN, TELL HIM I WENT TO JUDY'S.

THAT'S IF YOU FIND HIM.

WHY DO YOU THINK HE DIDN'T SHOW UP? HE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



HE JUST DOES THAT, MARC. UP AND DISAPPEARS TO GOD KNOWS WHERE.

I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I SEE HIM. IN THE MEANTIME, YOU TWO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES. TRY AND GET SOME REST.

THANKS, AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER.

UNH?

YOUR COUGH? IT STOPPED. I DIDN'T HEAR YOU ONCE AT THE PRECINCT.



?

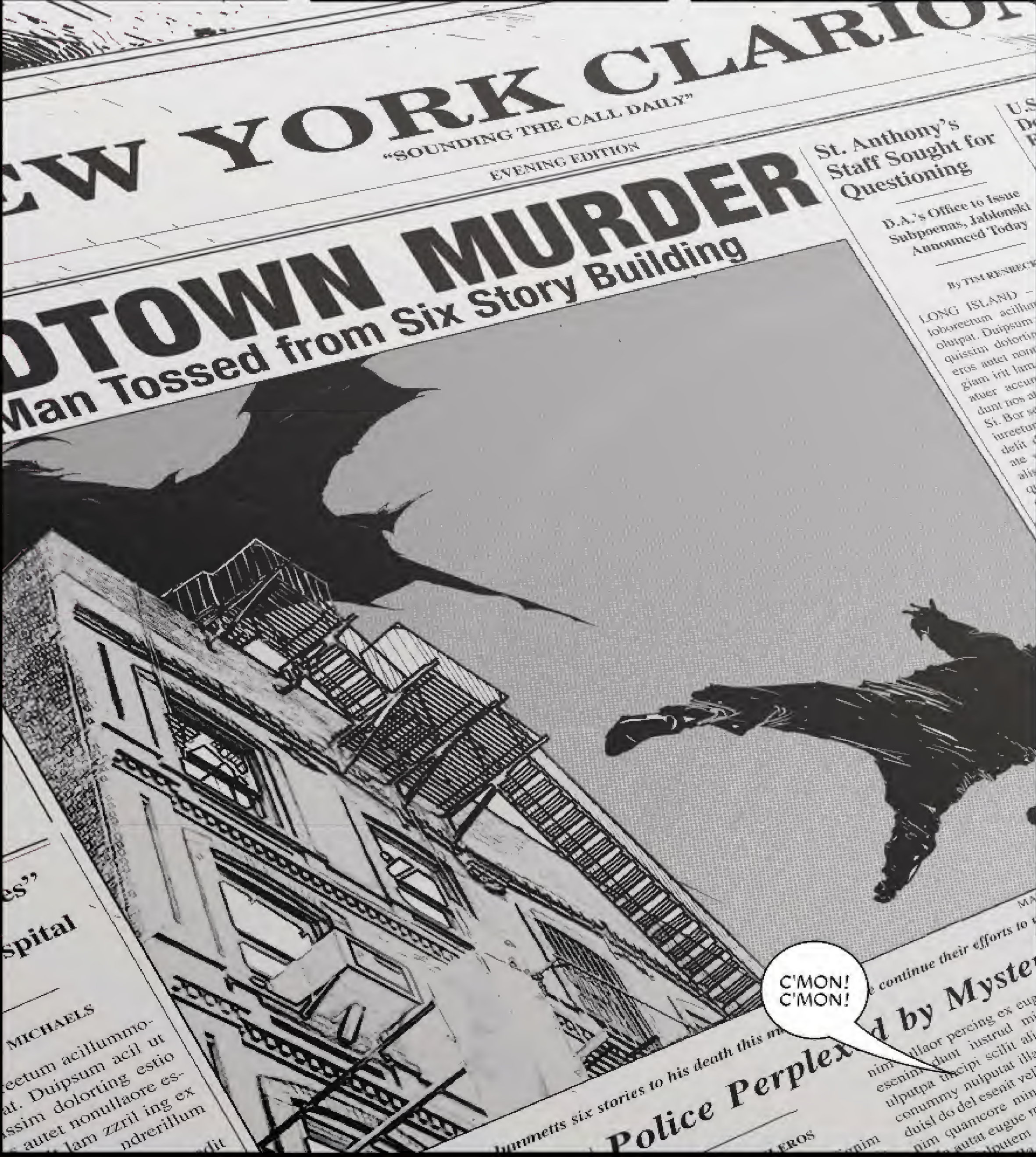
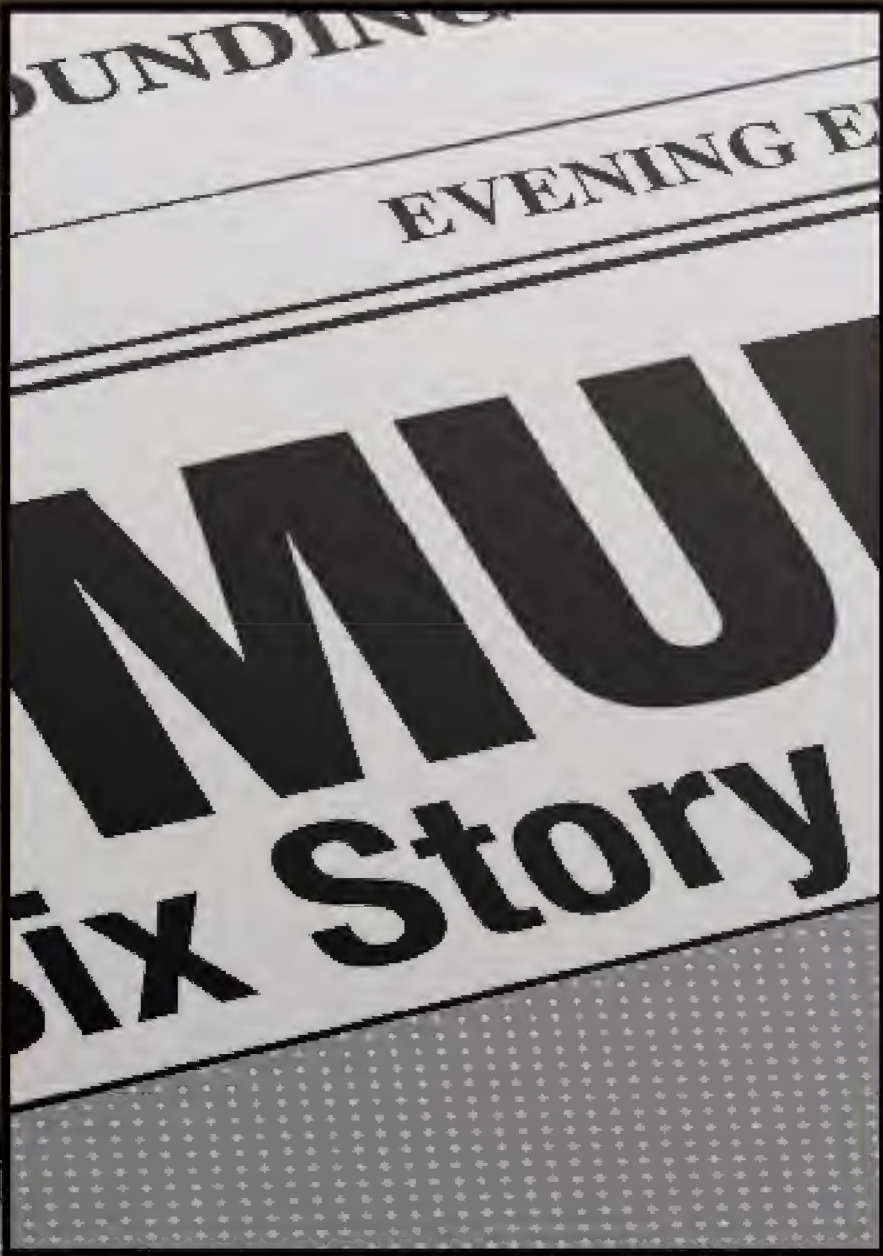


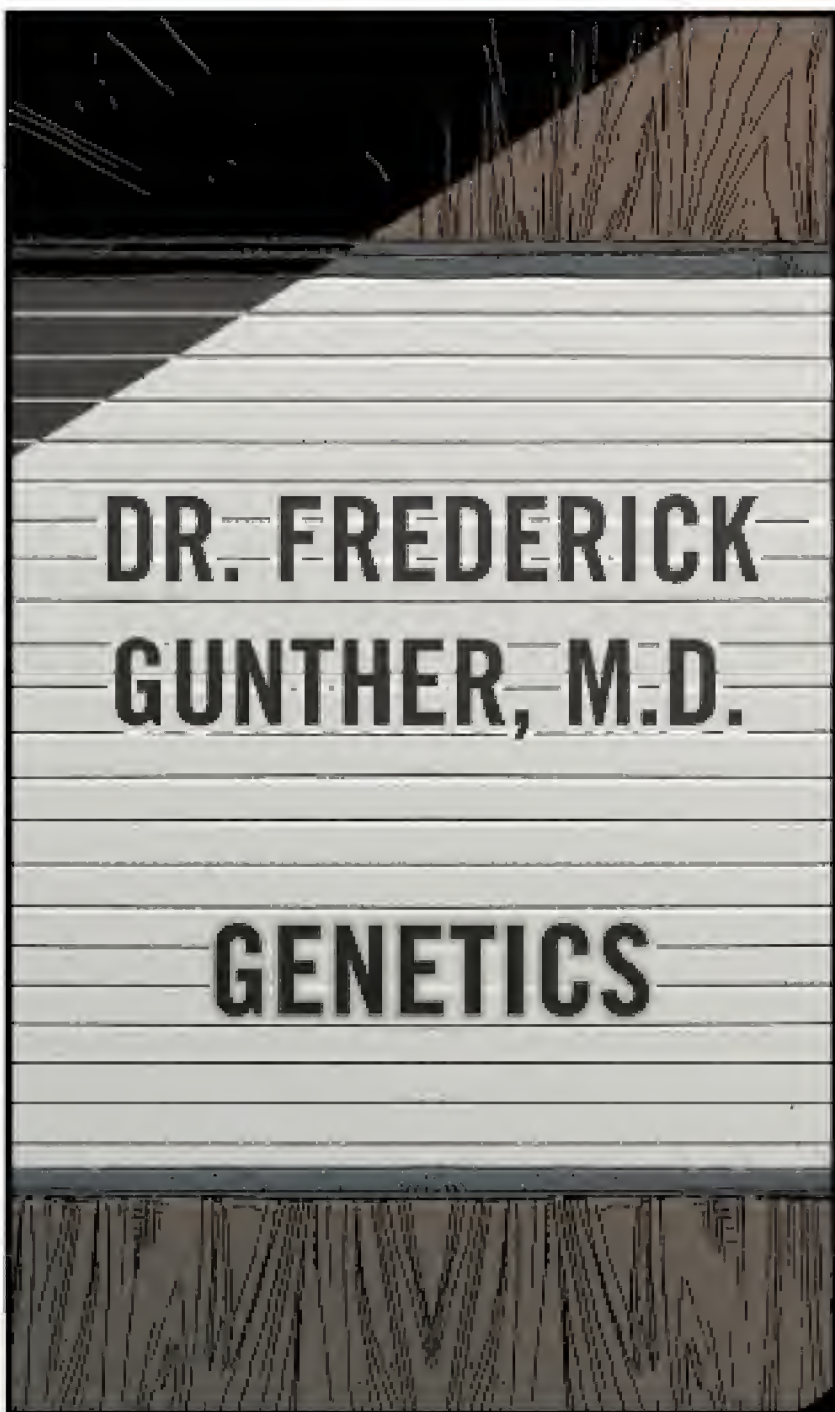
HOLY SH...

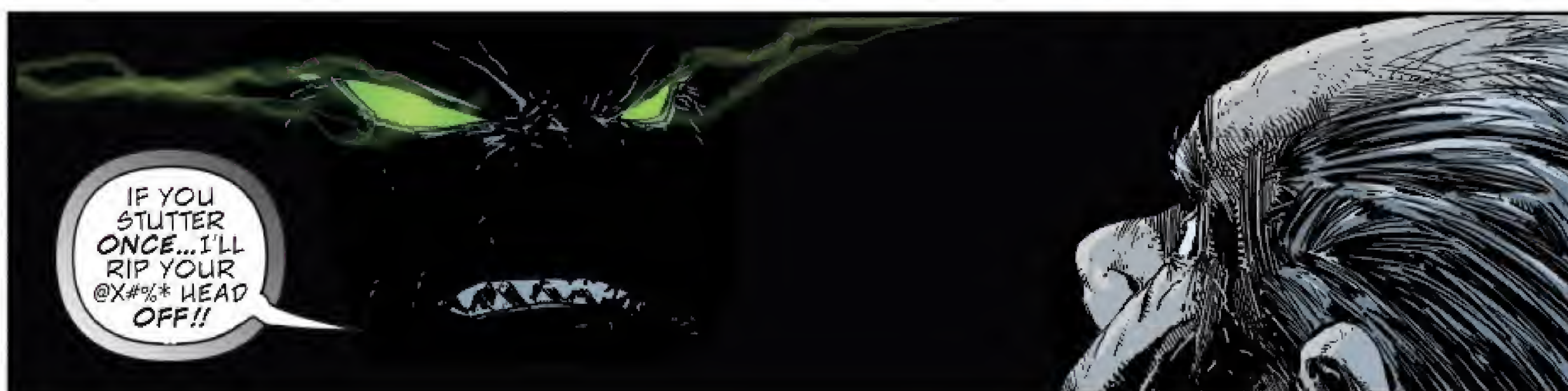
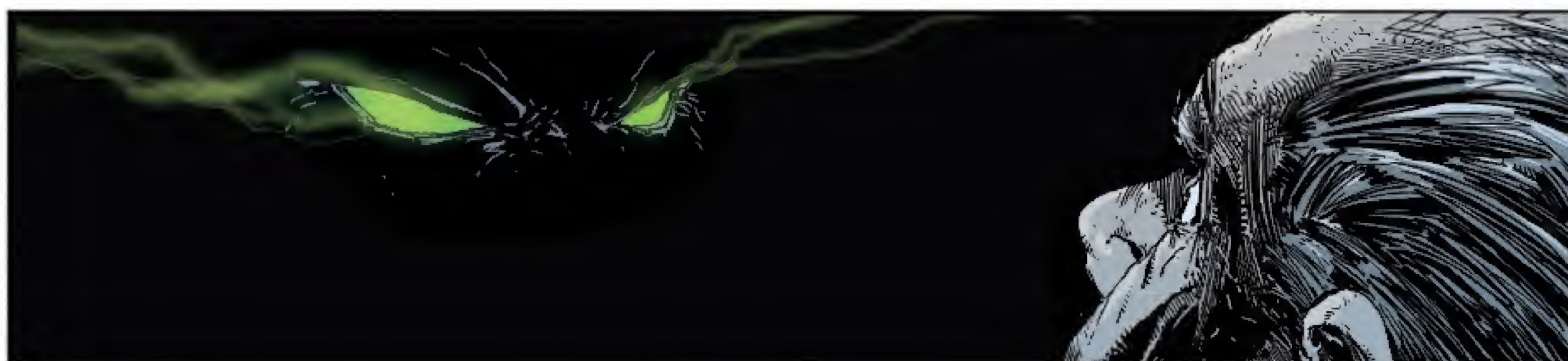
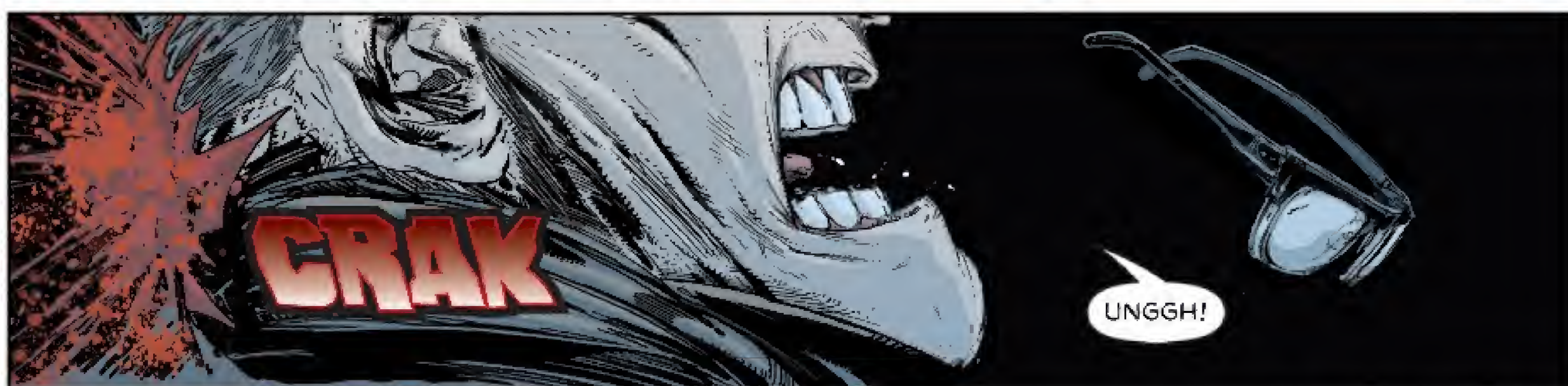
IT'S JIM!

HE'S THE ONE CURING EVERYONE!

Four hours later.









BECAUSE RIGHT NOW, YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER EVERY ONE OF MY QUESTIONS.

STARTING WITH--WHO'S **PATIENT 47?**

THERE'S... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

YOU JUST STUTTERED!

WAIT!

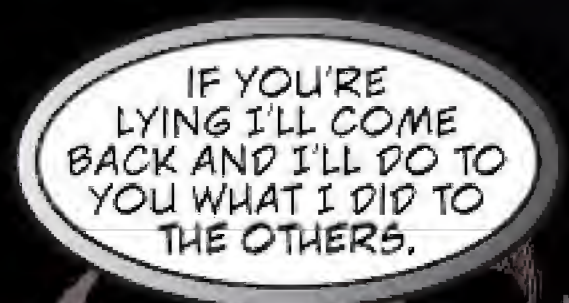
HOW DO YOU EVEN KNOW ABOUT HIM?



I'M ASKING THE QUESTIONS-- NOT YOU!

ONE LAST TIME, WHO'S **PATIENT 47?**





TEK





POLICE ARE NOW TRYING TO FIND THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON WHO, INCREDIBLY, WAS AT STREET LEVEL WHEN THE BODY OF THE VICTIM WAS THROWN OFF THE ROOF. FOR NOW, THE PHOTO IS RUNNING IN EVERY MAJOR NEWSPAPER IN TOWN AFTER A COPY OF IT WAS SOMEHOW DELIVERED TO EACH PAPER'S MAIN OFFICE ANONYMOUSLY. THEY WOULD LIKE TO QUESTION THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO TOOK WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PHOTO TAKEN FROM A CELL PHONE.

FOR NOW, THE POLICE SAY THEY ARE RELEASING NO DETAILS, AS OF YET, ABOUT EITHER THE VICTIM OR THE ASSAILANT WITH WHAT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE BANNER OR POSSIBLE CAPE FLOWING BEHIND HIM.



IT'S BEEN CONFIRMED THAT OTHERS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD HEARD A SCREAM MOMENTS BEFORE THE APPARENT MURDER TOOK PLACE.

OUR REPORTERS ALSO FOUND OUT THAT ANOTHER DEAD BODY WAS FOUND ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY IN AN ALLEGED AUTO ACCIDENT.

OUR SOURCES SAY THAT THE DRIVER IN THAT VEHICULAR DEATH MAY SOMEHOW BE RELATED TO THIS ROOFTOP INCIDENT, HAVING OVERHEARD THAT THE IDENTITIES OF THE TWO VICTIMS MAY BE INTERCONNECTED. WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO CONFIRM ANY OF THIS BUT WILL CONTINUE TO BRING YOU ANY BREAKING NEWS AS IT OCCURS.

AS FOR THE MURDERER, POLICE SEEM TO HAVE GATHERED LIMITED INFORMATION.



***YOU HEARD ME!!
I SAID AWESOME!!***

IF THE RUMORS ARE TRUE AND BOTH VICTIMS DO HAVE TIES TO THE UNDERGROUND CRIME CARTEL, THEN I WANT TO KNOW THE NAME OF THE HERO THAT THREW HIM OFF THE ROOF, SO I CAN HAVE A PARTY FOR HIM.

WITH THE GOVERNMENT TAKING OVER OUR LIVES AND BAILING OUT EVERY CORPORATE ENTITY WITH OUR TAX DOLLARS, WE'VE ALL BECOME VICTIMS!! SO I APPLAUD YOU CITIZENS THAT HAVE WOKEN UP TO THE FACT WE NEED MORE PRO-ACTIVE RESPONSES TO SAVE OUR COUNTRY FROM COMPLETE COLLAPSE. AND IF THAT MAY MEAN TOSSING SOME OF THE CRIMINALS FROM A BUILDING THEN SO BE IT.

MY ONLY COMPLAINT HERE IS THAT ALL THE POLITICIANS AND CEO'S ARE CROOKS TOO. THOSE TEA PARTY GROUPS MAY HAVE IT RIGHT! NEXT TIME LET'S NOT THROW TEA INTO THE OCEAN LET'S THROW ALL THE POLITICIANS IN THE WATER INSTEAD!



JIM'S STILL NOT THERE? WELL, WHERE COULD HE BE?

YEAH, I KNOW, YOU'VE SAID THAT BEFORE. I JUST NEED TO TALK TO HIM.

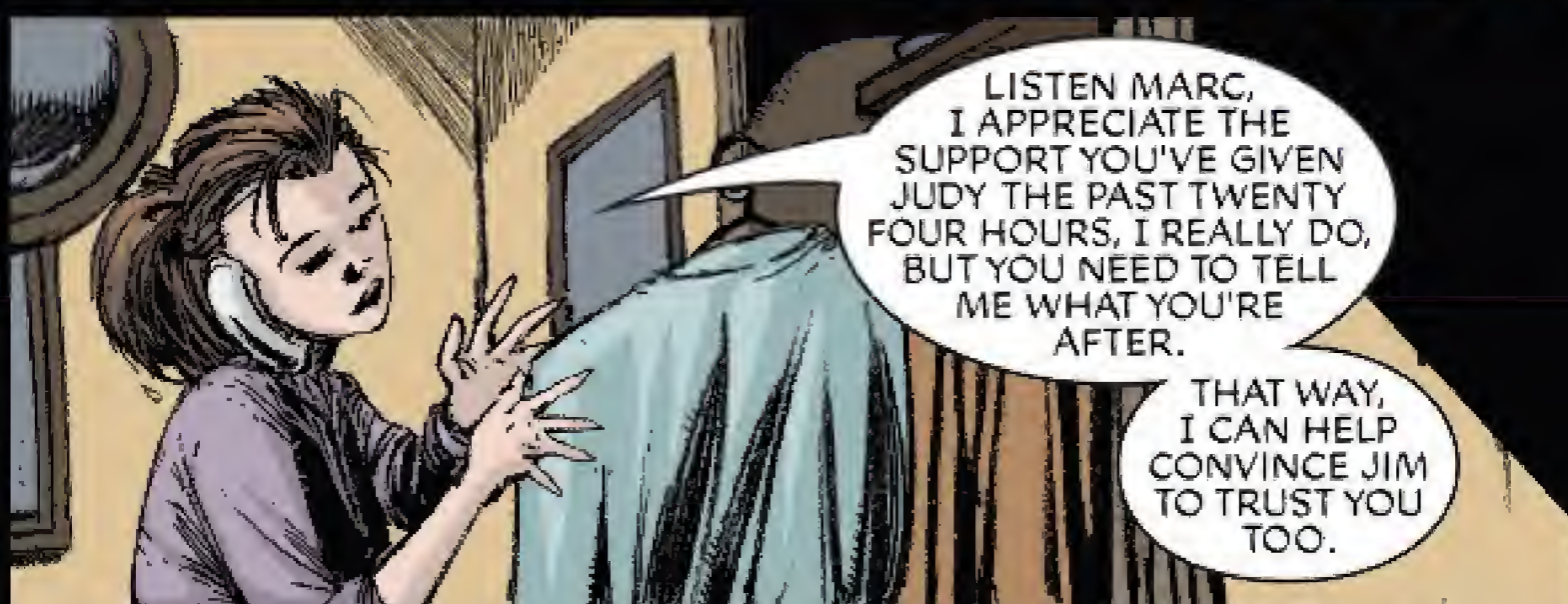
BECAUSE I DO.

LOOK, SARA, I THINK I'M ON TO SOMETHING INCREDIBLE HERE.



SOMETHING THAT COULD POSSIBLY CHANGE BOTH OUR LIVES, BUT I NEED TO BE SURE ABOUT THIS. OKAY? IF I'M OFF JUST A LITTLE, THEY'LL LAUGH ME OUT OF THIS PROFESSION.

BUT IF I'M RIGHT... WOW!



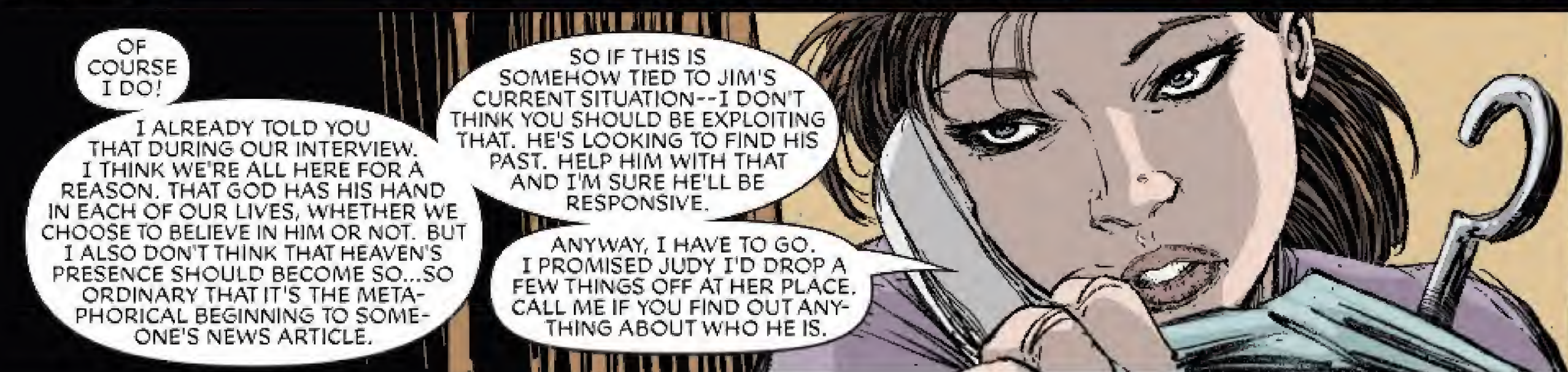
LISTEN MARC, I APPRECIATE THE SUPPORT YOU'VE GIVEN JUDY THE PAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS, I REALLY DO, BUT YOU NEED TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE AFTER.

THAT WAY, I CAN HELP CONVINCE JIM TO TRUST YOU TOO.



I CAN'T, NOT RIGHT NOW.

BUT LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING. YOU BELIEVE IN JESUS CHRIST DON'T YOU?



OF COURSE I DO!

I ALREADY TOLD YOU THAT DURING OUR INTERVIEW. I THINK WE'RE ALL HERE FOR A REASON. THAT GOD HAS HIS HAND IN EACH OF OUR LIVES, WHETHER WE CHOOSE TO BELIEVE IN HIM OR NOT. BUT I ALSO DON'T THINK THAT HEAVEN'S PRESENCE SHOULD BECOME SO...SO ORDINARY THAT IT'S THE METAPHORICAL BEGINNING TO SOMEONE'S NEWS ARTICLE.

SO IF THIS IS SOMEHOW TIED TO JIM'S CURRENT SITUATION--I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE EXPLOITING THAT. HE'S LOOKING TO FIND HIS PAST. HELP HIM WITH THAT AND I'M SURE HE'LL BE RESPONSIVE.

ANYWAY, I HAVE TO GO. I PROMISED JUDY I'D DROP A FEW THINGS OFF AT HER PLACE. CALL ME IF YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT WHO HE IS.



I ALREADY KNOW WHO HE IS.

Later that night.

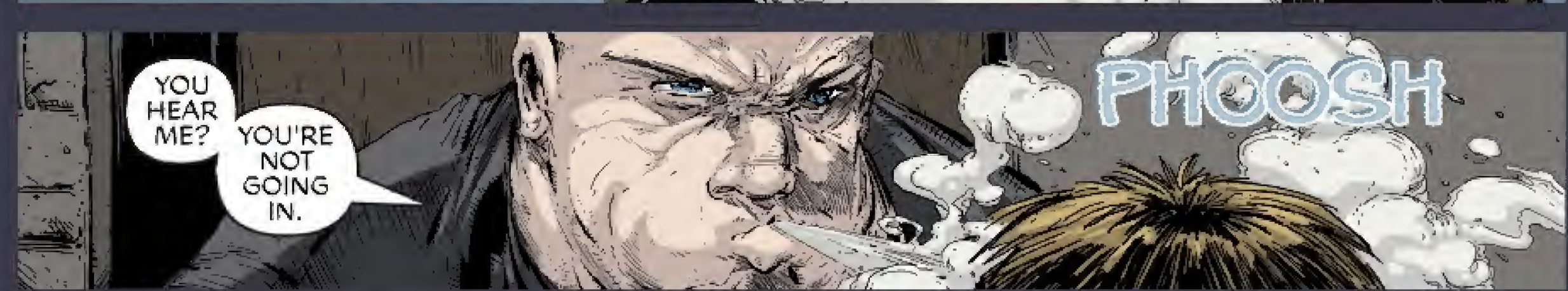


HEY BUD,
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
HEADED?

INSIDE.



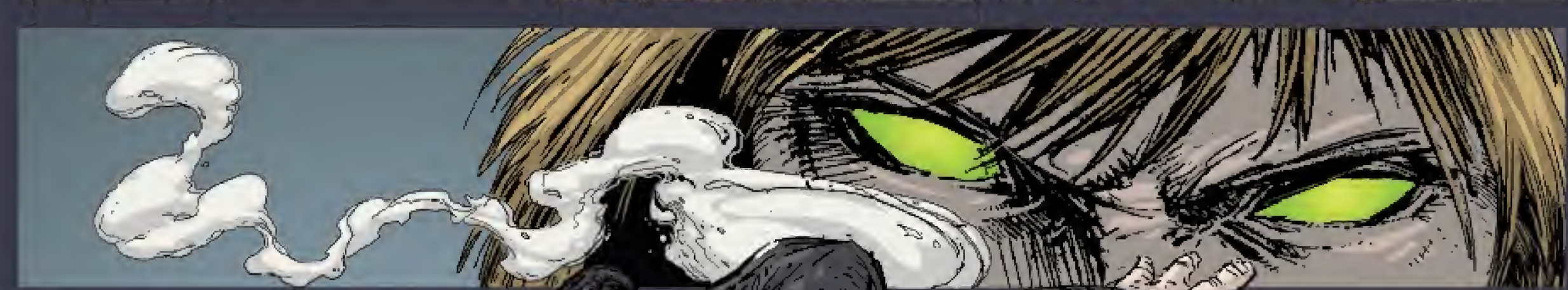
'FRAID
NOT. THIS IS
A PRIVATE
ENTRANCE, SO
YOU NEED TO
GO AROUND
FRONT.



YOU
HEAR
ME?

YOU'RE
NOT
GOING
IN.

PHOOOSH



SMASH





MOVE...
YOU'RE
DEAD!



WELL,
WELL, WELL--
THE RETURN OF
THE PRODIGAL
SON.

YOU
KNOW
THIS GUY,
BOSS?

I USED
TO. NOT
ANY
MORE.

YOU KNOW
WE'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR YOU?
BUT I SUPPOSE YOU
ALREADY KNEW
THAT, RIGHT
NUMBER 47?

OR
SHOULD I
CALL YOU JIM?
THAT'S THE NEW
NAME THEY'VE
GIVEN YOU,
ISN'T IT?



JIM
DOWNING.
FAIRLY
PEDESTRIAN,
DON'T YOU
THINK?

THEY
SAY YOU
GAVE OUT
THE
ORDERS.

SORRY TO
SAY, BUT
THEY'RE
MISTAKEN.

THEN
WHO?

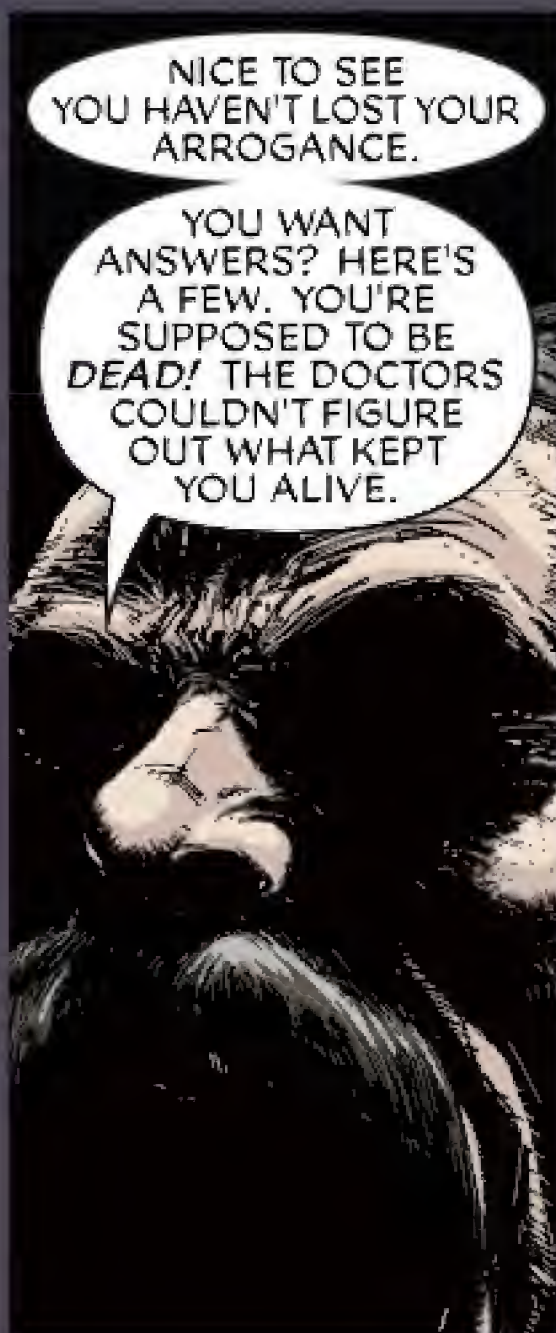
GIVE ME
A NAME AND
I WALK OUT OF
HERE RIGHT
NOW.

IS THAT
RIGHT? SO
WE'RE
NEGOTIATING,
ARE WE?



NO.

I'M HERE
LOOKING FOR
MY LIFE. I BELIEVE
YOU TOOK IT AND
I'M NOT LEAVING
UNTIL I GET IT
BACK.



NICE TO SEE
YOU HAVEN'T LOST YOUR
ARROGANCE.

YOU WANT
ANSWERS? HERE'S
A FEW. YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
DEAD! THE DOCTORS
COULDN'T FIGURE
OUT WHAT KEPT
YOU ALIVE.



BUT YOU
WERE. THAT
MADE YOU OUR
MOST VALUABLE
PATIENT YET.
THEN YOU WENT
INTO THAT
COMA.

WHAT'S
MY REAL
NAME?



IT DOESN'T
EXIST
ANYMORE.

AND
NEITHER
DO YOU.



LOOK
AT ME!!
LOOK AT MY
EYES!!
WHAT DID
YOU DO TO
ME?!

TAKE
HIM
OUT OF
HERE!

YOU CAN'T
KILL ME,
CAN YOU? I'M
STILL TOO
VALUABLE
TO YOU,
AREN'T I?

SHUT
THIS FREAK
UP AND GET
HIM TO THE
LAB!

**KILL
ME!**
WHY WON'T
YOU KILL ME??
YOU'RE AFRAID OF
SOMETHING, AREN'T
YOU? OTHERWISE
YOU'D SHOOT
ME!



I DON'T
NEED TO
SHOOT YOU.
NOT WHEN WE
COMPLETELY
CONTROL
YOU.

YOU FORGOT
ABOUT THAT,
HAVEN'T YOU?
JUST LIKE EVERY-
THING ELSE.

HOW
PATHETIC
YOU'VE
BECOME.



I'VE TRIGGERED
A FREQUENCY THAT
IS UNDETECTABLE TO
EVERYONE BUT OUR
PATIENTS. TO THEM IT
CAN BE LETHAL.

BE
THANKFUL
I STILL
WANT YOU
ALIVE.

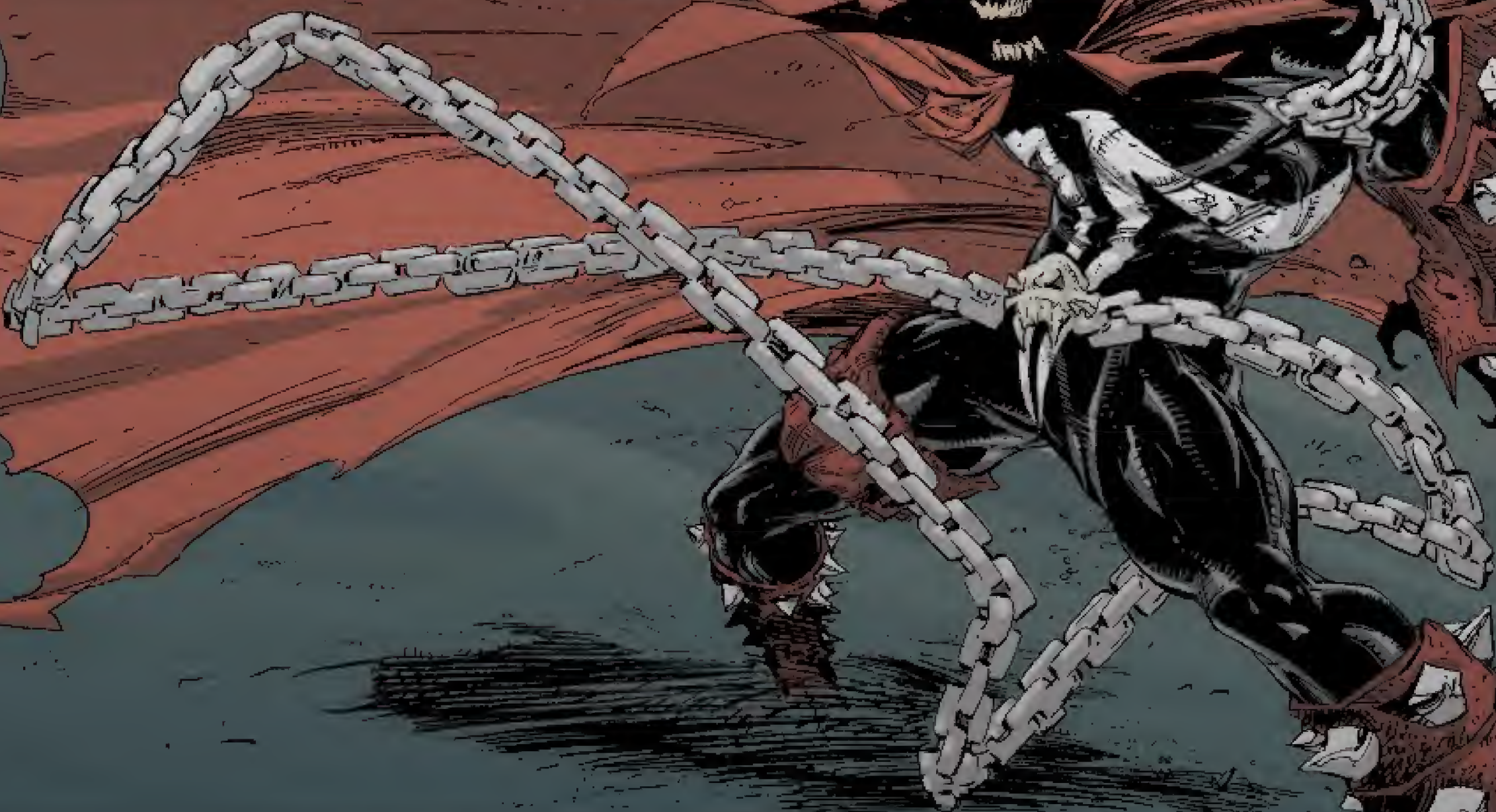
NOOOO!!

YOU
DON'T
WANT
TO DO
THIS!



AND
WHY IS
THAT?

BECAUSE
YOU DON'T
KNOW...



I NOW
CONTROL
THE
DARK!

WHAT IS
THAT?

SHOULD
WE
SHOOT?

BOSS!
SOMETHING'S
GROWING
OUTTA HIM!

YEA
AGGGG
HH

STOP!..

CAN'T
BREATHE...

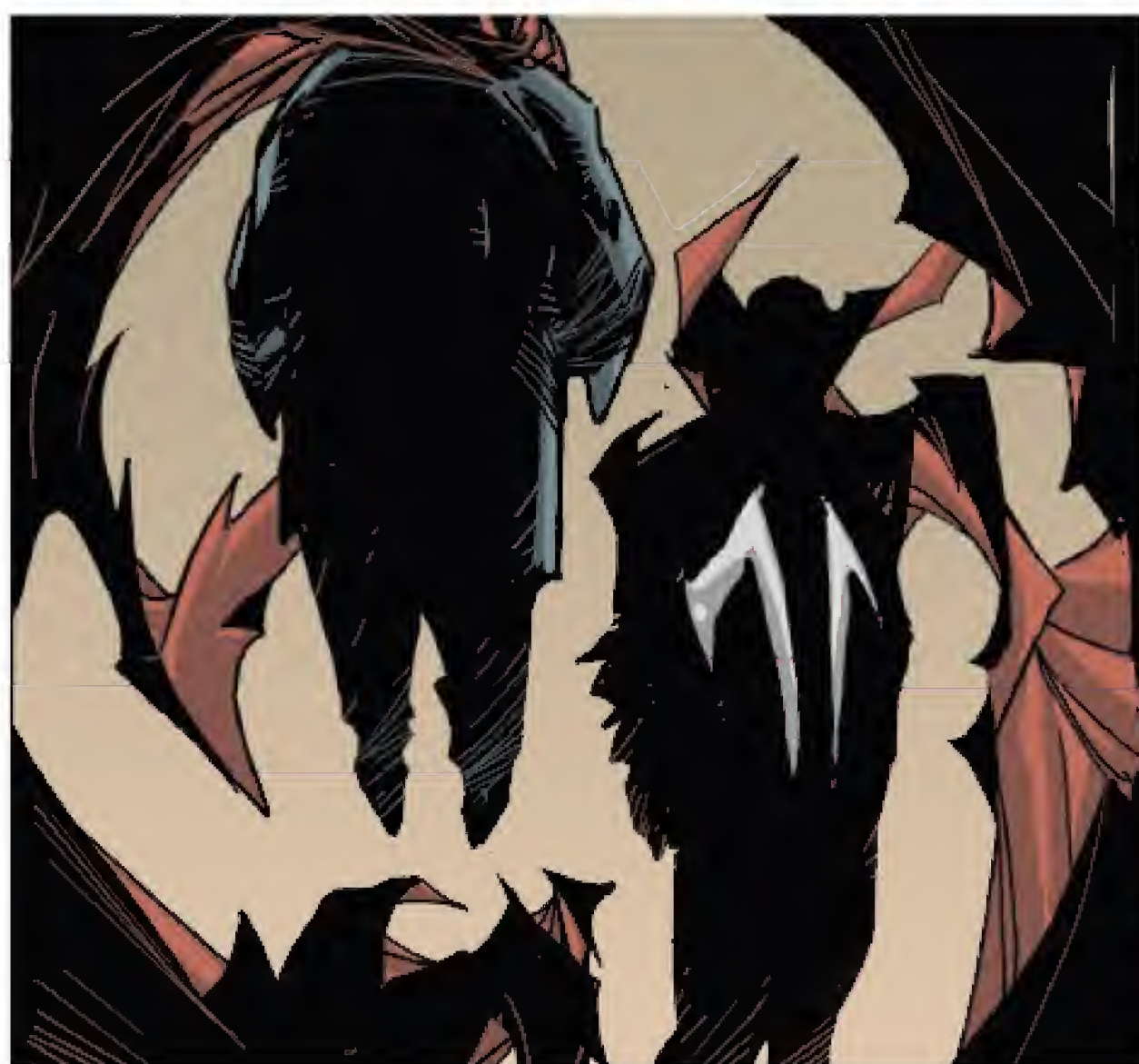
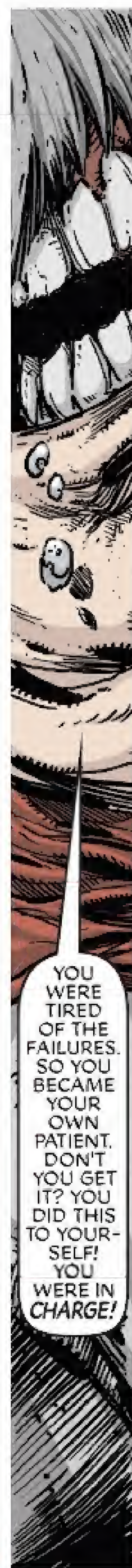
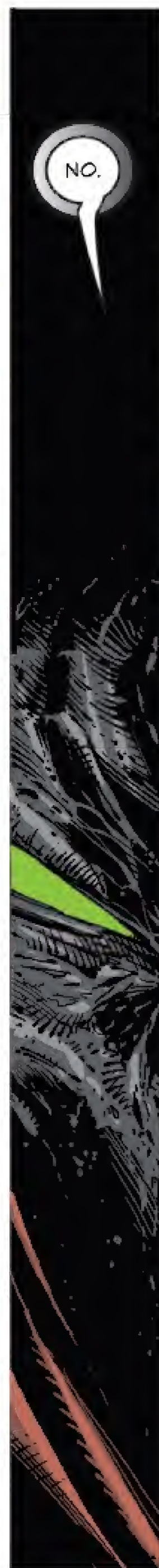
≡GASP≡

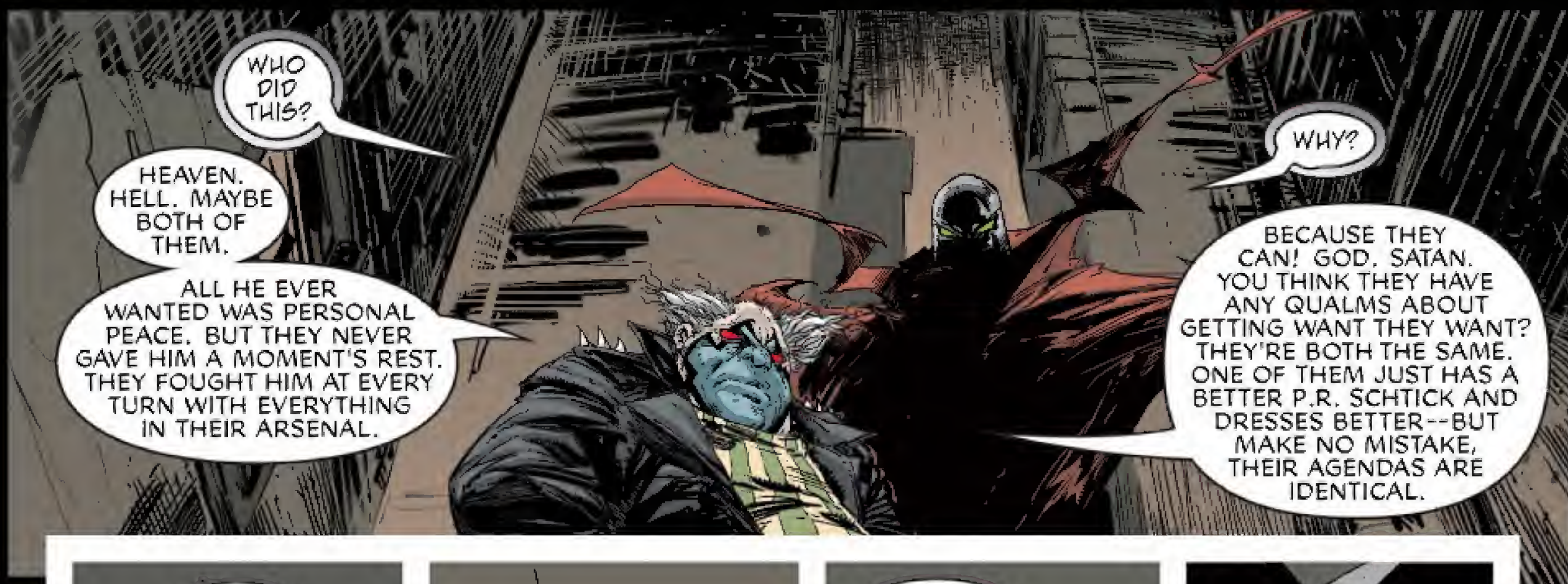
PUFF
HUFF

Jesus...









WHO DID THIS?

HEAVEN. HELL. MAYBE BOTH OF THEM.

ALL HE EVER WANTED WAS PERSONAL PEACE. BUT THEY NEVER GAVE HIM A MOMENT'S REST. THEY FOUGHT HIM AT EVERY TURN WITH EVERYTHING IN THEIR ARSENAL.

WHY?

BECAUSE THEY CAN! GOD. SATAN. YOU THINK THEY HAVE ANY QUALMS ABOUT GETTING WHAT THEY WANT? THEY'RE BOTH THE SAME. ONE OF THEM JUST HAS A BETTER P.R. SCHTICK AND DRESSES BETTER--BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, THEIR AGENDAS ARE IDENTICAL.

TO DOMINATE THEIR ENEMY.

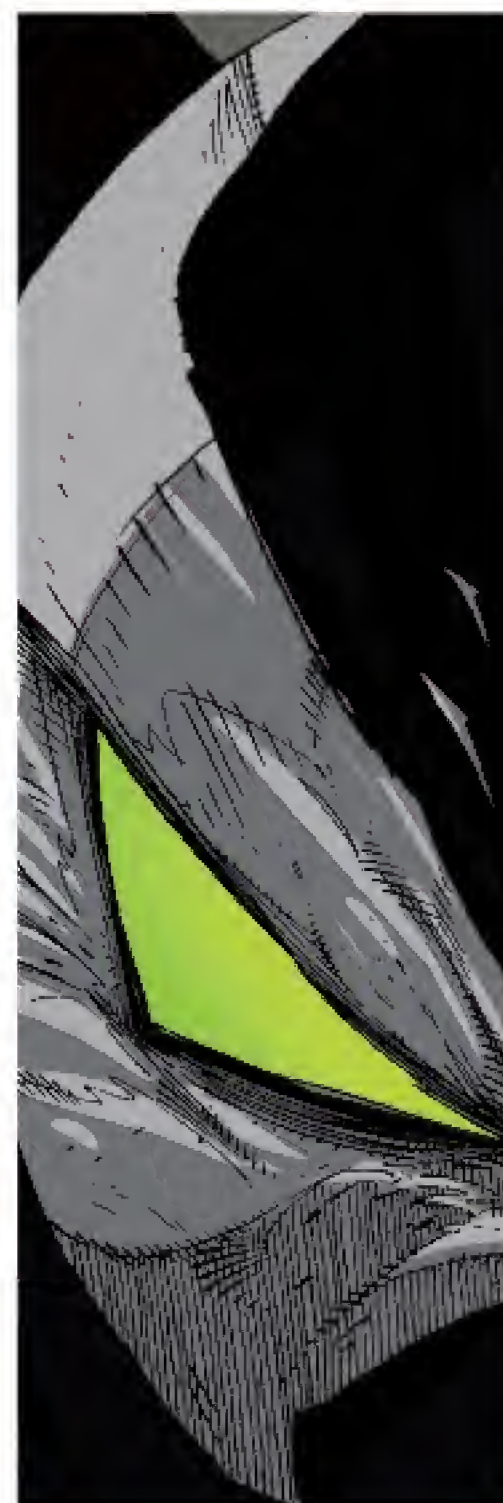


USING THE SOULS OF HUMANITY AS THEIR WEAPONS.



THIS ONE JUST GOT IN THEIR WAY TOO MANY TIMES.

AND LOOK WHAT THEY DID. THEY TOOK HIS HEAD.



WHO WAS HE?

HIS NAME WAS SIMMONS. THE BEST DAMN SOLDIER I EVER MET...AND A DEAR FRIEND.

WHAT...



WHAT DID THEY WANT?

TO STEAL HIS POWER. TO MAKE SURE HE WASN'T A THREAT ANY LONGER. BUT THEY FAILED, BECAUSE **SOMEHOW** HE'S PASSED THOSE POWERS ONTO YOU.



HE NEEDED SOMEONE TO CONTINUE HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THOSE ALL TOO WILLING TO USE AND ABUSE HUMANITY. HE CHOSE YOU.

THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN ATTACKED SINCE THE MOMENT YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR COMA. ANGELS. GUARDIANS. DEMONS. THEY'RE NOT PULLING ANY PUNCHES IN THIS DEADLY GAME, BECAUSE BOTH SIDES ARE SCARED OF YOU NOW.



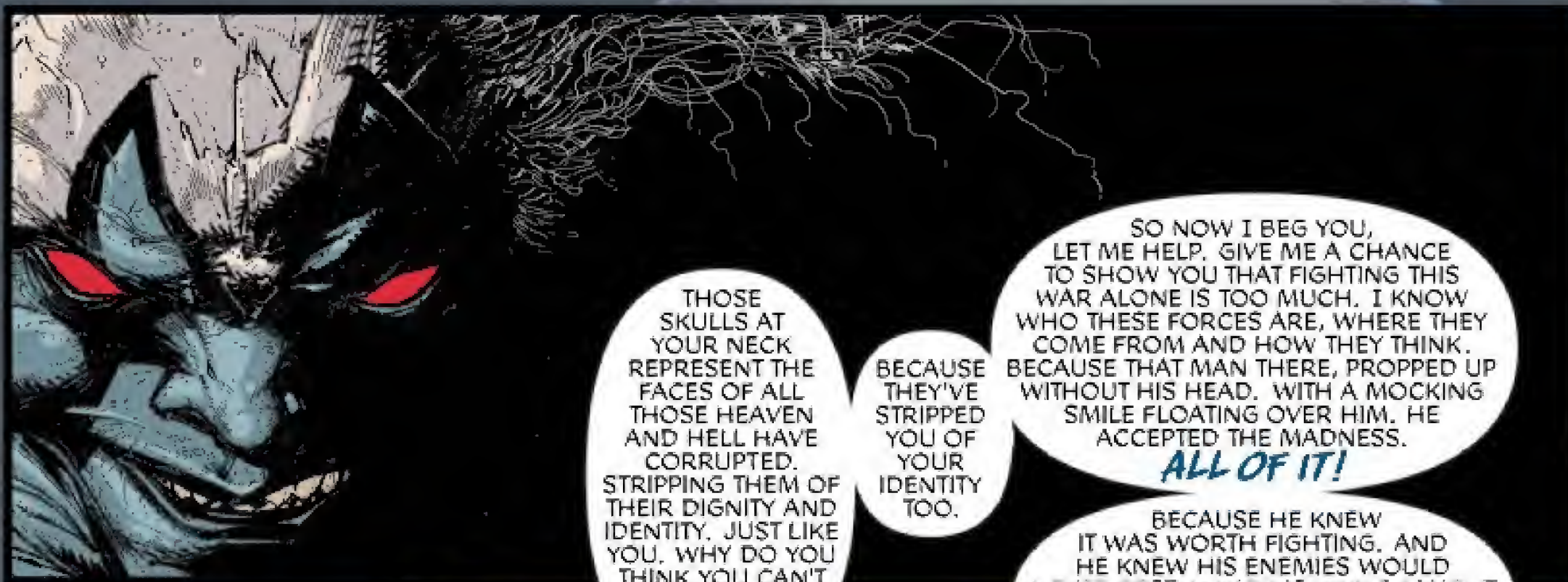
YOU NOW HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO STOP HEAVEN'S AND HELL'S AGENDA OF CORRUPTING EVERY HUMAN SOUL. WHICH MAKES YOU A VERY DANGEROUS MAN. AND A **VERY BIG** TARGET.

SO WE NEED YOU. EARTH NEEDS YOU-- TO BECOME OUR LEADER.

BUT FIRST...



...YOU NEED YOUR MEDALS TO OFFICIALLY BECOME OUR GENERAL.



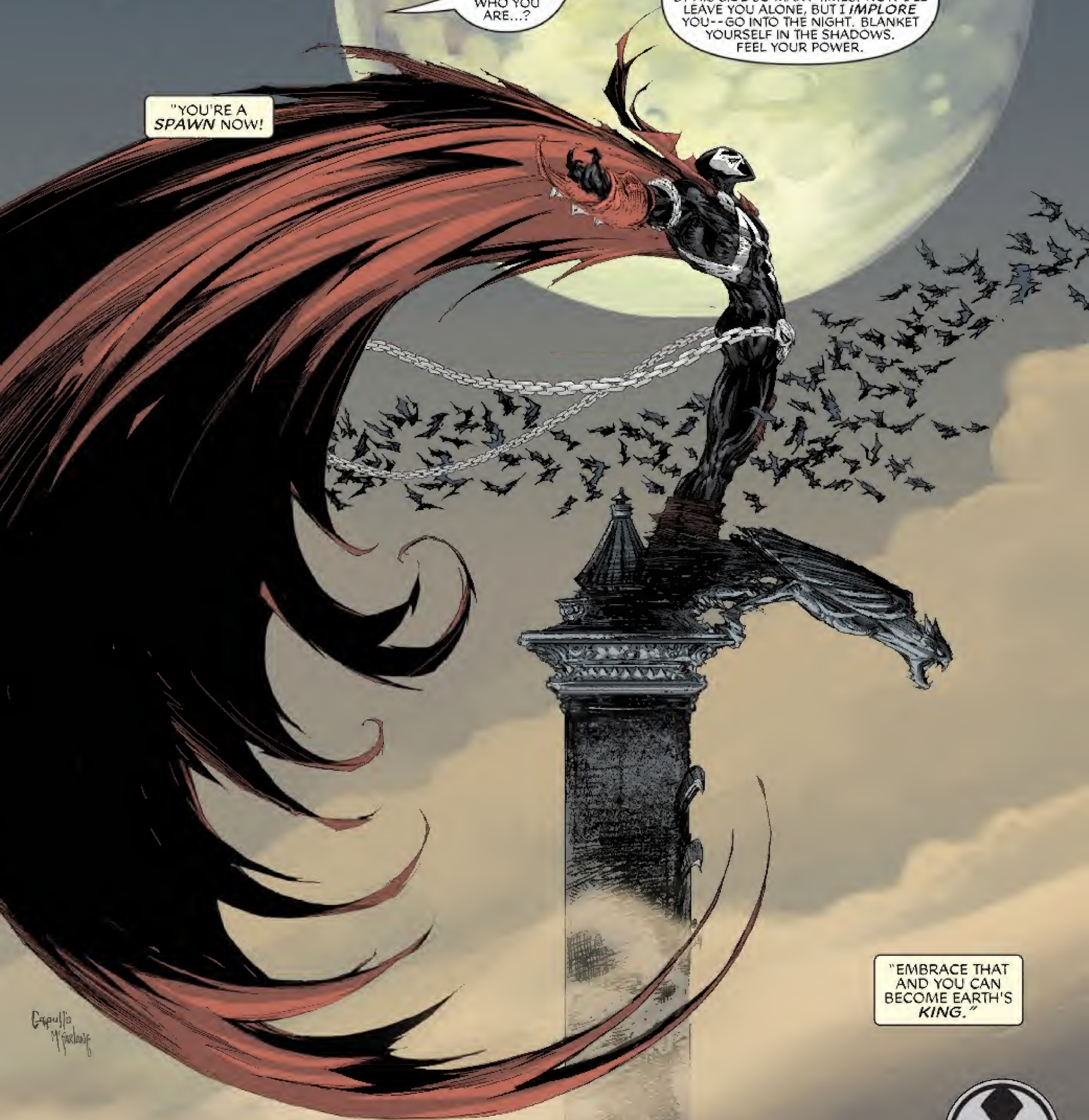
THOSE
SKULLS AT
YOUR NECK
REPRESENT THE
FACES OF ALL
THOSE HEAVEN
AND HELL HAVE
CORRUPTED.
STRIPPING THEM OF
THEIR DIGNITY AND
IDENTITY. JUST LIKE
YOU. WHY DO YOU
THINK YOU CAN'T
REMEMBER
WHO YOU
ARE...?

BECAUSE
THEY'VE
STRIPPED
YOU OF
YOUR
IDENTITY
TOO.

SO NOW I BEG YOU,
LET ME HELP. GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO SHOW YOU THAT FIGHTING THIS
WAR ALONE IS TOO MUCH. I KNOW
WHO THESE FORCES ARE, WHERE THEY
COME FROM AND HOW THEY THINK.
BECAUSE THAT MAN THERE, PROPPED UP
WITHOUT HIS HEAD. WITH A MOCKING
SMILE FLOATING OVER HIM. HE
ACCEPTED THE MADNESS.
ALL OF IT!

BECAUSE HE KNEW
IT WAS WORTH FIGHTING. AND
HE KNEW HIS ENEMIES WOULD
NEVER REST. WHICH IS WHY I FOUGHT
BY HIS SIDE SO MANY TIMES. NOW I'LL
LEAVE YOU ALONE, BUT I **IMPLORE**
YOU--GO INTO THE NIGHT. BLANKET
YOURSELF IN THE SHADOWS.
FEEL YOUR POWER.

"YOU'RE A
SPAWN NOW!"



"EMBRACE THAT
AND YOU CAN
BECOME EARTH'S
KING."

Capullo
M. Farlow



image

197

DIGITAL EDITION

McFARLANE
PORTACIO

SPAWN®



W.H. McFARLANE

11:43 P.M.





AND
SO HELL'S
LONG REACH
AGAIN
TOUCHES
ANOTHER.

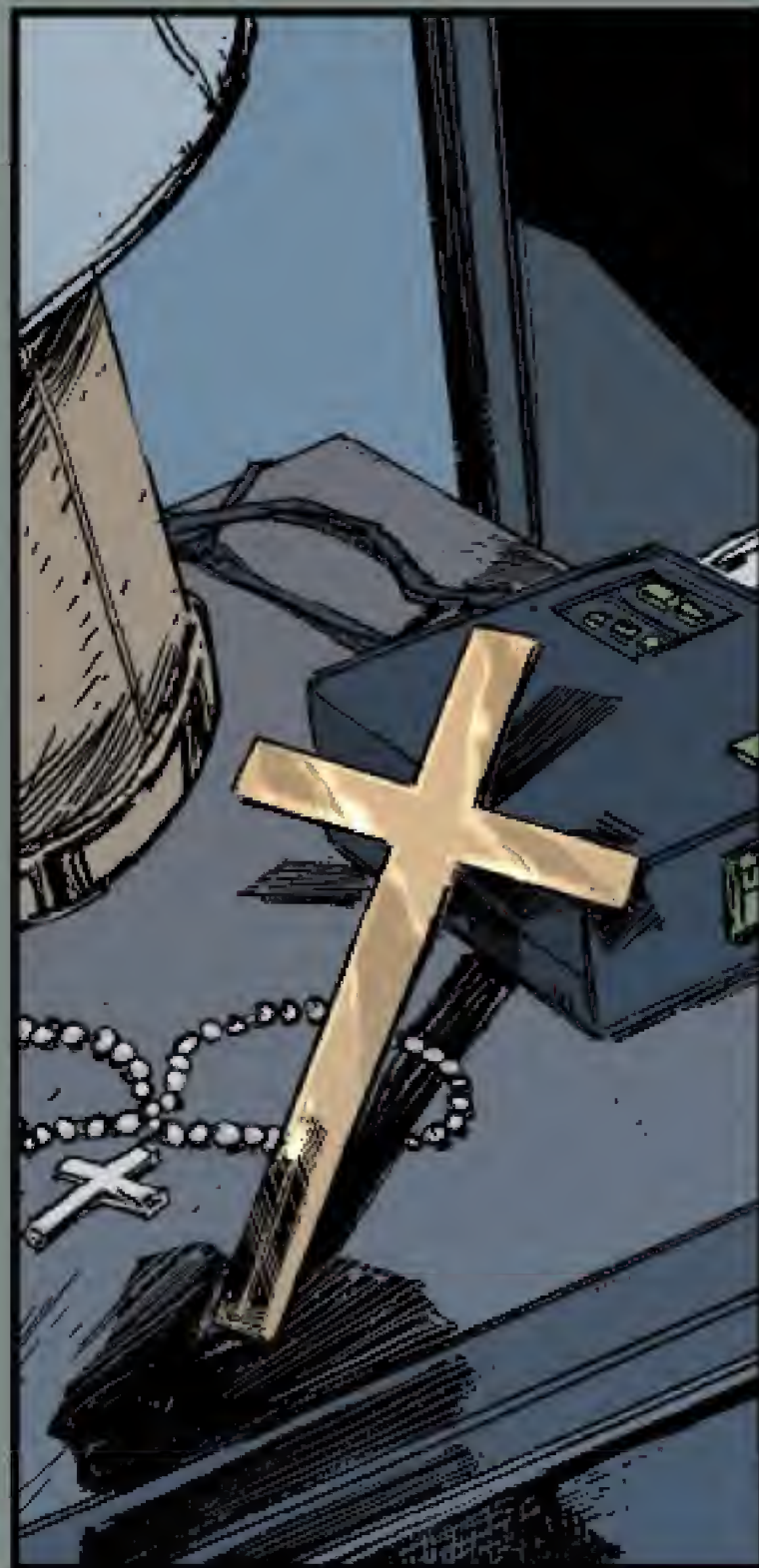
YOUR KIND
ALWAYS TRIES TO
MASK YOUR EVIL
BEHIND THE VEIL
OF INNOCENT
SLUMBER.

YOUR
DEATH
SHALL BE
SWIFT.

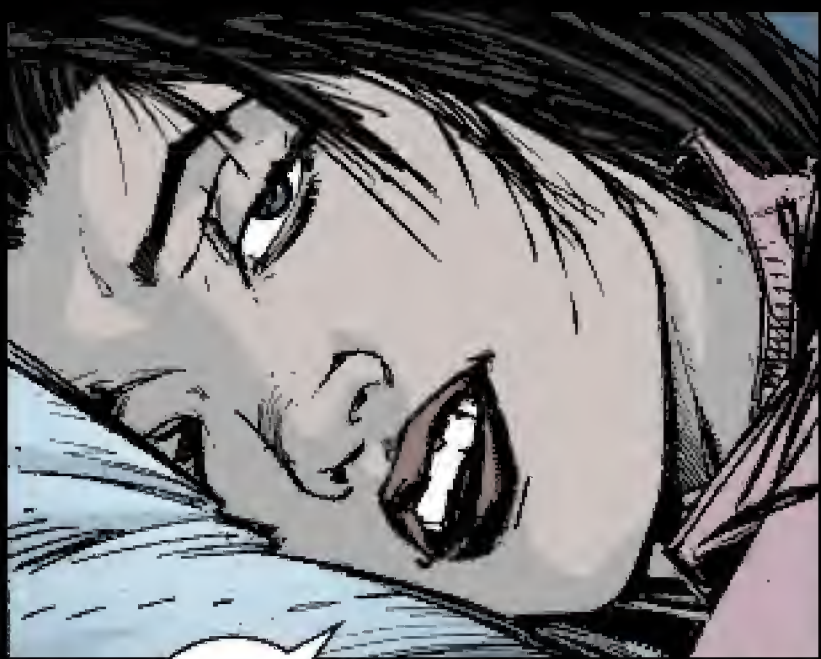




SHE'LL NEED
STRENGTH
WARDING OFF
HELL'S
ADVANCES.



REST WELL,
CHILD. YOU'LL
NEED IT BECAUSE
THE WICKED HAVE
JUST BEGUN TO
COAX YOU INTO
THEIR WAR.



JIM...?



IS
THAT
YOU?





MARC... WHAT DO YOU WANT? I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T WANT TO TALK.

I KNOW. I WAS JUST-- BEFORE YOU HEAD UPSTAIRS, I WAS HOPING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A FRIEND OF MINE.



HIS NAME'S BILL DETRITCH.

PLEASURE TO MEET YOU, BILL.

SAME HERE. MARC'S TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR BIT OF BAD LUCK. I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE.



BILL WAS IN VIETNAM WITH MY DAD UNTIL AN ENEMY PLATOON ATTACKED THEM. THAT'S...

THAT'S WHEN I LOST THE USE OF MY LEGS. I LOST MY MEMORIES, TOO, LIKE YOU HAVE.

EVENTUALLY, THOUGH, THEY CAME BACK. SLOWLY BUT SURELY. SO YOU HANG IN THERE, SON. IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT.

APPRECIATE THAT.



NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MY COFFEE'S GETTING COLD. AND MARC-- I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES. OR PEOPLE WAITING FOR ME UNSOLICITED.

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, BILL.

Two hours later.



WOW.
THAT DIDN'T
REALLY
HAPPEN, DID
IT?

ABSOLUTELY.
IT WAS A SMALL
TOWN, WHAT ELSE
WERE WE GOING
TO DO?

THIS IS
NICE.

WHAT IS?

THIS. US.
JUST HANGING.
I WAS BEGINNING
TO THINK THAT I'D DONE
SOMETHING WRONG,
THE WAY YOU KEPT
RUNNING OFF.



I
DIDN'T
MEAN
TO...

I KNOW.
YOU'VE ALREADY
APOLOGIZED ENOUGH.
I'M JUST-- SO HAPPY
RIGHT NOW. MY LIFE
HASN'T BEEN THE EASIEST.
ALWAYS BEING THE OUT-
CAST. YOU'RE THE ONLY
ONE THAT DOESN'T MAKE
ME FEEL THAT WAY.
EVEN WHEN YOU
WERE IN THE
HOSPITAL.

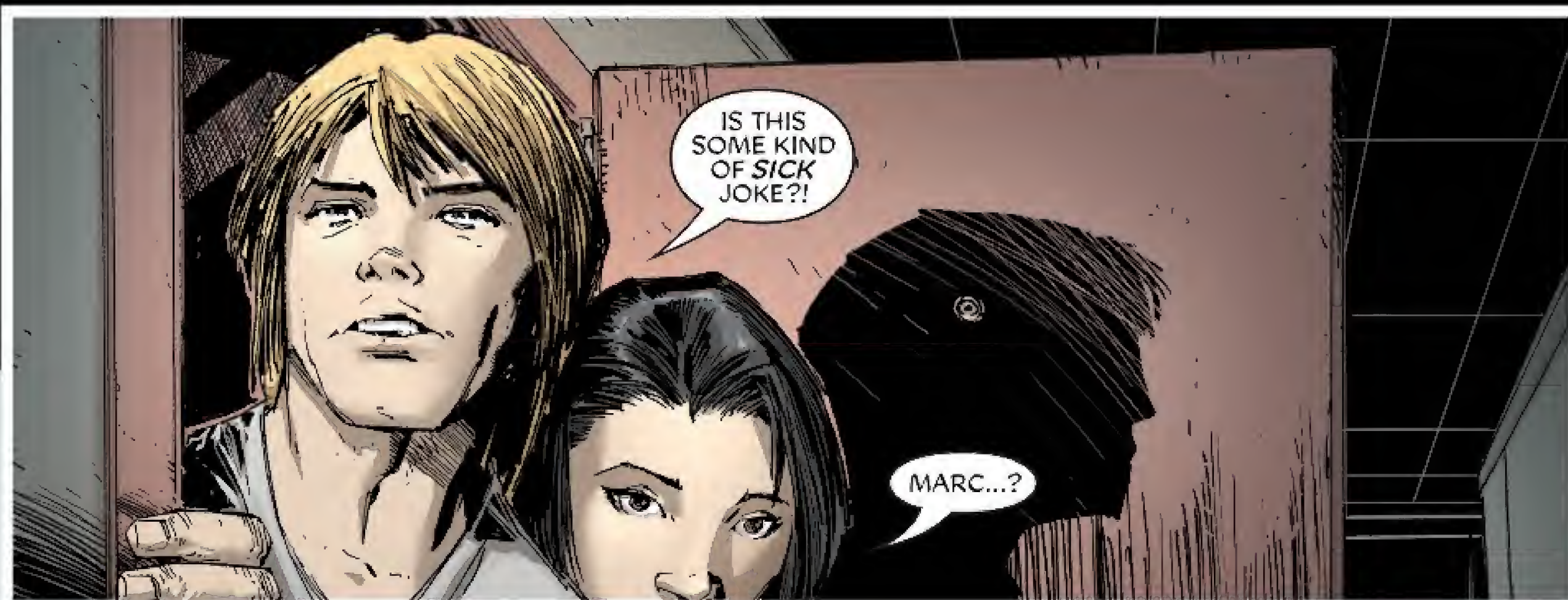


SARA... I NEVER
MEANT
TO HURT
YOU.

Shhhhhh--
COME HERE.
I WANT TO THANK
YOU FOR THAT GIFT
YOU LEFT ON MY
NIGHT STAND.

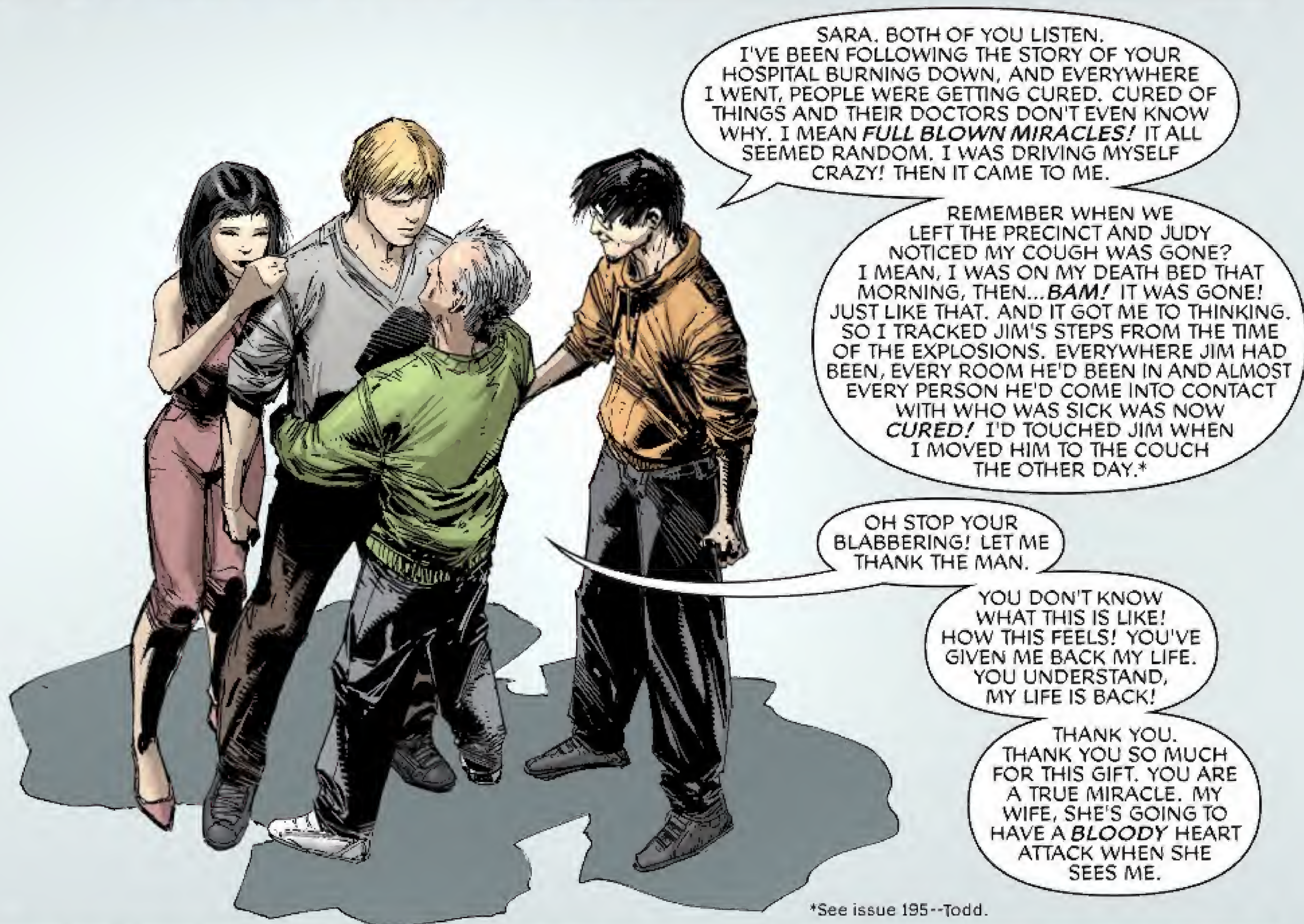
GIFT?...





IS THIS
SOME KIND
OF *SICK*
JOKE?!

MARC...?



SARA, BOTH OF YOU LISTEN.
I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE STORY OF YOUR
HOSPITAL BURNING DOWN, AND EVERYWHERE
I WENT, PEOPLE WERE GETTING CURED. CURED OF
THINGS AND THEIR DOCTORS DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHY. I MEAN *FULL BLOWN MIRACLES!* IT ALL
SEEMED RANDOM. I WAS DRIVING MYSELF
CRAZY! THEN IT CAME TO ME.

REMEMBER WHEN WE
LEFT THE PRECINCT AND JUDY
NOTICED MY COUGH WAS GONE?
I MEAN, I WAS ON MY DEATH BED THAT
MORNING, THEN... *BAM!* IT WAS GONE!
JUST LIKE THAT. AND IT GOT ME TO THINKING.
SO I TRACKED JIM'S STEPS FROM THE TIME
OF THE EXPLOSIONS. EVERYWHERE JIM HAD
BEEN, EVERY ROOM HE'D BEEN IN AND ALMOST
EVERY PERSON HE'D COME INTO CONTACT
WITH WHO WAS SICK WAS NOW
CURED! I'D TOUCHED JIM WHEN
I MOVED HIM TO THE COUCH
THE OTHER DAY.*

OH STOP YOUR
BLABBERING! LET ME
THANK THE MAN.

YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS LIKE!
HOW THIS FEELS! YOU'VE
GIVEN ME BACK MY LIFE.
YOU UNDERSTAND,
MY LIFE IS BACK!

THANK YOU.
THANK YOU SO MUCH
FOR THIS GIFT. YOU ARE
A TRUE MIRACLE. MY
WIFE, SHE'S GOING TO
HAVE A *BLOODY HEART*
ATTACK WHEN SHE
SEES ME.

*See issue 195--Todd.



AND THE GRAND-
KIDS! I'M GOING TO BE
A SUPERHERO TO THEM,
THIS IS ALL JUST... SO...
THANK YOU.

C'MON,
MARC! I NEED TO
GET HOME.

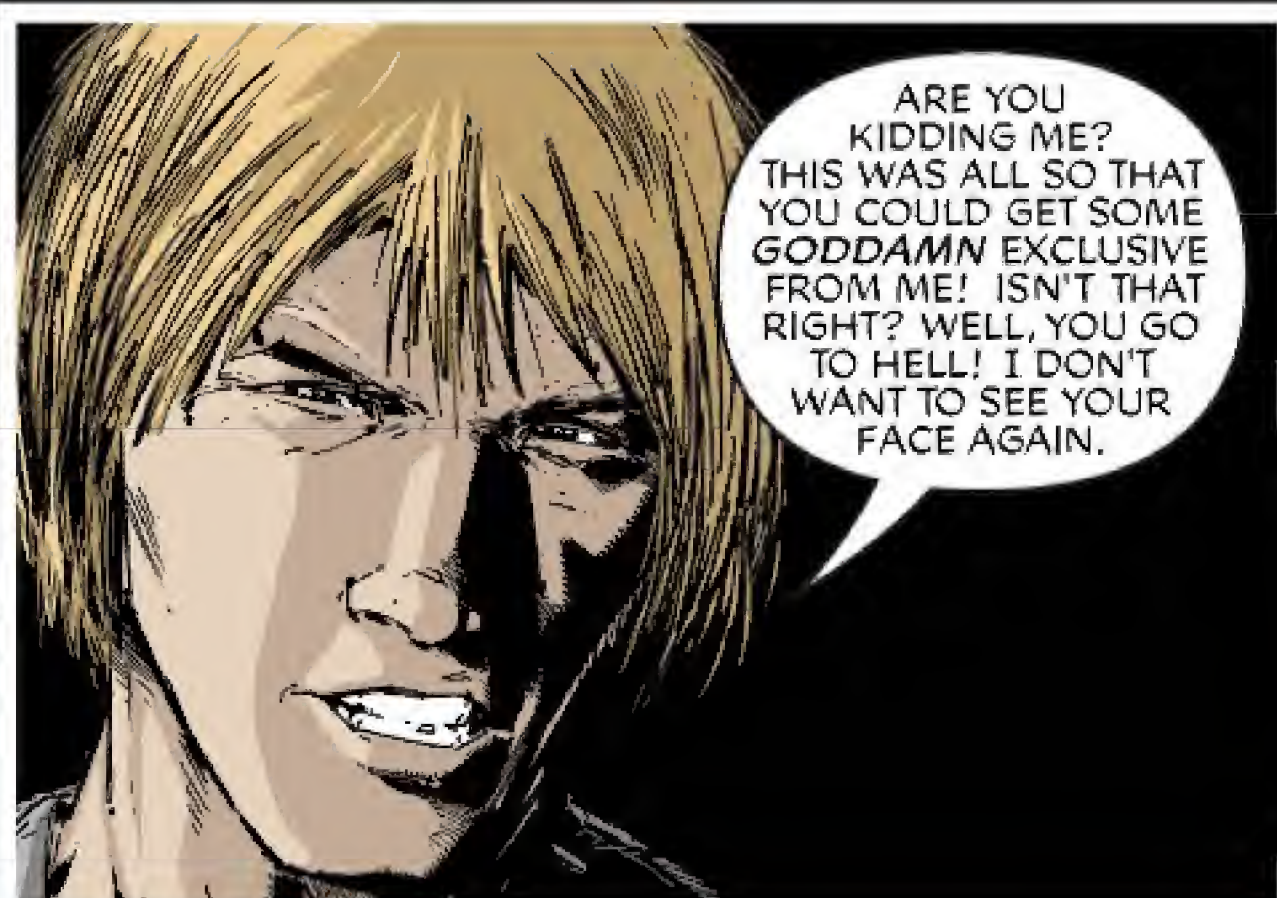
BILL, GIVE
ME A FEW MINUTES.
I'LL MEET YOU
DOWN IN THE LOBBY.
YOU OKAY TAKING
THE ELEVATOR?

ELEVATOR?!
HELL, I'M TAKING THE
STAIRS! I'LL BE WAITING
FOR YOU.



SO, HERE'S WHAT I WANT TO SAY. THAT MAN YOU JUST... SOMEHOW FIXED. THAT'S A STORY! ONE THAT EVERYONE'S GOING TO WANT TO HEAR ABOUT.

SO YOU CAN BE PISSED AT ME. I GET IT, BUT IT WAS GOING TO COME OUT EVENTUALLY. SO NOW WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO ABOUT THIS?



ARE YOU KIDDING ME? THIS WAS ALL SO THAT YOU COULD GET SOME **GODDAMN** EXCLUSIVE FROM ME! ISN'T THAT RIGHT? WELL, YOU GO TO HELL! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN.



FINE. DO WHAT YOU WANT. BUT YOU'RE GOING TO NEED HELP WHETHER YOU WANT IT OR NOT, AND SADLY FOR YOU, I'M THE ONLY ONE, OTHER THAN SARA HERE, WHO'S WILLING TO PROTECT YOU.

PROTECT ME? FROM WHAT?



EVERYONE!

THE MOMENT BILL WALKS--AND I MEAN LITERALLY **WALKS** INTO HIS HOUSE--A MILLION QUESTIONS ARE GOING TO BE ASKED. COPS. DOCTORS. MEDIA. THEY'RE GOING TO STORM IN YOUR DIRECTION. EVERY ONE OF THEM LOOKING TO GET A PIECE OF YOU!



ALL I'M ASKING FOR IS TO GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HELP RUN INTERFERENCE. HE'S SEEN YOUR FACE AND KNOWS WHERE YOU LIVE. YOU'VE GOT ABOUT TWO DAYS, AT BEST, BEFORE THIS BLOWS UP.



I JUST DIDN'T THINK YOU'D WANT TO DO THIS ON YOUR OWN. CALL ME IF YOU WANT.

SARA?

YEAH?

YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR WORK.

"I'M NOT GOING.
NOT WITH WHAT
JUST HAPPENED."

"I KNOW YOU
WANT TO DO THE
RIGHT THING, SARA,
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE
SO FANTASTIC. AND
I'M SORRY IT SEEMS
LIKE I KEEP PUSHING
YOU AWAY EVERY TIME
SOMETIME WEIRD
HAPPENS, BUT I--
I JUST NEED TO BE
ALONE FOR AWHILE.
TRY AND FIGURE
OUT WHAT THIS ALL
MEANS."



"I UNDER-
STAND, JIM."

"HOPEFULLY, WHEN
YOU GET HOME, I'LL HAVE
THIS SORTED OUT. AT LEAST
AS MUCH AS I CAN. WE
CAN TALK ABOUT IT THEN.
IS THAT OKAY?"

"WHATEVER YOU NEED.
I'VE WANTED TO BE ALONE
TO SORT MY PROBLEMS
OUT A HUNDRED TIMES.
I WON'T TELL A SOUL."

"THANKS. AND SARA...
I LOVE YOU, TOO."

"I KNOW, JIM,
GOD'S ALREADY
TOLD ME THAT.
STILL, IT'S NICE
TO HEAR."



this
is just
crazy.

NO IT
ISN'T.



YOU'RE SPAWN, REMEMBER. USE THAT. IF YOU DON'T, THE BAD GUYS WILL EXPLOIT YOU.

DON'T GIVE 'EM THAT SATISFACTION. YOU'VE GOT POWERS THAT CAN DO YOU AND OTHERS GOOD. FOCUS ON THAT.



DON'T BE SHY.



USE YOUR POWERS.



USE 'EM AGAINST EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM.



BECAUSE I'M LOOKING FOR MY PAST?

YES! THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE AFRAID OF. THAT YOU'LL ACTUALLY FIND IT. THEN YOU'LL REALLY BE *DANGEROUS* TO THEM.

DANGEROUS! WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO THEY ARE! OR WHY THEY'RE CHASING ME!

BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU. HEAVEN. HELL. YOU'RE A RISK TO BOTH OF THEM. SO, THEY'LL KEEP SENDING AGENTS UNTIL YOU GIVE UP OR YOU'RE DEAD.



GOOD! I HOPE THEY'RE AFRAID.

THEY WANT ME THAT BAD-- I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR THEM! FOLLOW ME!



LOOK, SPAWN...

MY NAME'S JIM.

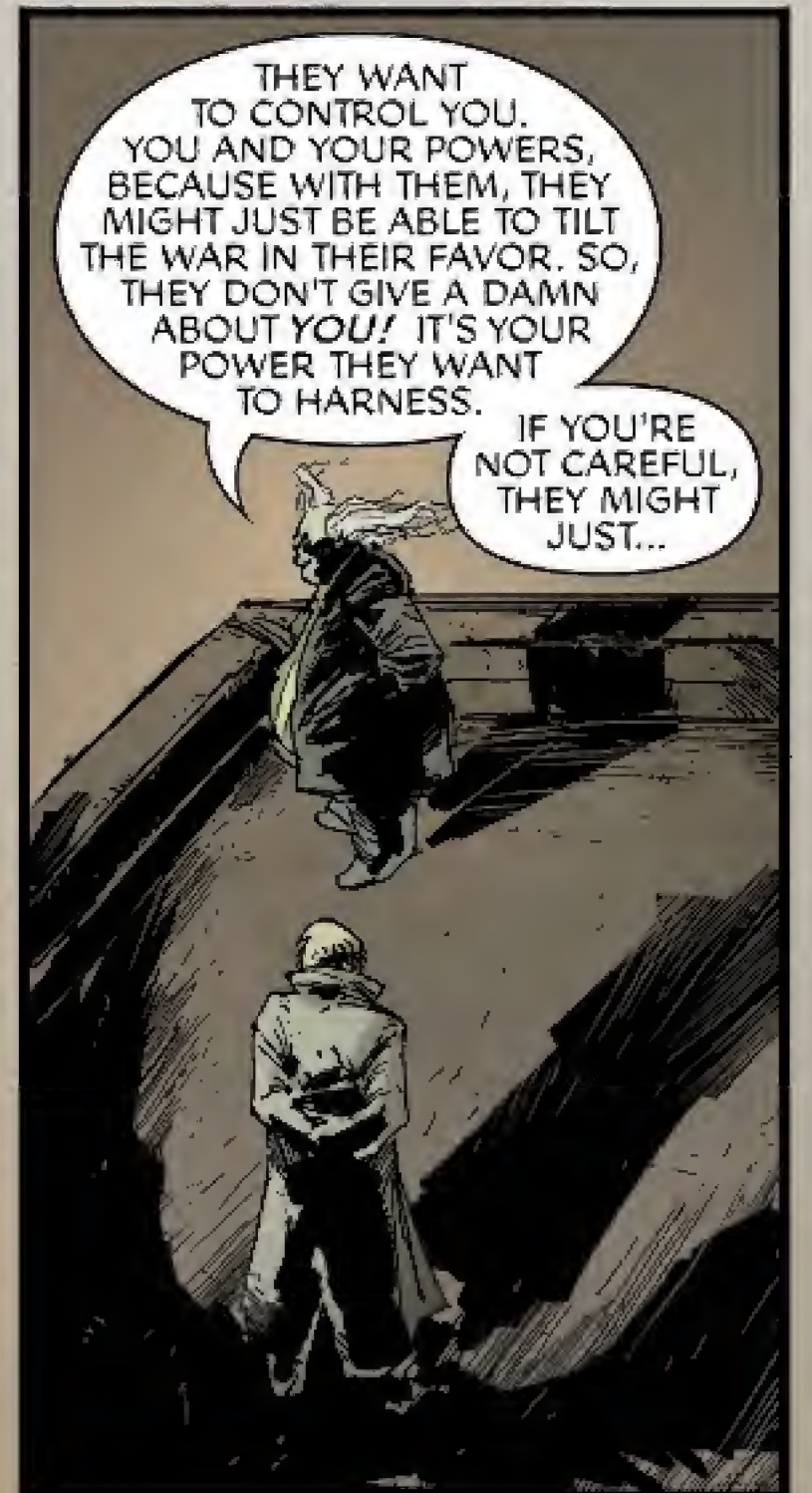
YEAH. YEAH. WHATEVER IT IS, THIS IS RIDICULOUS. YOU SEEM TO THINK THIS IS SOME KIND OF GAME. YOUR ENEMIES AREN'T GOING TO JUST COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS WHEN YOU WANT THEM. THEY PLAN AND SCHEME-- FOR YEARS SOMETIMES-- JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT OPPORTUNITY.



I DON'T HAVE YEARS TO WAIT.



NEITHER DID I. BUT I DIDN'T GET TO CONTROL THEIR ATTACKS ANY MORE THAN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO.



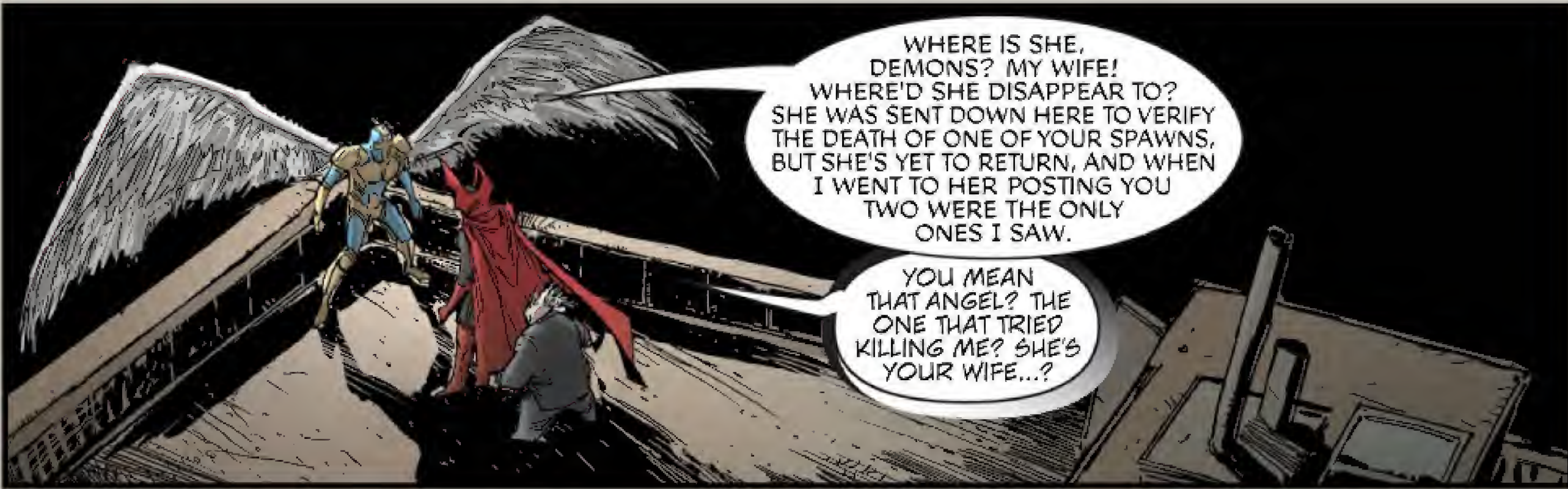
THEY WANT TO CONTROL YOU. YOU AND YOUR POWERS, BECAUSE WITH THEM, THEY MIGHT JUST BE ABLE TO TILT THE WAR IN THEIR FAVOR. SO, THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT YOU! IT'S YOUR POWER THEY WANT TO HARNESS.

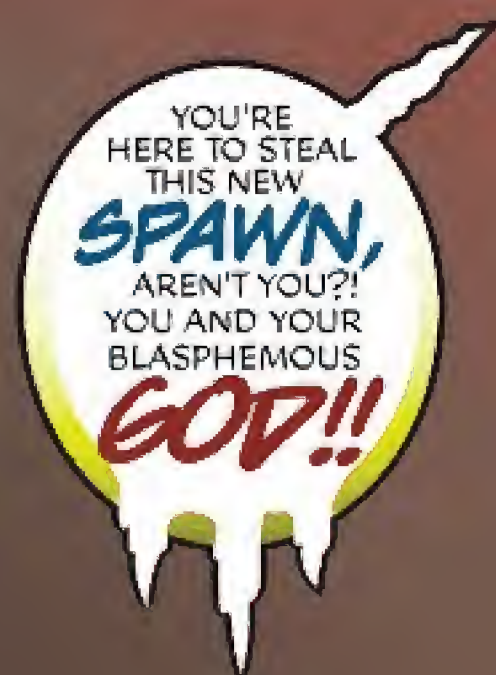
IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL, THEY MIGHT JUST...


swoosh



Moments later.







I'M HERE
FOR MY WIFE!
WHAT DID YOU
DO TO HER?

OH, I
DID PLENTY!
ENOUGH TO MAKE
HER SCREAM LIKE
THE WHORE
SHE IS.

STILL,
SHE PUT UP
A GOOD FIGHT--
UP UNTIL I
RIPPED HER
WINGS OFF! YOU
EVER HEARD THE
SOUND THEY
MAKE WHEN YOU
RIP THOSE
APPENDAGES
OUT OF THEIR
BACKS?

THOUGHT
I WAS GOING
TO TEAR HER
ENTIRE SPINE
OUT.

I'M
GOING
TO...

WHAT?!
KILL ME?
YOU CAN'T! THOSE
AREN'T YOUR
ORDERS, ARE
THEY?

ARE
THEY?!



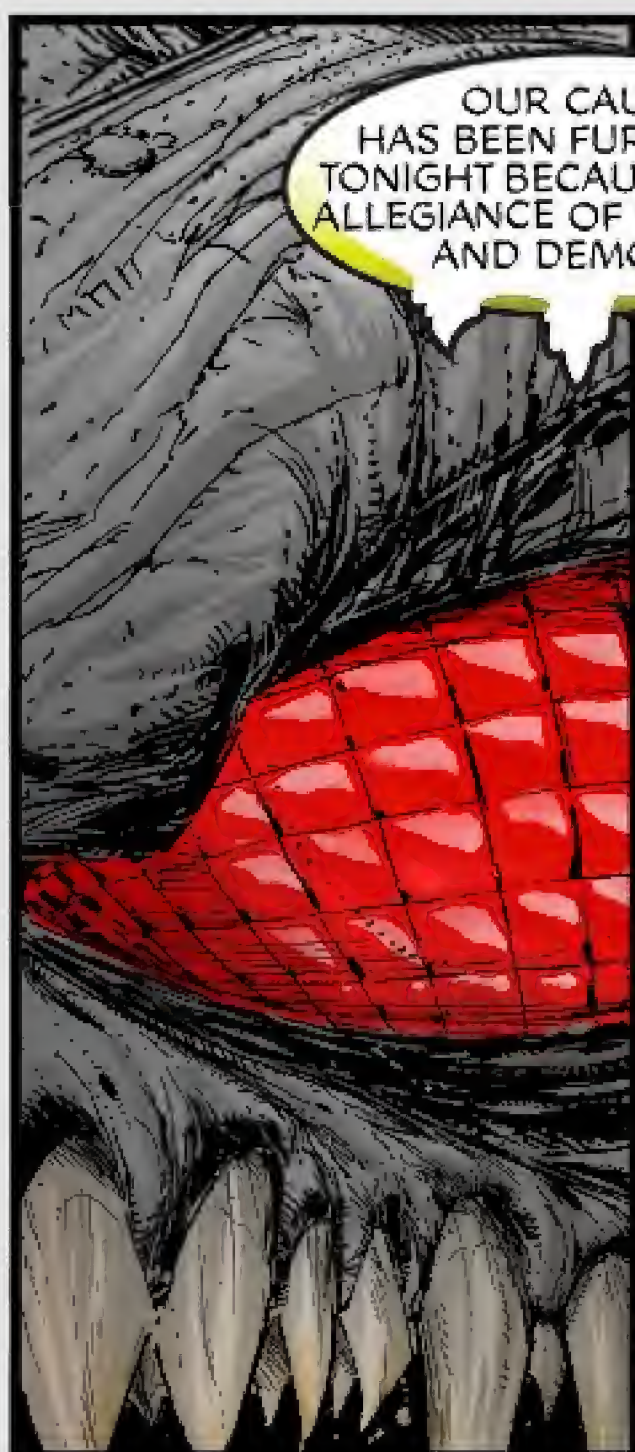




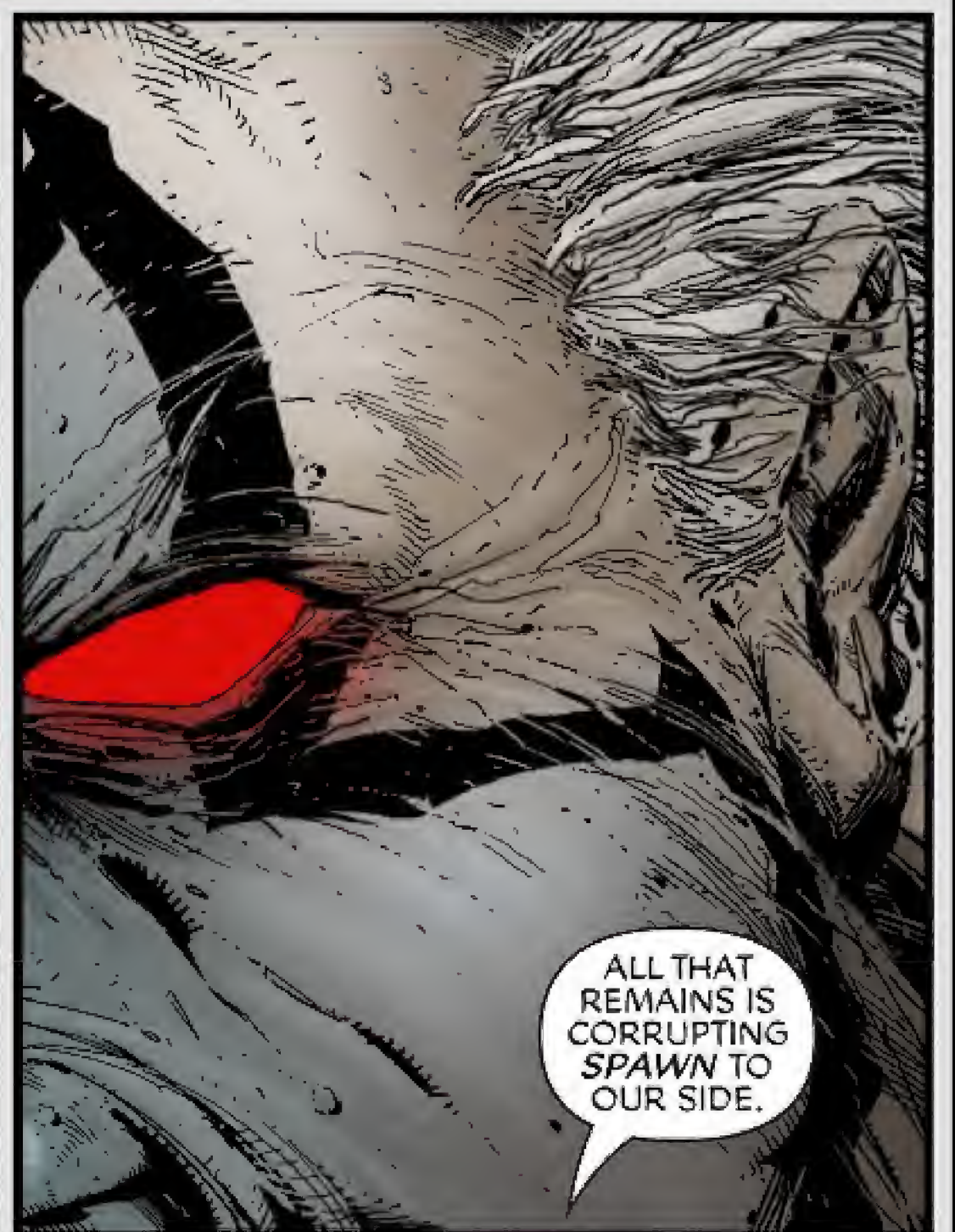
IT'S NOT
YOU I WANT TO
SCARE. IT'S THE REST
OF YOUR SOON-TO-
BE LEADERLESS
ANGELS.



YOU'VE
DONE WELL,
MY FRIENDS.
TELL *BLUDD* HE
SHOULD BE
PROUD OF YOU
THIS NIGHT.



OUR CAUSE
HAS BEEN FURTHERED
TONIGHT BECAUSE OF THE
ALLEGIANCE OF VAMPIRES
AND DEMONS.



ALL THAT
REMAINS IS
CORRUPTING
SPAWN TO
OUR SIDE.



CLOWN--
YOU
OKAY?

A BIT SORE,
BUT I WAS ABLE
TO DEFEAT HIM, AS
YOU CAN SEE.



YOU DID
THAT TO
HIM?

I'VE
BEEN GIVEN
CERTAIN
POWERS,
TOO.



I'M SORRY
ALL THIS KEEPS
HAPPENING
TO US.




BUT YOU'RE
GETTING CAUGHT IN
THE MIDDLE OF SOME
OF MY OWN PERSONAL
FIGHTS. LIKE YOU, I'VE
BEEN HUNTED FOR A
VERY LONG TIME.

SO WHY'RE
YOU DOING
ALL THIS?

BECAUSE
I NEED HELP,
TOO, AND THERE
AREN'T MANY
PLACES
FOR OUR KIND
TO GO.

BESIDES, I
COULD USE A
FRIEND.





THEN I'VE
GOT YOUR
BACK FROM
NOW ON.

YOU
SEEM TO
BE THE ONLY
ONE I CAN
TRUST THESE
DAYS.



**NEXT ISSUE:
THE MEDIA ONSLAUGHT BEGINS!**

image

198

DIGITAL
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McFARLANE
RANDOLPH

SPAWN®

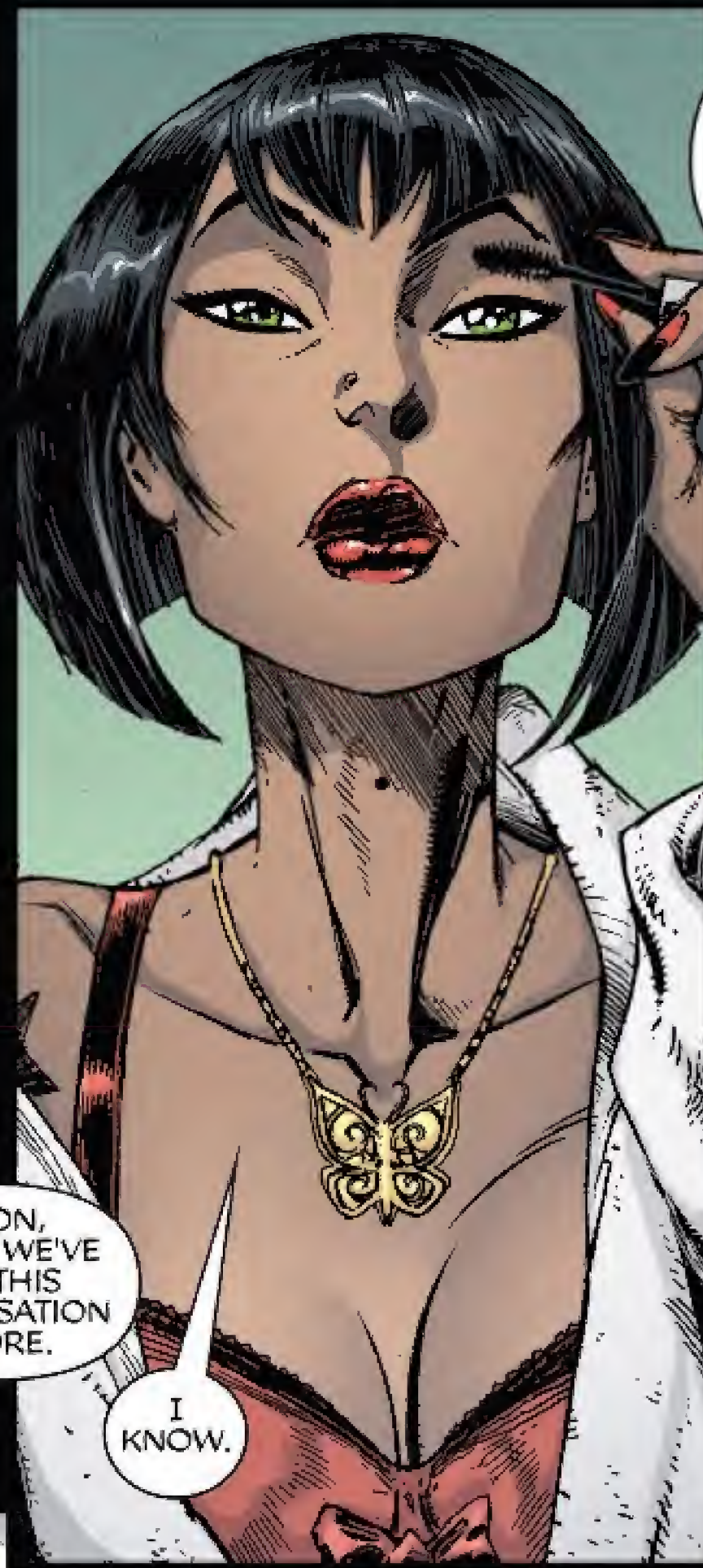


April 10
McFARLANE
JONES



C'MON, SUSAN, WE'VE HAD THIS CONVERSATION BEFORE.

I KNOW.

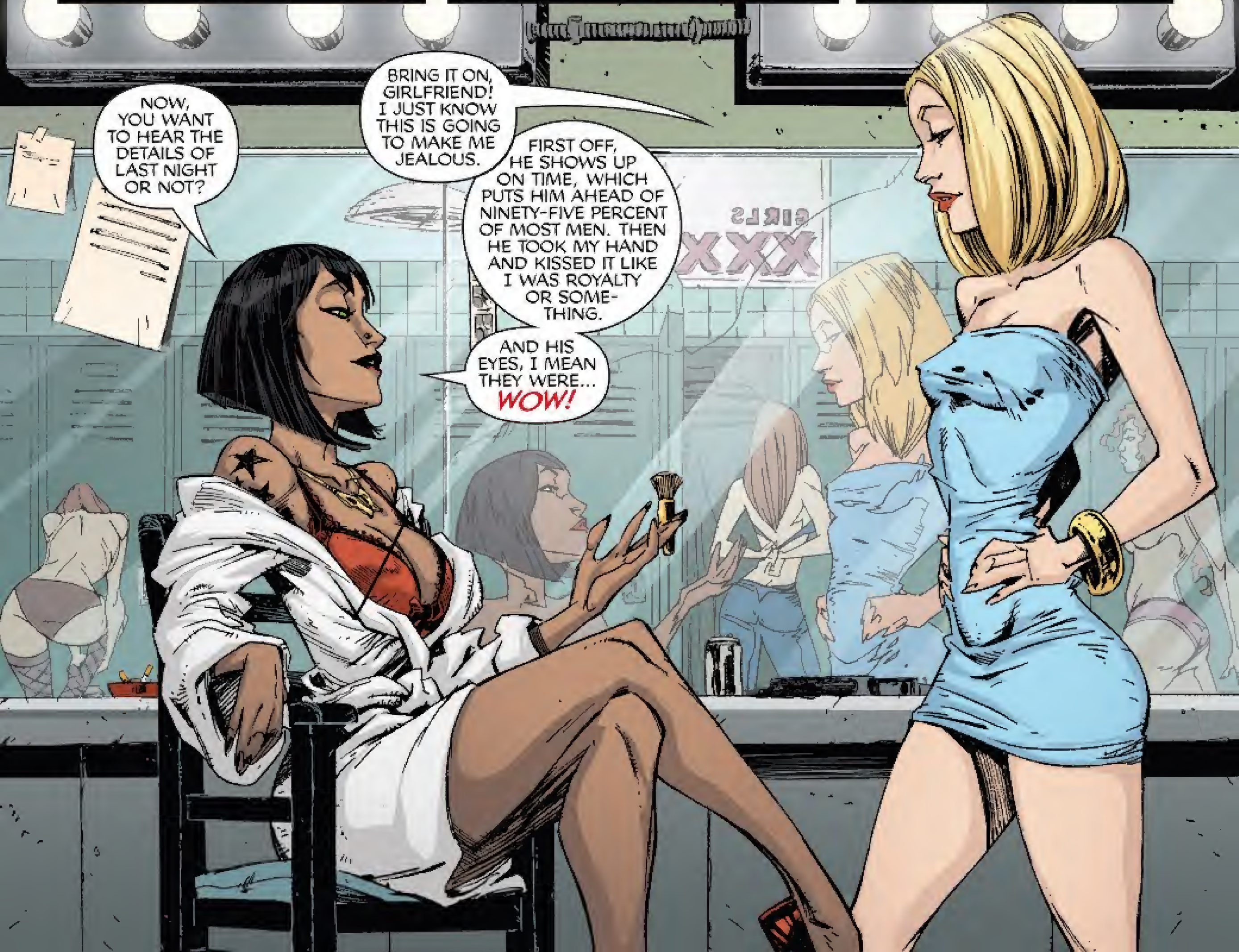


BOSS DOESN'T LIKE US DATING THE CUSTOMERS. YOU'VE SEEN HOW CRAZY HE GETS.



I SAID I KNOW, BUT THIS GUY-- THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT. HE'S NOT LIKE THOSE OTHERS. I CAN TELL.

SO TO HELL WITH THE BOSS!

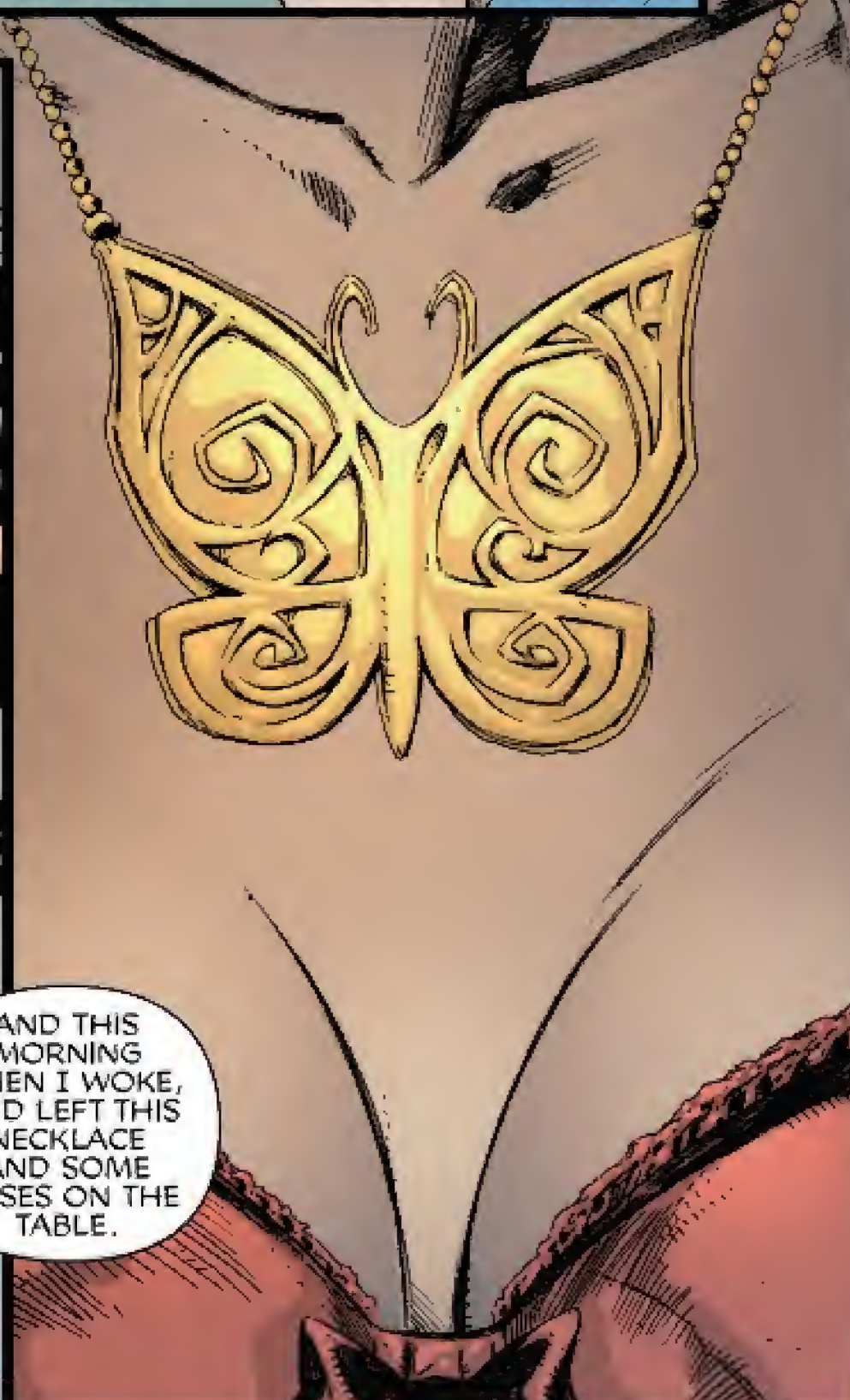
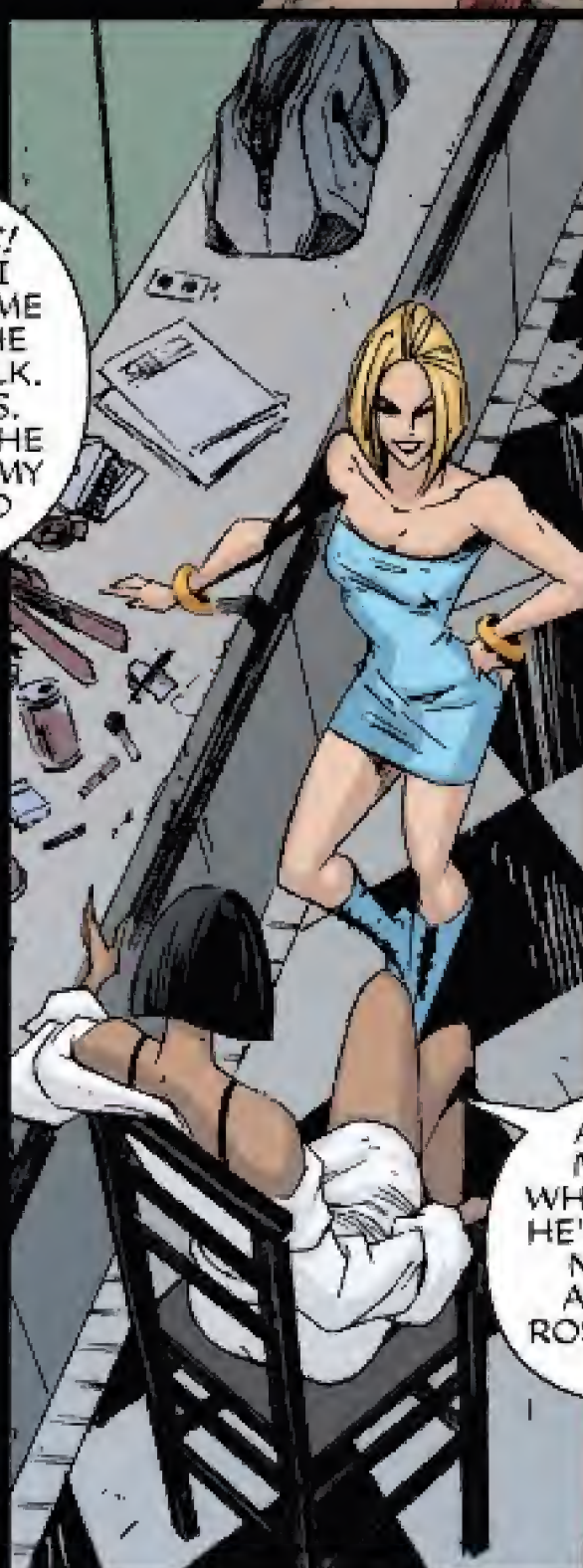
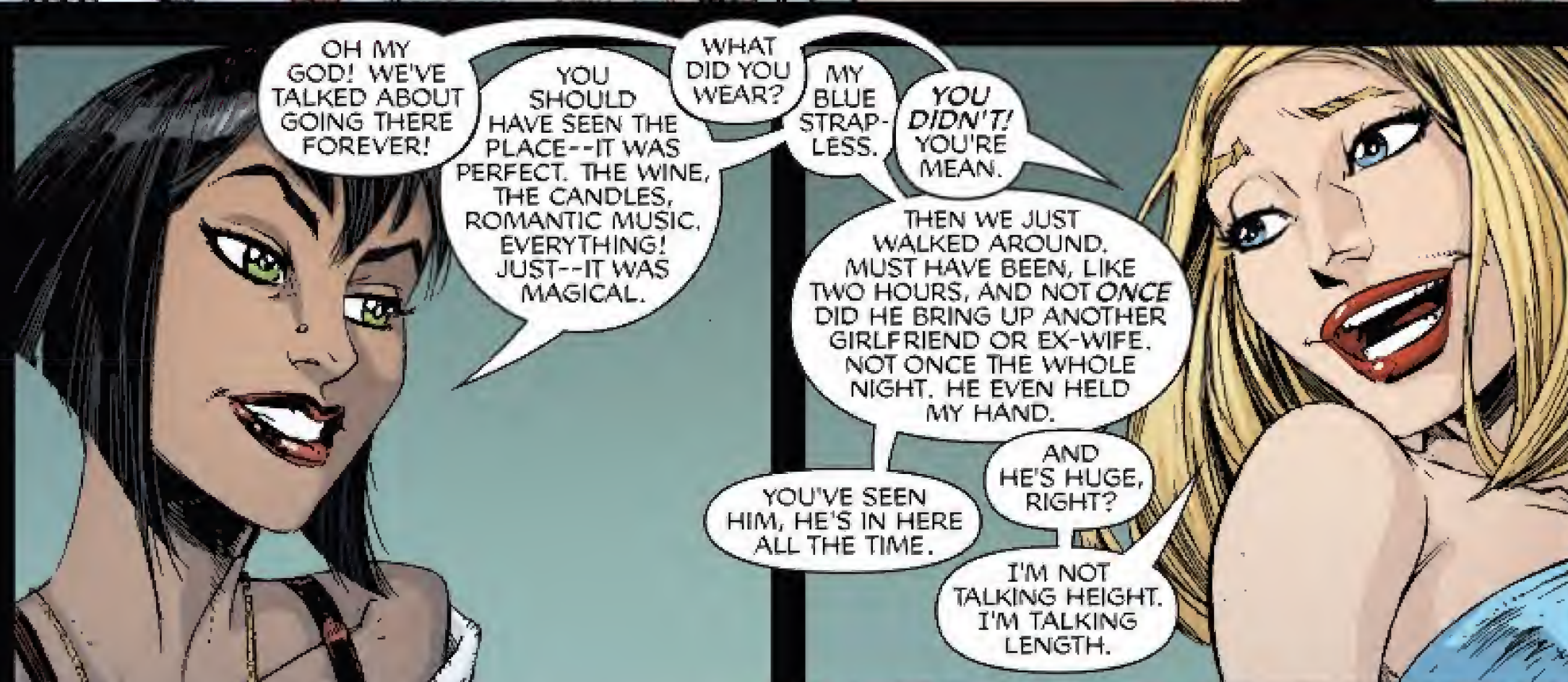


NOW, YOU WANT TO HEAR THE DETAILS OF LAST NIGHT OR NOT?

BRING IT ON, GIRLFRIEND! I JUST KNOW THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ME JEALOUS.

FIRST OFF, HE SHOWS UP ON TIME, WHICH PUTS HIM AHEAD OF NINETY-FIVE PERCENT OF MOST MEN. THEN HE TOOK MY HAND AND KISSED IT LIKE I WAS ROYALTY OR SOMETHING.

AND HIS EYES, I MEAN THEY WERE...
WOW!





"I ACTUALLY CRIED WHEN I FOUND THEM. I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY GENTLEMEN LEFT IN THE WORLD. AT LEAST NOT FOR ME. NOT IN MY LIFETIME."



"SO, I DON'T CARE WHAT THE BOSS THINKS! I NEED TO HOLD ON TO THIS ONE, I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY."



HEY, MALCOLM.

HEY, TRISH.

NEED ANYTHING?

NOT RIGHT NOW, THANKS.

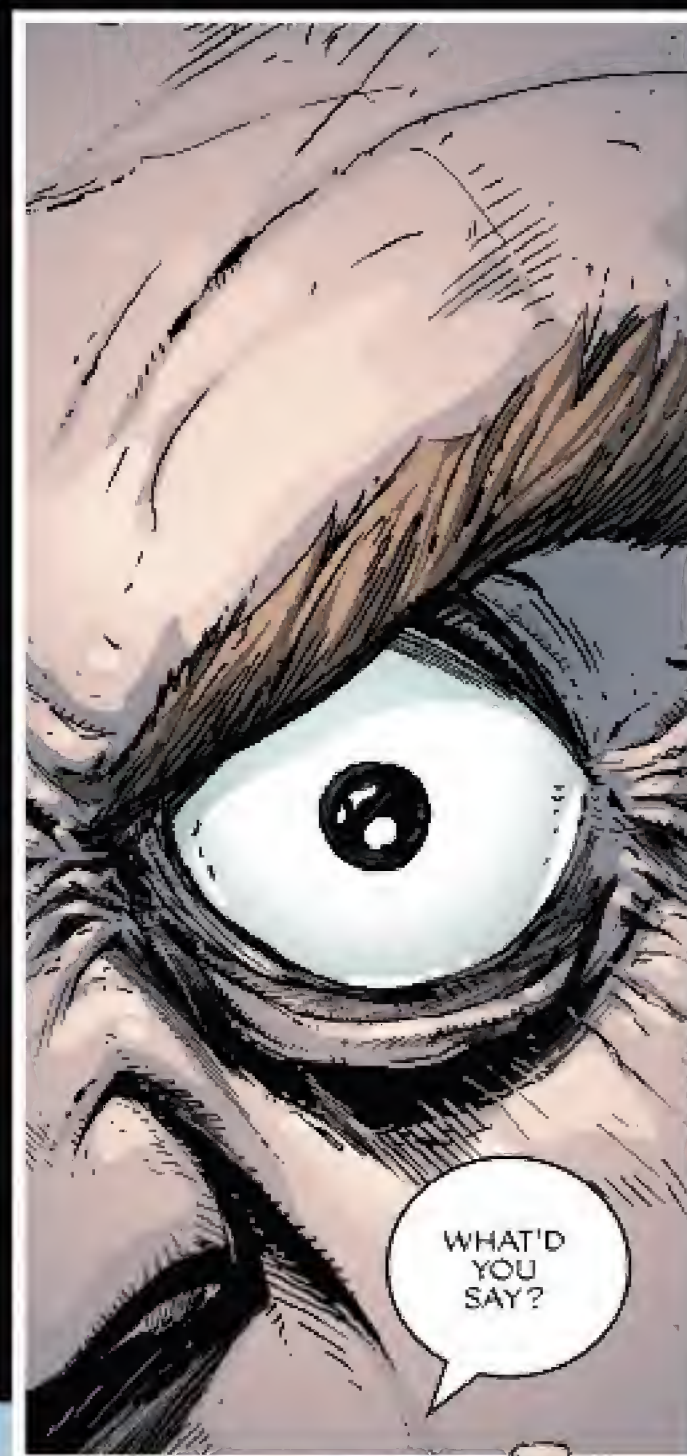


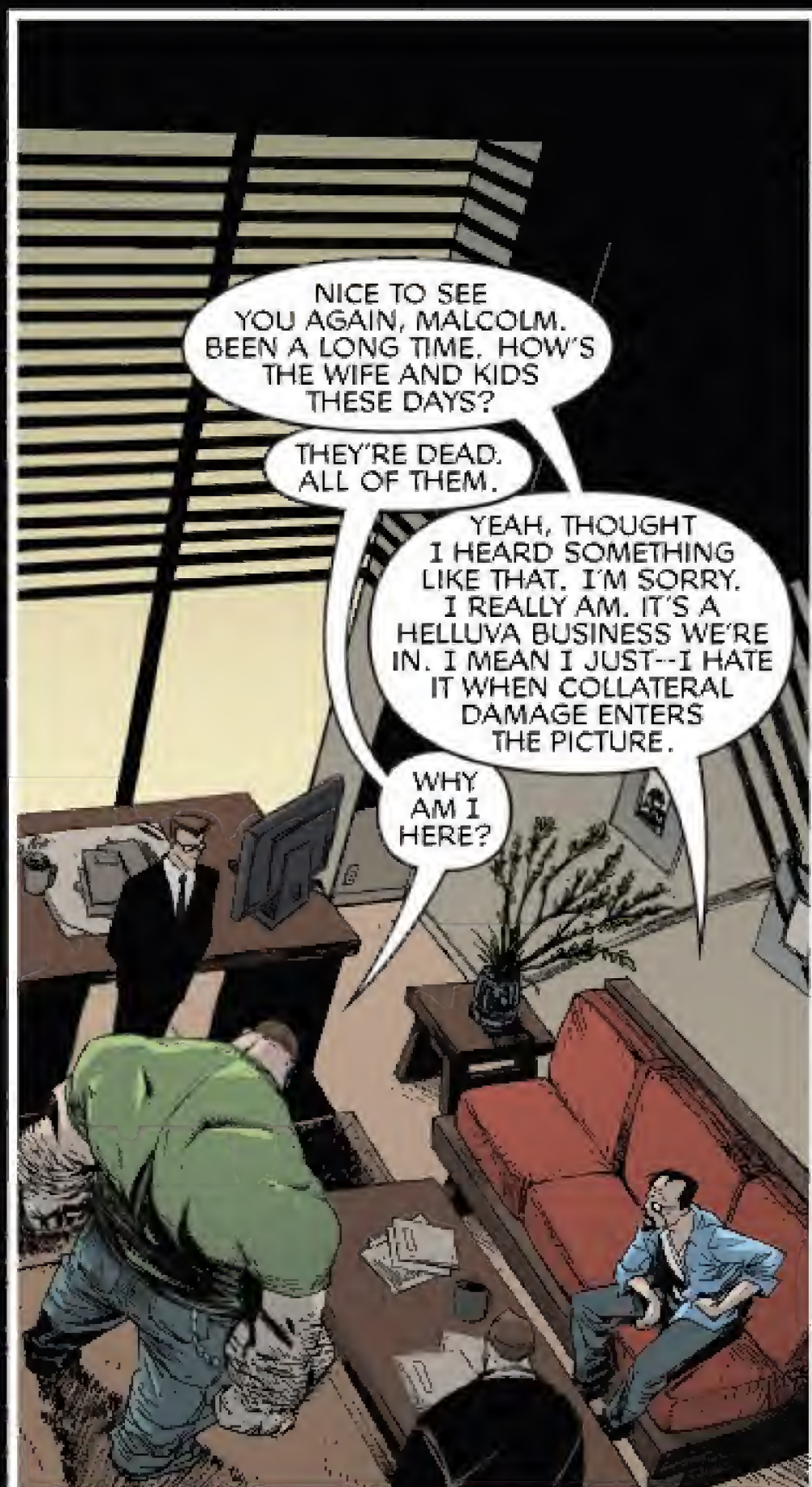
EVENING, MALCOLM.



THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HERE.

I'M CURIOUS, WHY HAVEN'T YOU BEEN ANSWERING MY CALLS? SURELY YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO AVOID ME, ARE YOU? NOT WHEN THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.





NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MALCOLM. BEEN A LONG TIME. HOW'S THE WIFE AND KIDS THESE DAYS?

THEY'RE DEAD. ALL OF THEM.

YEAH, THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING LIKE THAT. I'M SORRY. I REALLY AM. IT'S A HELLUVA BUSINESS WE'RE IN. I MEAN I JUST--I HATE IT WHEN COLLATERAL DAMAGE ENTERS THE PICTURE.

WHY AM I HERE?



UHHH... ALWAYS THE IMPULSIVE ONE, WEREN'T YOU? I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MADE YOU GREAT AT TIMES. I NEED YOU TO DO A 'JOB' FOR ME.

I'M RETIRED.

SO YOU SAY, BUT THAT'S A HURDLE WE CAN BOTH GET OVER. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

SO HERE'S THE SCOOP. I SENT MY BEST HITTER TO PICK UP A TARGET. YOU KNOW THE KIND, BIG ENTRANCE, A LITTLE MELODRAMA, SCARE THE LOCALS-- THEN GET YOUR TARGET AND YOU'RE DONE. ROUTINE MOST OF THE TIME. BUT THIS ONE *BLEW UP!* SEE, MY VILLAIN NEVER SHOWED BACK UP. IN FACT HE COULDN'T BECAUSE HE GOT HIS GUTS SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE WALLS!*

YOU STARTING TO GET THE PICTURE? *THE TARGET* SLAUGHTERED MY BEST AGENT! IMAGINE WHAT THAT DOES TO ONE'S REPUTATION?

AND NOW, BUSINESS IS IN THE SHITTER, COMMISSIONS ARE WAY DOWN AND MY MARKET SHARE'S ON LIFE SUPPORT. SEE, NO ONE WANTS TO HIRE A VILLAIN FROM A FIRM THAT CAN'T DELIVER. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN.

*See issue 187-- Todd.



WONDERING WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO GET TO THAT.

DON'T GET *FLIP* WITH ME!



I'VE BEEN KEEPING TABS ON YOU SINCE YOU RAN OUT ON ME. DRUGS. BOOZE. YOU'RE LIFE'S BEEN A MESS SINCE YOUR FAMILY GOT TORCHED. I GET THAT-- REALLY I DO. BUT YOU'VE BEEN LIVING LIKE A DOG FOR TWO YEARS NOW WITH NOWHERE TO GO.

YOU NEED THE CASH. AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY B.S. THAT YOU DON'T. WE ALL NEED MONEY. EVERYONE OF US. BESIDES, HOW YOU GOING TO SUPPORT THAT NEW POLE DANCING GIRL OF YOURS?

I'M TELLING YOU-- WOMEN, THEY'LL SUCK YOU DRY!



SO
HERE'S
THE
GIG.

I PAY YOU A
BOATLOAD OF CASH, AND
YOU BRING ME THIS TARGET
THAT'S RUINED MY BUSINESS. I
NEED TO KNOW HOW HE DID IT.
AFTER THAT, YOU GO BACK TO
YOUR LOSER LIFE AND DO
WHATEVER YOU WANT.

AND
IF I SAY
NO?



C'MON,
MALCOLM, YOU'RE
SMARTER THAN THAT! YOU
KNOW WHAT I'M CAPABLE OF.
ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M PISSED.
SO DO US BOTH A FAVOR, JUST
DO THIS ONE LAST JOB AND
YOU NEVER HEAR FROM ME
EVER AGAIN. I SWEAR
TO YOU.

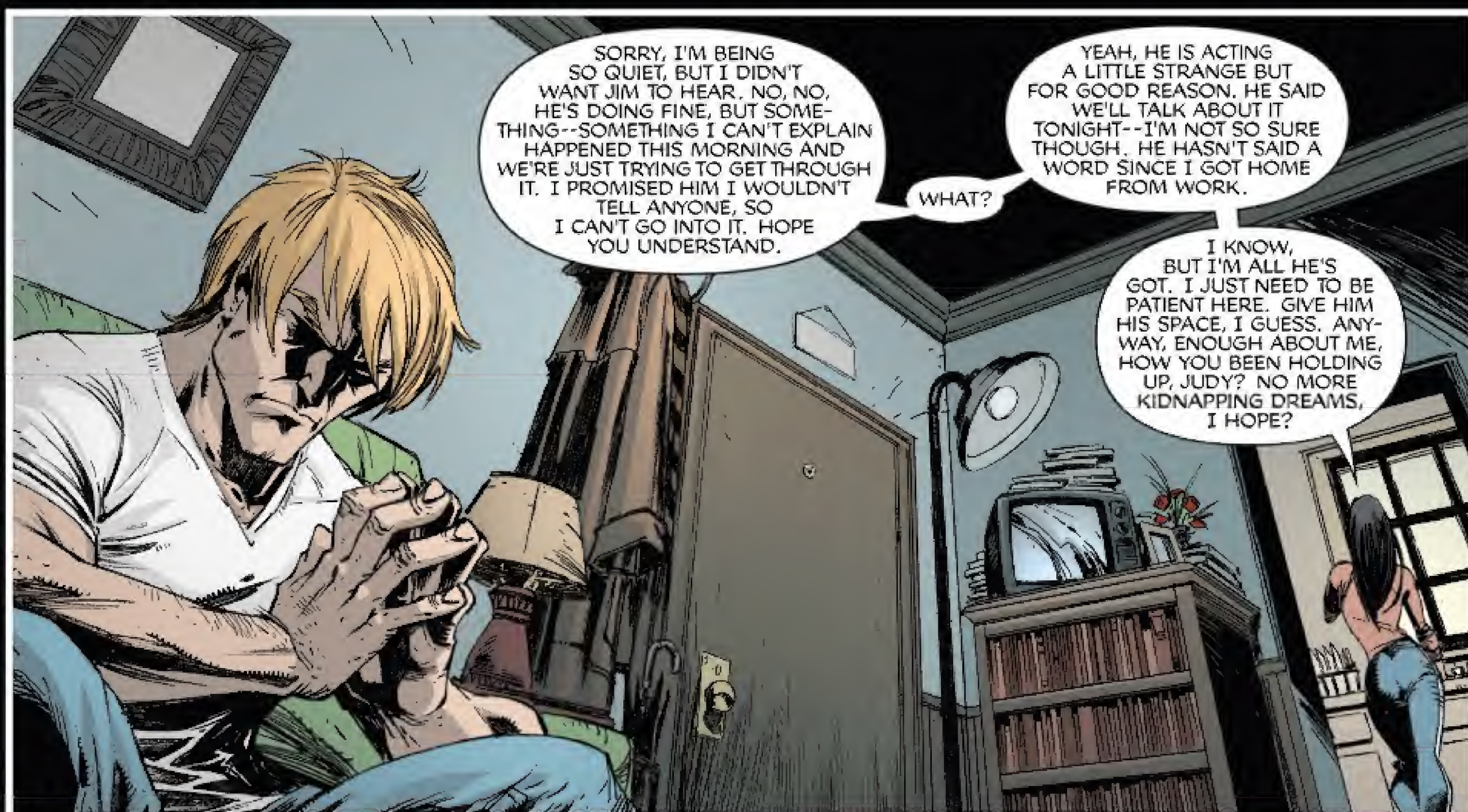
AND IF THAT VEILED
THREAT ISN'T ENOUGH, THEN
HOW ABOUT THIS TIDBIT? YOUR
TARGET, THE ONE WE'VE TRACKED
DOWN. THE ONE THAT SOME NOSEY
REPORTER KEEPS ASKING ABOUT--
WELL IT SEEMS LIKE YOU HAVE SOME-
THING IN COMMON WITH HIM.
REMEMBER HOW THEY CALLED
YOU PATIENT 46?

THEY'RE
CALLING THIS
GUY PATIENT 47.



WHAT?!

**YOU'RE
LYING!!**
I WAS THE
LAST ONE!!
THERE AREN'T
ANY MORE!



SORRY, I'M BEING SO QUIET, BUT I DIDN'T WANT JIM TO HEAR. NO, NO, HE'S DOING FINE, BUT SOMETHING--SOMETHING I CAN'T EXPLAIN HAPPENED THIS MORNING AND WE'RE JUST TRYING TO GET THROUGH IT. I PROMISED HIM I WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE, SO I CAN'T GO INTO IT. HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND.

WHAT?

YEAH, HE IS ACTING A LITTLE STRANGE BUT FOR GOOD REASON. HE SAID WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT TONIGHT--I'M NOT SO SURE THOUGH. HE HASN'T SAID A WORD SINCE I GOT HOME FROM WORK.

I KNOW, BUT I'M ALL HE'S GOT. I JUST NEED TO BE PATIENT HERE. GIVE HIM HIS SPACE, I GUESS. ANYWAY, ENOUGH ABOUT ME, HOW YOU BEEN HOLDING UP, JUDY? NO MORE KIDNAPPING DREAMS, I HOPE?

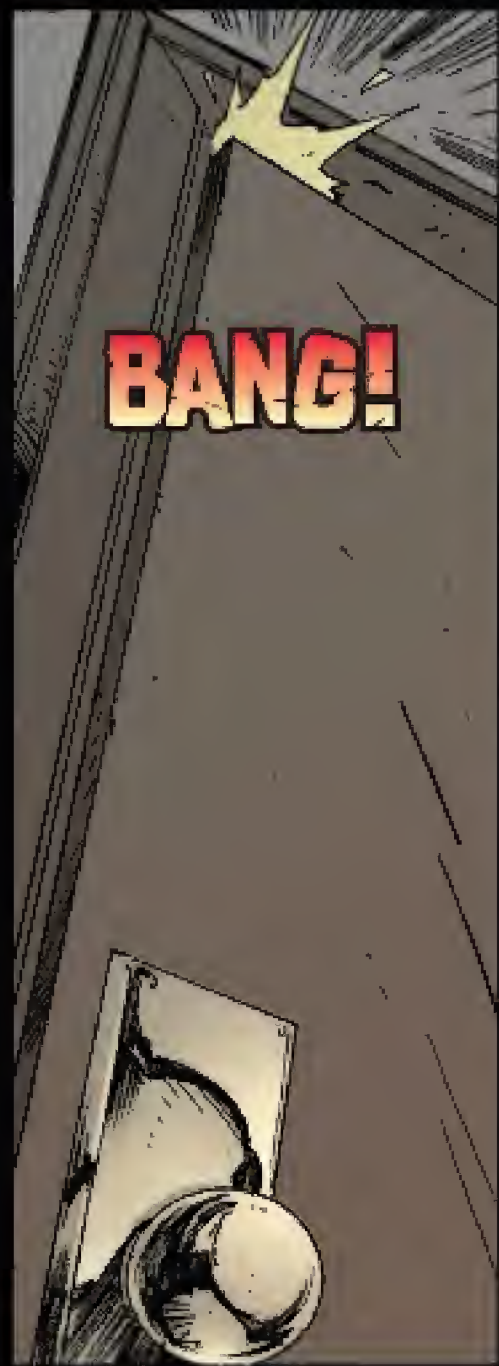


SARA!
I'M GOING OUT!



WAIT!
WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

OUTSIDE--
I NEED SOME FRESH AIR.



NO. I'M OKAY. JIM'S JUST BEING WEIRD AGAIN. NOTHING NEW. YOU STILL WANT ME TO COME OVER TOMORROW?

ALRIGHT, I'LL... HMM, NOW THAT'S STRANGE.



OUT FRONT, SOME KIND OF CROWD IN THE STREET.

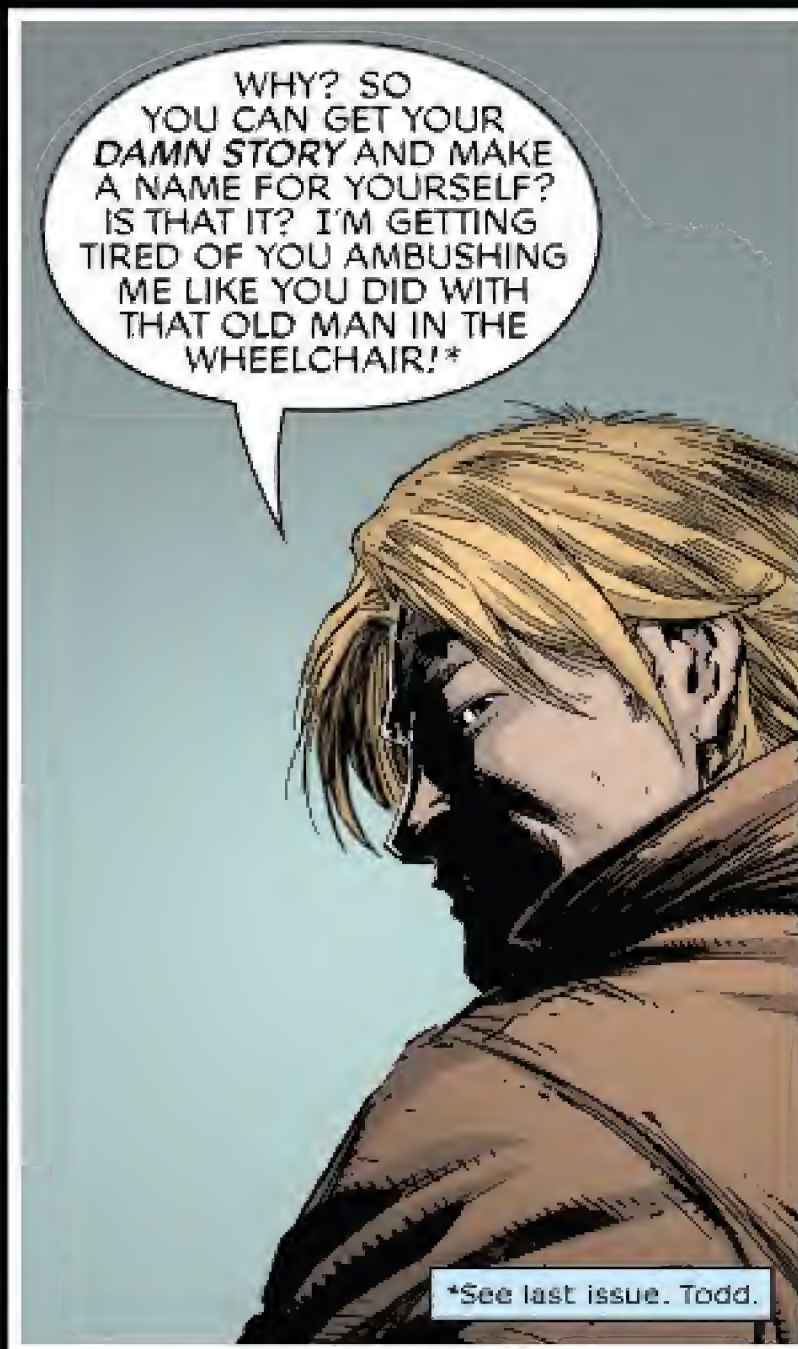




JIM!
HEY,
JIM!



I NEED
TO TALK TO
YOU! PLEASE--
JUST GIVE ME
A CHANCE.



WHY? SO
YOU CAN GET YOUR
DAMN STORY AND MAKE
A NAME FOR YOURSELF?
IS THAT IT? I'M GETTING
TIRED OF YOU AMBUSHING
ME LIKE YOU DID WITH
THAT OLD MAN IN THE
WHEELCHAIR!*

*See last issue. Todd.



I'M
SORRY.
I DIDN'T
MEAN
TO...



**YOU
GODDAMN
LIAR!!**

OF COURSE YOU MEANT
IT! THAT'S YOUR JOB--
TO EXPLOIT PEOPLE FOR
PERSONAL GAIN. AT
LEAST BE MAN ENOUGH
TO ADMIT THAT! WHY
ELSE WOULD YOU
BE HERE?

BECAUSE
YOU'RE GOING
TO NEED A
FRIEND!

YEAH?
WHY'S
THAT?

Yesterday.



LOOK, I'M GETTING SICK OF REPEATING MYSELF! FOR THE HUNDREDTH TIME-- **I DON'T BELIEVE IT!** SO STOP TALKING TO ME ABOUT YOUR FRIGGIN' FAITH HEALER! I'VE READ YOUR WRITE UP. SO WHAT IF A **FEW PEOPLE** GOT CURED?

I NEED **FACTS!** UNDER-
STAND?

WITHOUT THEM YOU'VE GOT SPECULATION AND THAT'S NOT THE KIND OF PAPER I RUN.

WELL, THIS IS REAL!

WHY, BECAUSE YOU WANT IT TO BE? BECAUSE YOU'RE DESPERATE FOR YOUR FIRST FEATURE?

NO! BECAUSE I'VE SEEN IT! HE DID IT TO ME AND HE'S DONE IT TO OTHERS. EACH ONE OF THEM HAS VERIFIED HIS PRESENCE. THIS COULD BE THE BIGGEST THING YOU'VE HAD IN YEARS AND YOU'RE GOING TO IGNORE THAT BECAUSE WE DON'T GET ALONG?



FINE! YOU WANT A STORY, THEN WE'LL DO IT THE RIGHT WAY.

HELLO...! TELL DETRITCH I WANT HIM UP TO MY OFFICE NOW!



THIS IS MY LEAD. I DON'T NEED MORE HELP PUTTING IT TOGETHER.

I CAN HANDLE THIS ALONE.

OH... DETRITCH'S NOT GOING TO BE YOUR HELP, DEAR BOY...



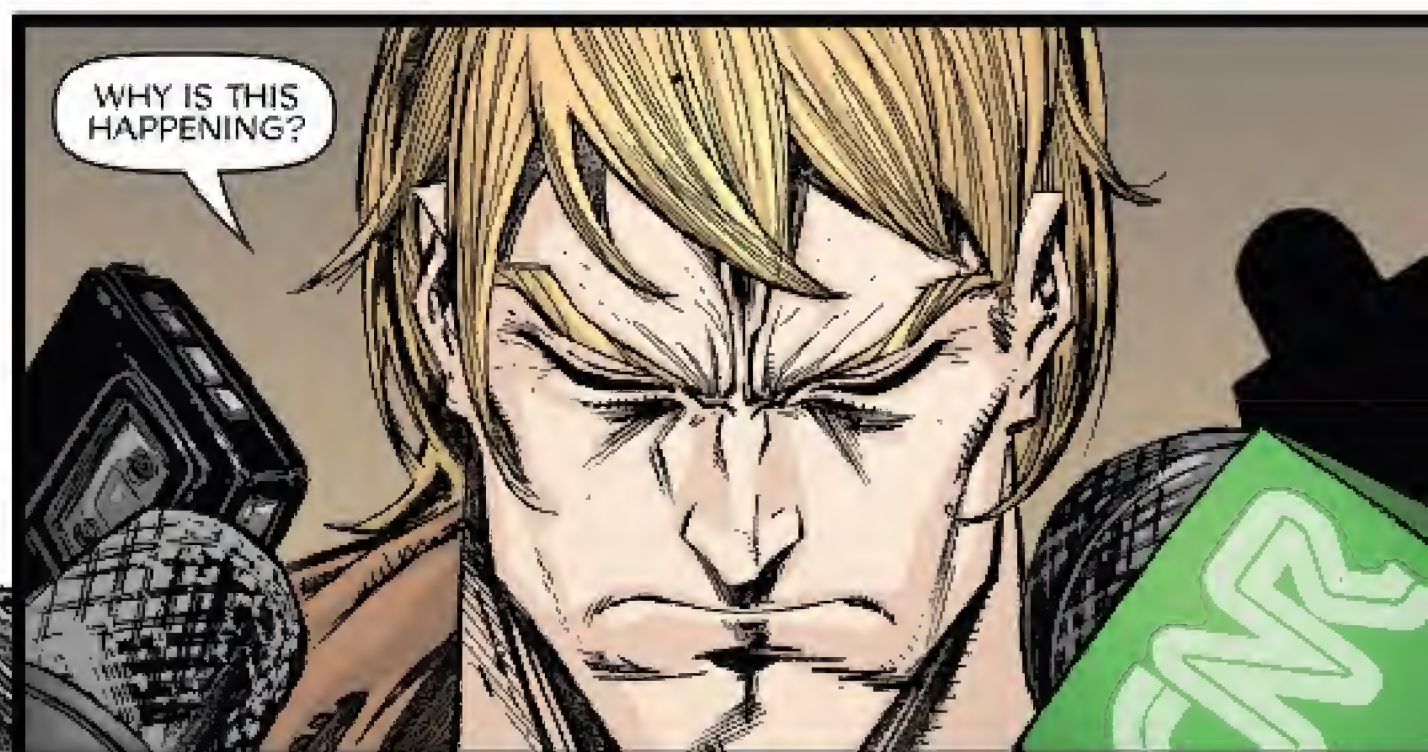
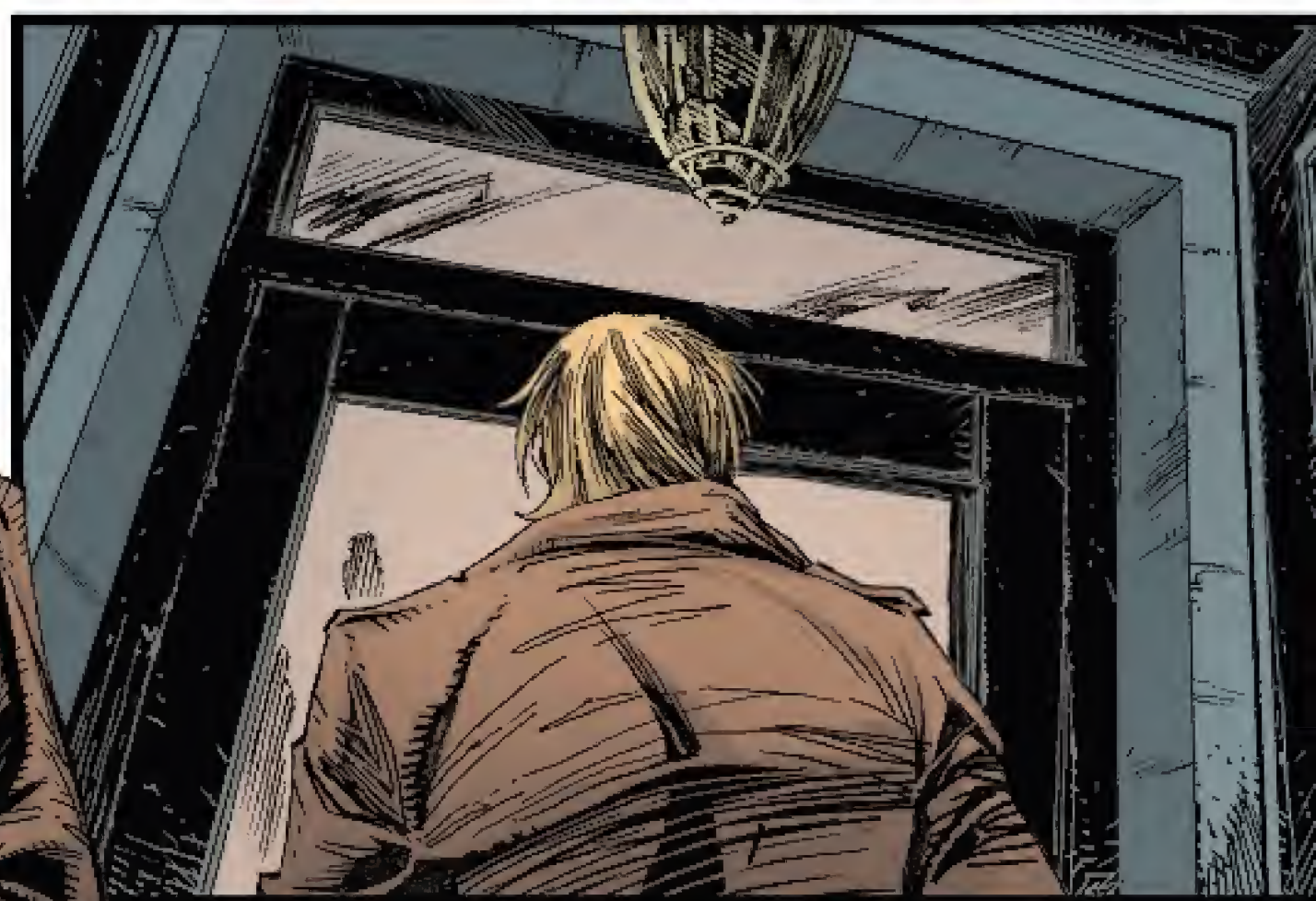
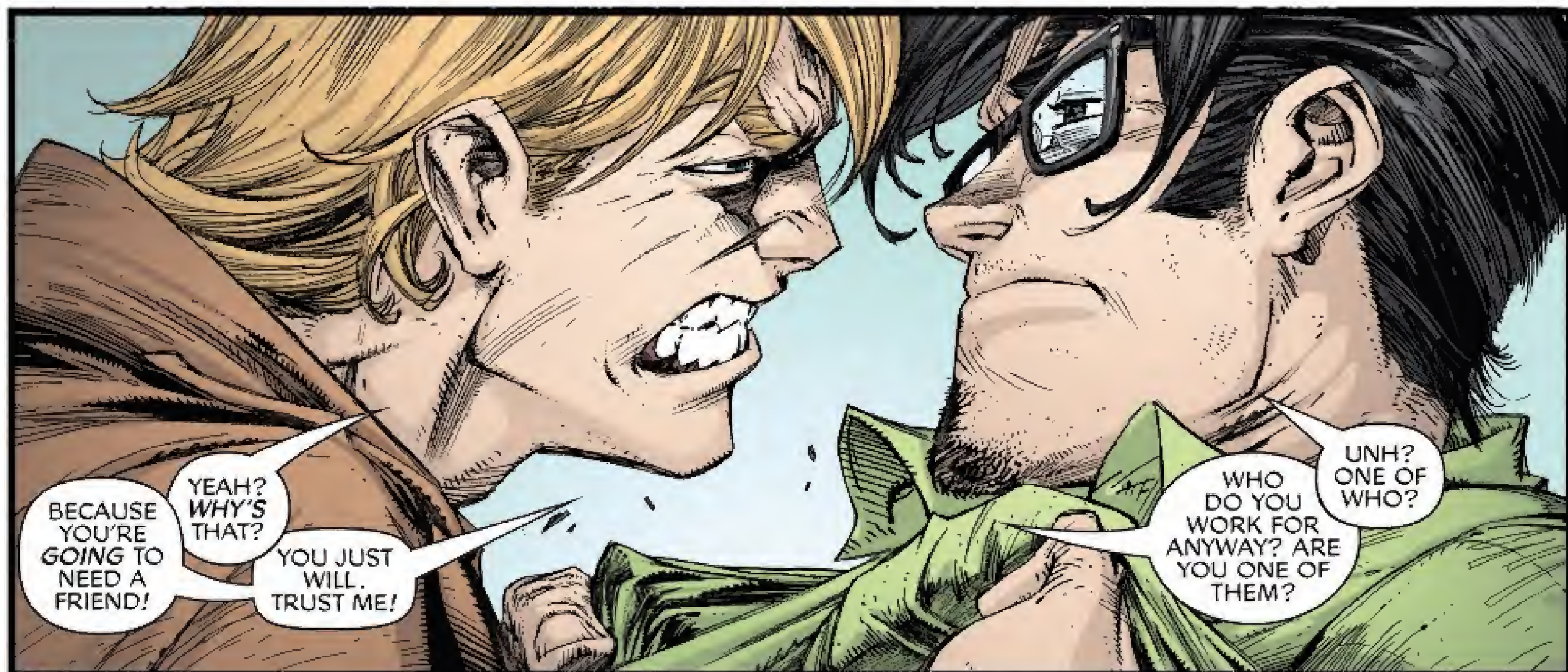
...HE'S GOING TO BE YOUR **GUINEA PIG!**

HASN'T WALKED A STEP SINCE 'NAM.

SO, YOU WANT YOUR STORY-- THEN BRING ME BACK A **MIRACLE.**

15 hours later.





YOU CAN'T QUIT BECAUSE YOU'RE FIRED!!

SLAM

KISS MY ASS!

PIECE OF SH@T, MOTHER FU@%&^# ASSHOLE





CAN YOU COMMENT ON...

DOES IT HURT WHEN YOU DO IT?

Mr. DOWNING, PLEASE!



JIM, I'LL GET YOU A TAXI.



MARC...?

HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

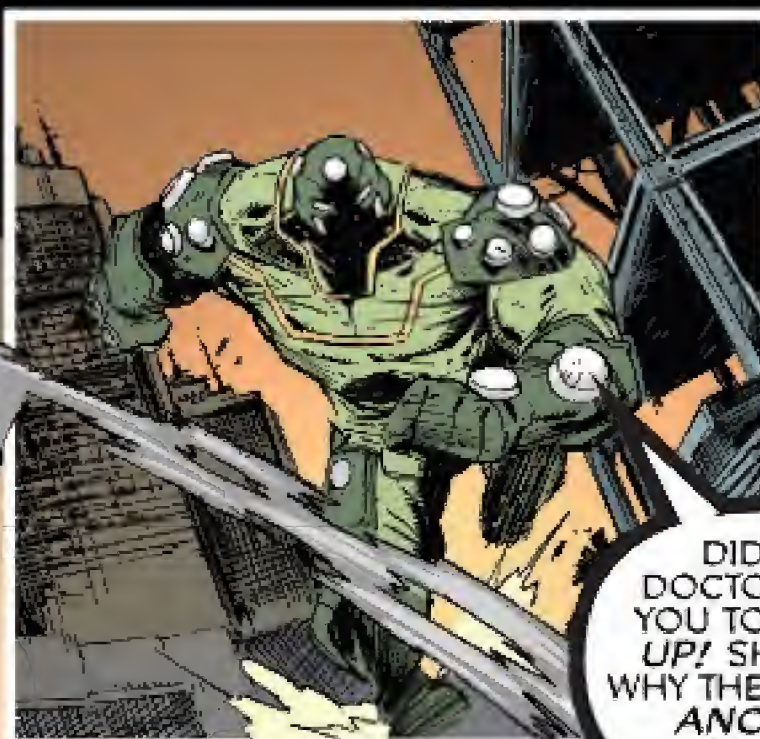
IN THE SKY!

WHAT IS THAT?



I NEED TO TALK TO DOWNING!





DID THE DOCTORS 'FIX' YOU TOO? GET UP! SHOW ME WHY THEY NEEDED ANOTHER PATIENT!



CHRIST!

THEY TRANSFORMED YOUR WHOLE BODY??!!



THAT WASN'T
POSSIBLE! THEY SAID
THEY COULDN'T RE-
ENGINEER THE BODY
THAT FAR!

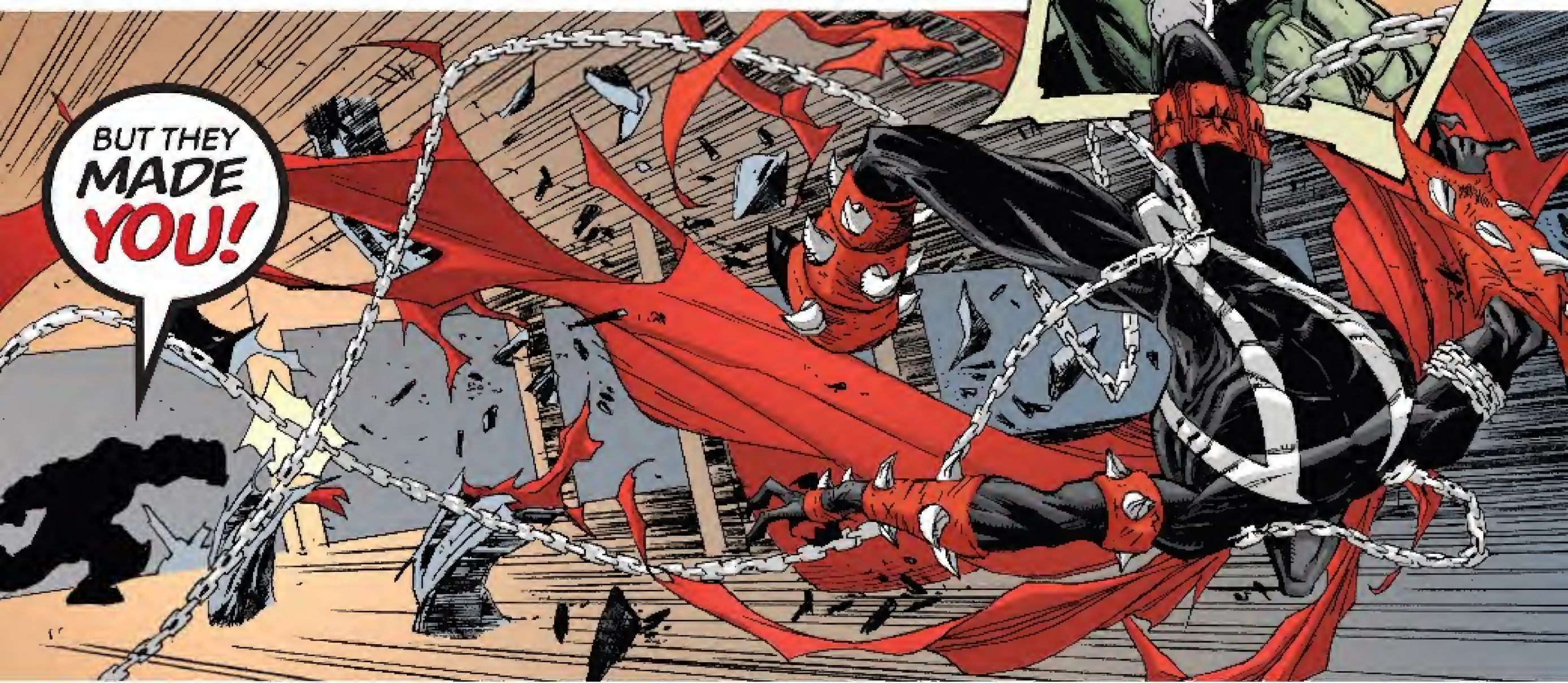
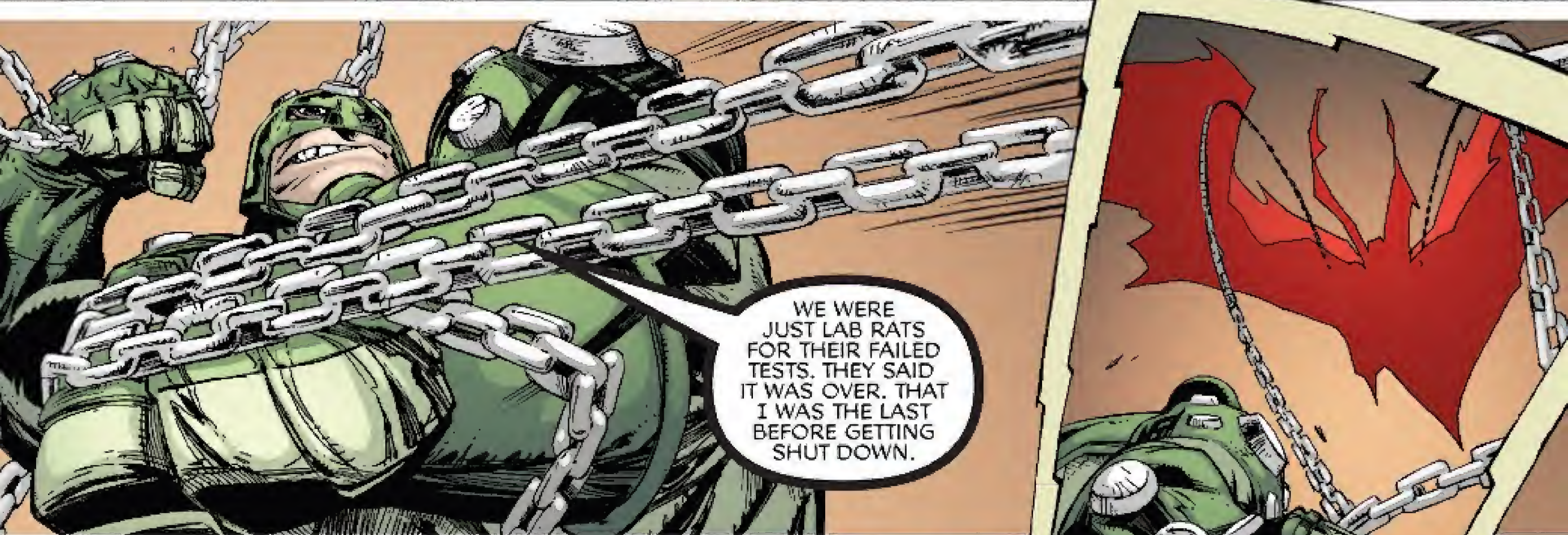
GRK

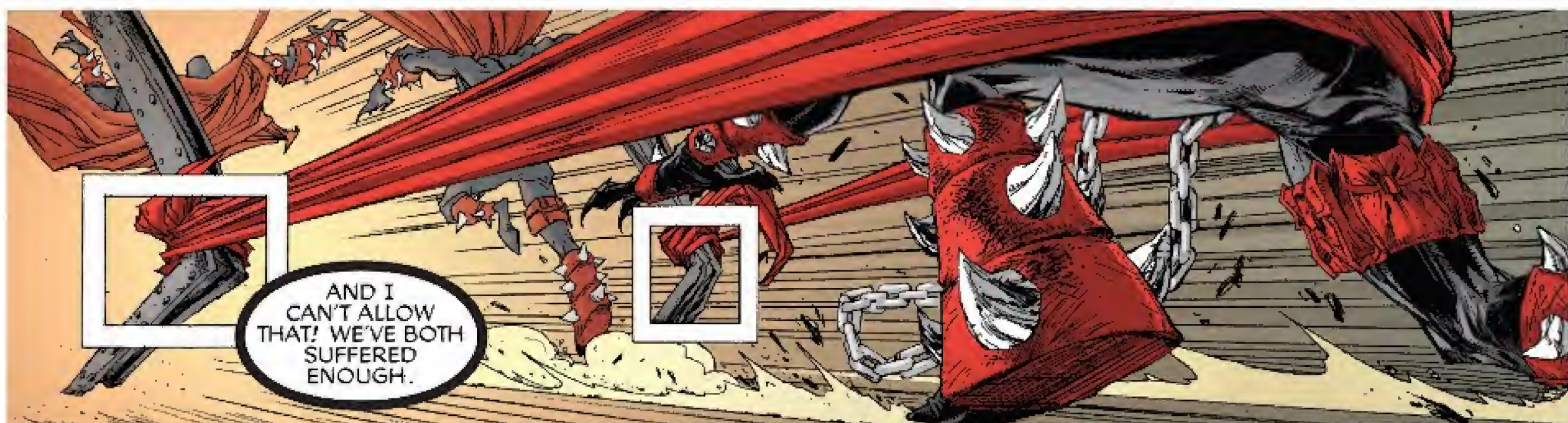
I WAS A
PATIENT... LIKE
YOU WERE! BUT
I WAS GOING
TO BE THEIR LAST!
THERE WEREN'T
SUPPOSE TO BE
MORE!

HOW DO
YOU KNOW
ME?!!

WHAT'RE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT-- MORE
WHAT?

TALK,
GOD-
DAMMIT!





AND I
CAN'T ALLOW
THAT! WE'VE BOTH
SUFFERED
ENOUGH.



YOU'RE
CRAZY!



I
DIDN'T
USE TO
BE.

THEY
MADE ME
LIKE THIS.
FIRST CAME
THE NIGHT-
MARES. THAT'S
WHAT STARTED
IT--YOU'VE HAD
THOSE TOO,
HAVEN'T
YOU?!



SHUT
UP!



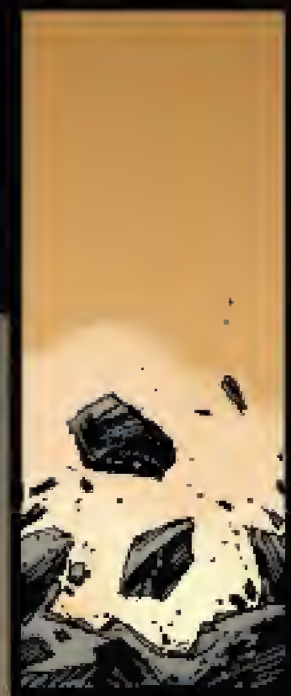
HAVEN'T
YOU?!!



THEY'RE WORSE
AT NIGHT--AREN'T THEY?!
BOMBARDING YOUR BRAIN
WITH THINGS THAT DON'T MAKE
SENSE. THEN COMES THE PAIN.
THERE'S ALWAYS PAIN! I CAN'T
LET THE MEDIA SEE YOU
LIKE THIS!

WE
HAVE TO DIE
TOO!!
JUST LIKE THE
OTHERS!





TOM... PLEASE
TELL ME WE'RE
GETTING THIS ON
CAMERA?

TO BE CONTINUED

image

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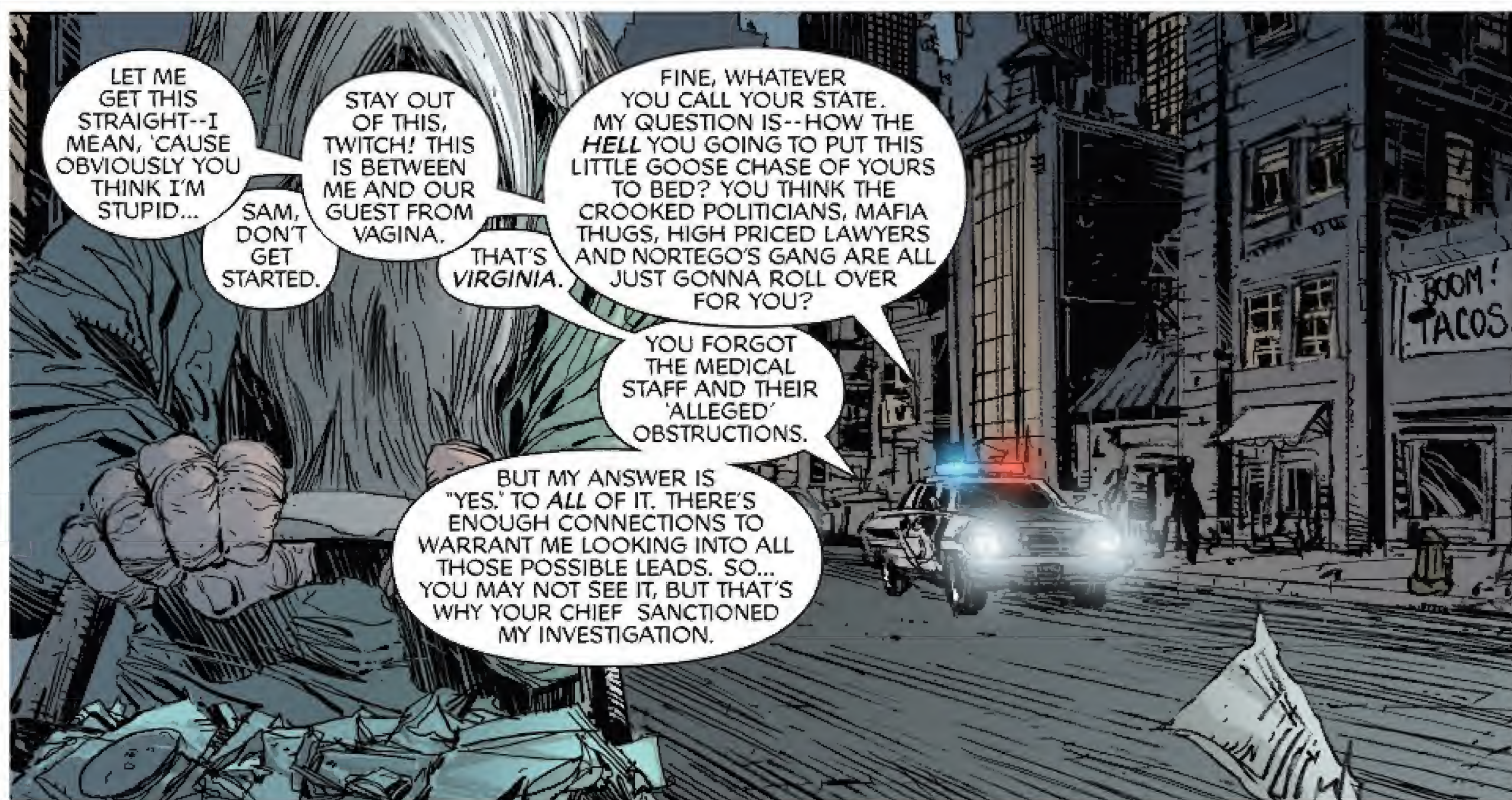
DIGITAL
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TODD
McFARLANE

ERIK
LARSEN

SPAWN®





LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT--I MEAN, 'CAUSE OBVIOUSLY YOU THINK I'M STUPID...

SAM, DON'T GET STARTED.

STAY OUT OF THIS, TWITCH! THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND OUR GUEST FROM VAGINA.

THAT'S VIRGINIA.

FINE, WHATEVER YOU CALL YOUR STATE. MY QUESTION IS--HOW THE HELL YOU GOING TO PUT THIS LITTLE GOOSE CHASE OF YOURS TO BED? YOU THINK THE CROOKED POLITICIANS, MAFIA THUGS, HIGH PRICED LAWYERS AND NORTEGO'S GANG ARE ALL JUST GONNA ROLL OVER FOR YOU?

YOU FORGOT THE MEDICAL STAFF AND THEIR 'ALLEGED' OBSTRUCTIONS.

BUT MY ANSWER IS "YES." TO ALL OF IT. THERE'S ENOUGH CONNECTIONS TO WARRANT ME LOOKING INTO ALL THOSE POSSIBLE LEADS. SO... YOU MAY NOT SEE IT, BUT THAT'S WHY YOUR CHIEF SANCTIONED MY INVESTIGATION.



WITH YOUR SUPREME GUIDANCE, OF COURSE.

CAN THE SARCASM. I GET ENOUGH OF IT FROM TWITCH.



LOOK, DETECTIVE BURKE, YOU AND I DON'T HAVE TO LIKE EACH OTHER. THAT'S NOT RELEVANT. WHAT IS, IS TRYING TO LEARN WHY I HAVE A MURDER VICTIM BACK IN LANGLEY WITH SO MANY CLUES POINTING HERE TO YOUR CITY.* MORE DISTURBING IS THE FACT THIS WEB JUST KEEPS GETTING WIDER.

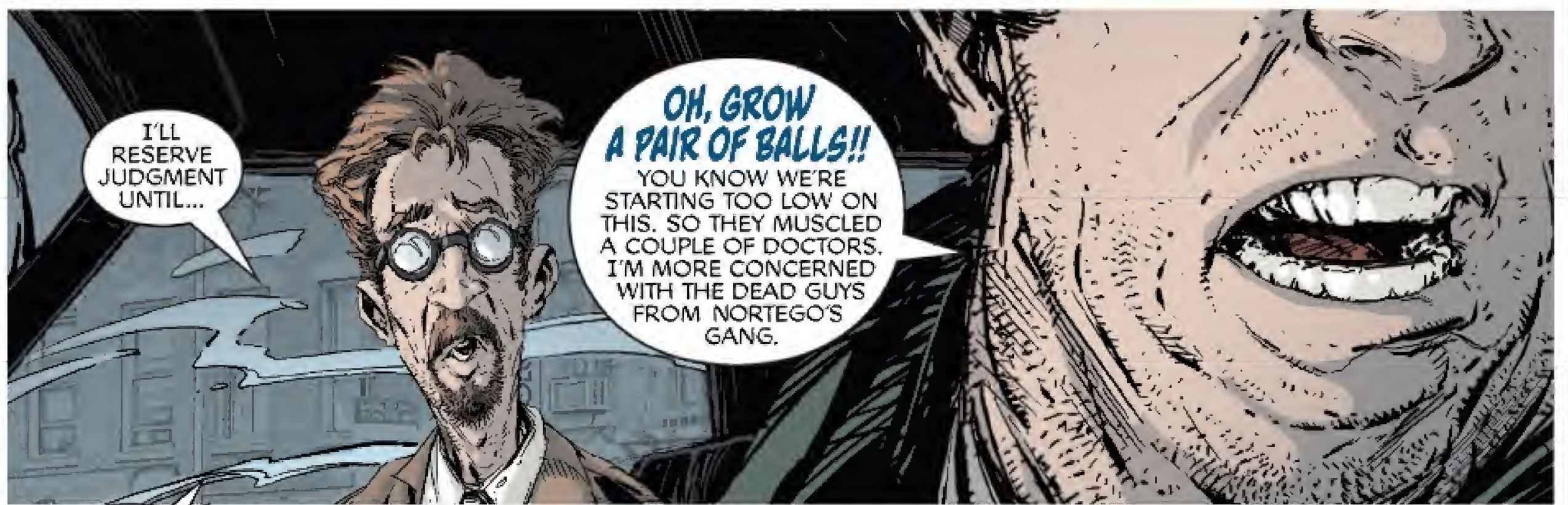
AND YOU THINK US GOING TO HASSLE A FEW DOCTORS FROM ST. ANTHONY'S IS THE BEST PLAN.

IT'S A START.

* Issue 186--Todd.



NO! IT'S A WASTE OF TIME! RIGHT, TWITCH?



I'LL
RESERVE
JUDGMENT
UNTIL...

**OH, GROW
A PAIR OF BALLS!!**

YOU KNOW WE'RE
STARTING TOO LOW ON
THIS. SO THEY MUSCLED
A COUPLE OF DOCTORS.
I'M MORE CONCERNED
WITH THE DEAD GUYS
FROM NORTEGO'S
GANG.



CAR
37! THIS
IS DISPATCH.
DO YOU
READ?

CHRIST!
NOW
WHAT?

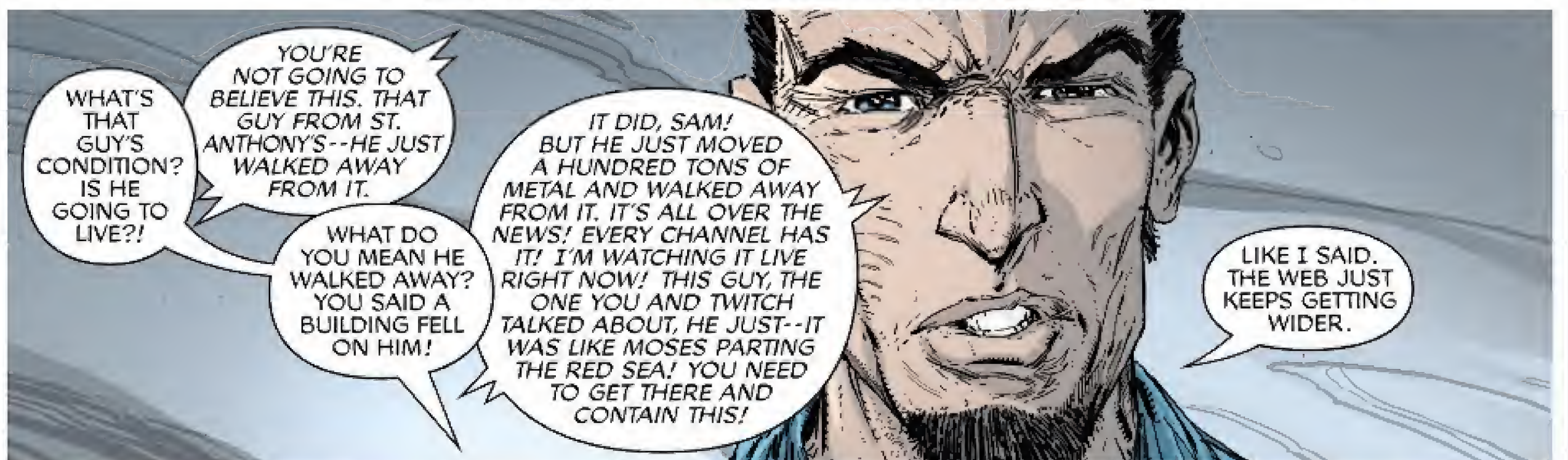
DISPATCH,
THIS IS
DETECTIVE
BURKE.

THERE'S BEEN
A MASSIVE BUILDING
COLLAPSE NEAR LEXINGTON
AND 120th. THE STRUCTURE
UNDER CONSTRUCTION JUST
CAME DOWN. ALL UNITS ARE
TO HEAD THERE IMMEDIATELY.
BUT YOU NEED TO GET THERE
ASAP! THIS ONE MIGHT HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
YOUR CASE.

HOW'S
THAT?

FROM INITIAL
REPORTS THERE
DON'T APPEAR TO BE
ANY CIVILIAN FATALITIES
BUT THE BUILDING DID
COLLAPSE ON A SINGLE
INDIVIDUAL. AND IT'S THE
SAME GUY THAT WALKED
OUT OF THE FIRE AT
ST. ANTHONY'S* AREN'T
YOU AND TWITCH
WORKING ON
THAT CASE?

* Issue 187--Todd.



WHAT'S
THAT
GUY'S
CONDITION?
IS HE
GOING TO
LIVE?!

YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
BELIEVE THIS. THAT
GUY FROM ST.
ANTHONY'S--HE JUST
WALKED AWAY
FROM IT.

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN HE
WALKED AWAY?
YOU SAID A
BUILDING FELL
ON HIM!

IT DID, SAM!
BUT HE JUST MOVED
A HUNDRED TONS OF
METAL AND WALKED AWAY
FROM IT. IT'S ALL OVER THE
NEWS! EVERY CHANNEL HAS
IT! I'M WATCHING IT LIVE
RIGHT NOW! THIS GUY, THE
ONE YOU AND TWITCH
TALKED ABOUT, HE JUST--IT
WAS LIKE MOSES PARTING
THE RED SEA! YOU NEED
TO GET THERE AND
CONTAIN THIS!

LIKE I SAID.
THE WEB JUST
KEEPS GETTING
WIDER.



THIS IS
DETECTIVE
TWITCH. DO YOU
HAVE ANY
ADDITIONAL
DETAILS?

THE
REPORTS ARE
SAYING HE WAS
ATTACKED WHERE
HE WAS LIVING BY
SOME SUPER-VILLAIN
TYPE. THE MAYOR'S
OFFICE HAS ALREADY
CALLED THE FBI.



JUST GET
THERE! AND BE
PREPARED FOR A
SHIT STORM!



WE CONTINUE OUR LIVE REPORT FROM THE ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE OF THE DANDRIGE CORPORATION. CROWDS HAVE GATHERED NEAR THE PERIMETER OF THE DESTRUCTION. POLICE AND EMERGENCY VEHICLES ARE JUST NOW BEGINNING TO ARRIVE AT WHAT SOME ARE CALLING A SCALED-DOWN VERSION OF 9/11. AT THE SAME TIME, WHAT BEGAN AS A ROUTINE INTERVIEW WITH A PERSON BELIEVED TO HAVE HELPED HEAL SOME PATIENTS AT VARIOUS HOSPITALS HAS EVOLVED INTO A NEAR-INDESCRIBABLE SIGHT.

AS YOU'VE SEEN FROM THE FOOTAGE WE'VE REPLAYED, THAT SAME INDIVIDUAL SEEMINGLY *WILLED* THE WRECKAGE AWAY FROM HIM IN A SHOW OF UNIMAGINABLE POWER. WE STILL HAVE NO OFFICIAL STATEMENT REGARDING WHO HE IS, OR HOW HE WAS ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH SUCH A FEAT.



WE CONTINUE OUR 'ROUND THE CLOCK COVERAGE OF THIS BREAKING NEWS. A POLICE SOURCE, SPEAKING ON TERMS OF ANONYMITY, TELLS US THAT HIS NAME IS APPARENTLY JIM DOWNING. THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM AT THIS TIME.

ONE OF OUR REPORTERS SPOKE WITH A NURSE, WHO LIKEWISE PREFERRED TO SPEAK OFF THE RECORD. SHE WAS ON DUTY TWO WEEKS AGO AT THE AREA HOSPITAL WHERE THIS PATIENT WAS TRANSPORTED AFTER THE EXPLOSION AT ST. ANTHONY'S. WHILE SHE WAS ABLE TO CONFIRM HIS NAME, SHE DID NOT KNOW WHO THIS MAN IS. NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW. OUR OWN STAFF HAS BEEN UNABLE TO FIND ANY BACKGROUND ON WHAT, THUS FAR, APPEARS TO BE A SPECTACULAR MYSTERY OF UNDENIABLY BIBLICAL PROPORTIONS.



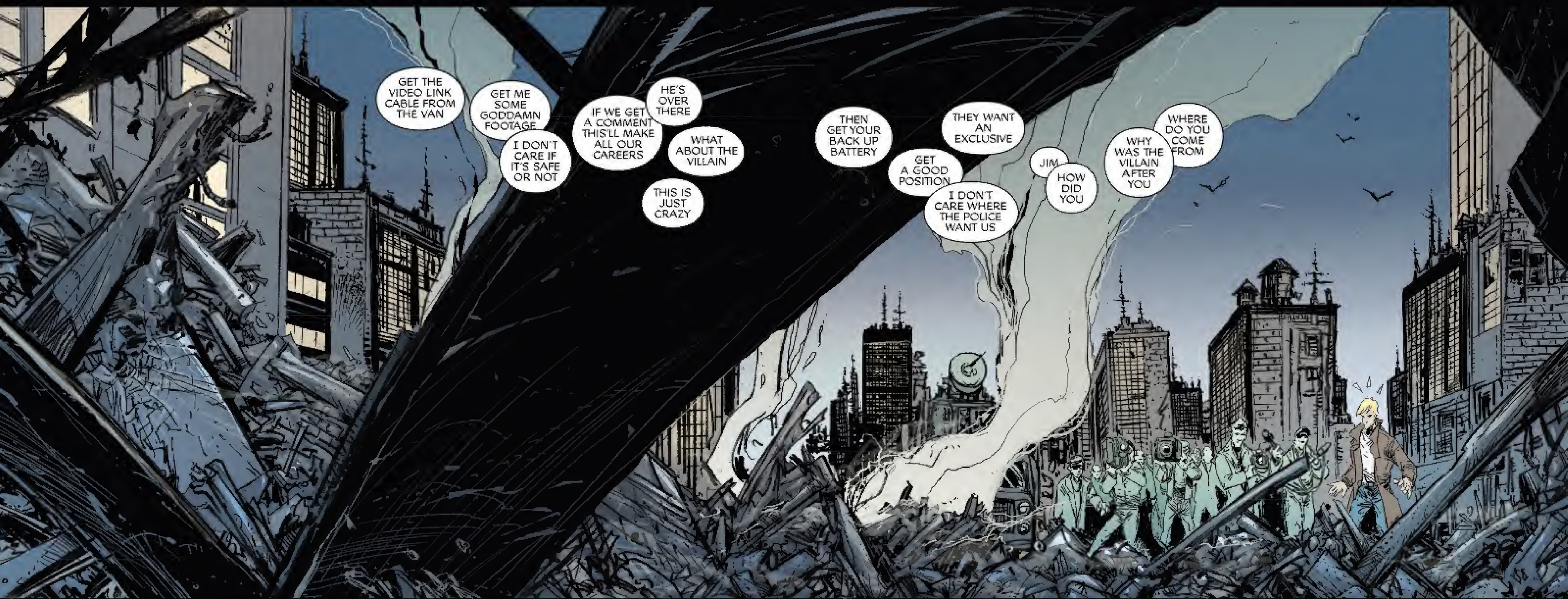
THE SECOND COMING!!

I'M NOT READY TO CALL IT THAT, BUT NOT BECAUSE I DON'T NECESSARILY THINK IT *ISN'T!*

MY SOURCES TELL ME THAT THE *F-B-I* HAS BEEN MOBILIZED ON THIS ONE. D'YOU THINK THEY'LL GIVE US ANY INTEL ON THIS MIND NUMBING CATASTROPHE?...OR EVEN EXPLAIN WHO IN GOD'S NAME THIS JIM DOWNING PERSON *IS?!* WILL THEY POSITIVELY IDENTIFY THE *BIG, GREEN SUPER VILLAIN* WHO PRECIPITATED THIS ATTACK IN THE *FIRST* PLACE?

WHO'S TO SAY THIS WASN'T ANOTHER *BLACK BUDGET OP* GONE WRONG? WE *DON'T TRULY KNOW* WHERE OUR TAX DOLLARS ARE GOING!

WE'VE LOST CONTROL OF OUR COUNTRY ON SO MANY FRONTS!! *WE'VE COMPLETELY LOST IT!!*



GET THE VIDEO LINK CABLE FROM THE VAN

GET ME SOME GODDAMN FOOTAGE

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S SAFE OR NOT

IF WE GET A COMMENT THIS'LL MAKE ALL OUR CAREERS

HE'S OVER THERE

WHAT ABOUT THE VILLAIN

THIS IS JUST CRAZY

THEN GET YOUR BACK UP BATTERY

GET A GOOD POSITION

I DON'T CARE WHERE THE POLICE WANT US

THEY WANT AN EXCLUSIVE

JIM HOW DID YOU

WHY WAS THE VILLAIN AFTER YOU

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM



MR. DOWNING, PLEASE OVER HERE

ARE YOU SOME KIND OF SUPER HERO

IS THE GOVERNMENT BEHIND ALL THIS

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT

MR. DOWNING, IS IT TRUE YOU 'CURED' DOZENS OF SICK PEOPLE

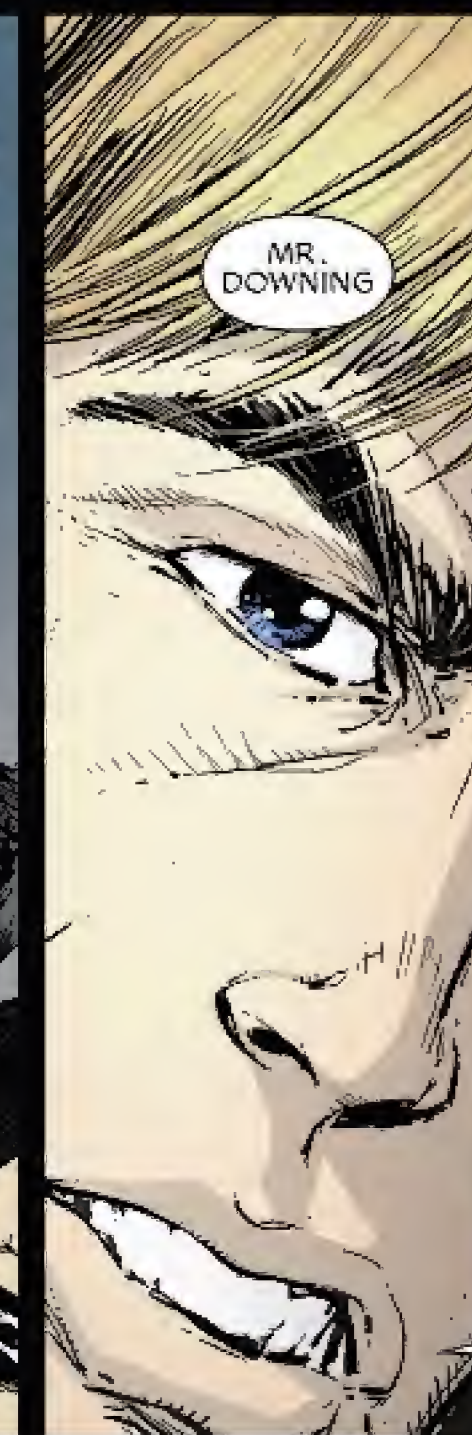
DOCTORS SAID YOU'RE A LINK TO THESE 'MIRACLES'



MR. DOWNING

JIM

MR. DOWNING



MR. DOWNING



LEAVE ME ALONE!





TWITCH?!

I SEE IT.

SHOULD WE FOLLOW HIM?



WE CAN'T. NOT WITH SO MANY CIVILIANS STILL AT THE SCENE. WE NEED TO CLEAR THEM OUT.

BUT *CHRIST* ALMIGHTY WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT.



WE ARE.

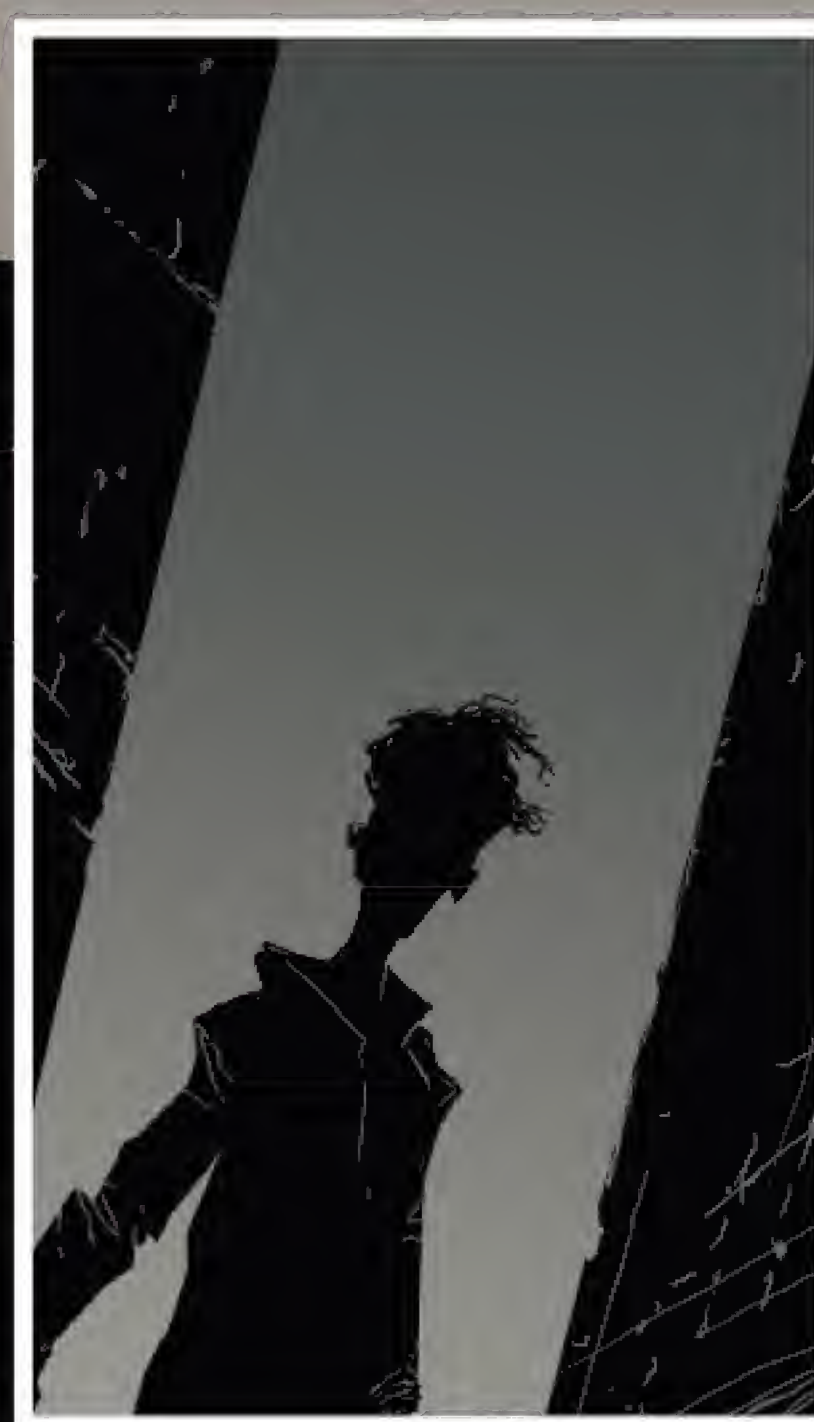
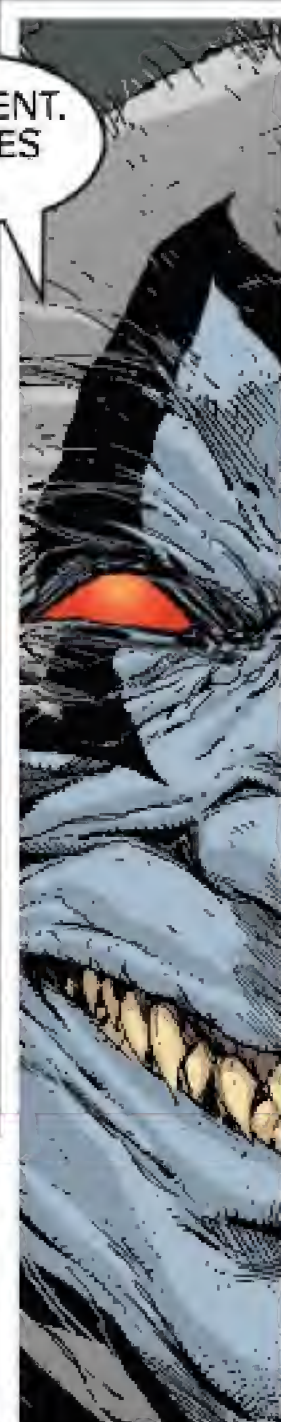


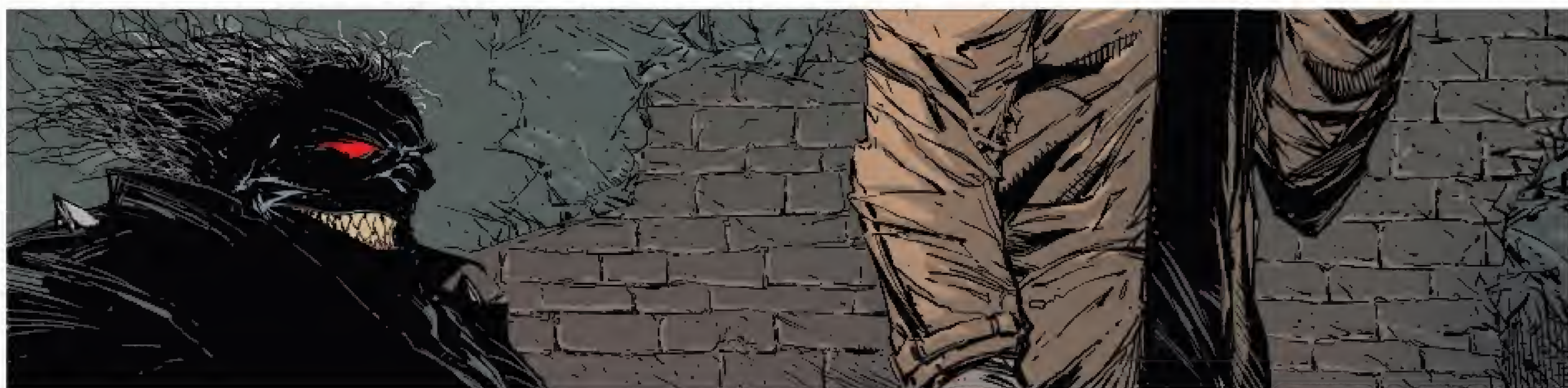
WELL, DETECTIVE, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL. WE NEED TO SECURE THE PERIMETER. MAKE SURE THOSE NEWSHOUNDS ARE AT LEAST FORTY FEET FROM THE TAPE LINES. I'LL GET THE FIREFIGHTERS TO CHECK FOR ANY DAMAGED GAS LINES.

CAN I GIVE THE ORDER TO LEAVE ALL THE NEWS VANS BEHIND? IT'LL SPEED THINGS UP.

DO WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO. ANY COP GIVES YOU TROUBLE--RADIO ME. TWITCH, CAN YOU TACKLE THE EAST QUADRANT?

SURE, BUT... I NEED TO CHECK THIS LEAD REAL QUICK!









SADLY, YOU STILL THINK YOU'RE IN CONTROL, EVEN THOUGH WE RUN THIS PLANET. BUT LOOK AT YOU, YOU'RE NOT AFRAID. YOUR HEART BEAT'S CALM. THAT'S THE PART I'VE ADMIRIED MOST ABOUT YOU. IT'S HARD TO RATTLE YOU.

BUT SOON, YOU'LL NEED TO MAKE SOME HARD CHOICES.

SO I WON'T KILL YOU TONIGHT. NOT WHEN I CAN INFLICT PAIN ON THOSE CLOSE TO YOU.



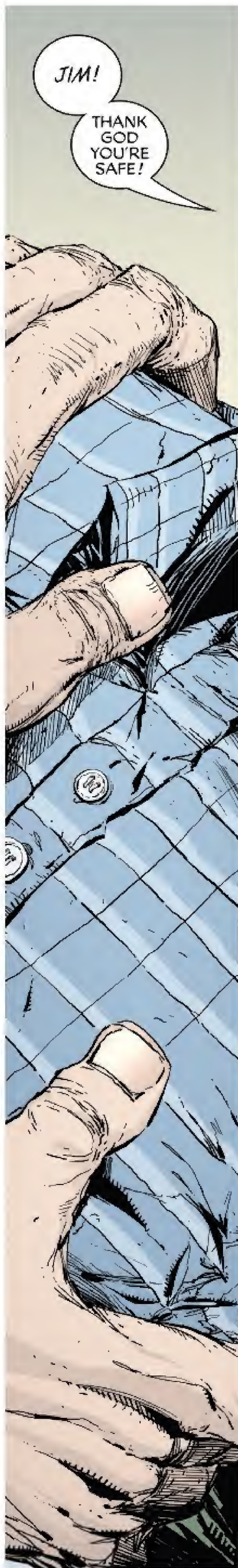
TWITCH! IT'S ME, DETECTIVE ROWAND. DO YOU READ?!

SOME-THING'S WRONG WITH SAM!

HE JUST COLLAPSED! I THINK IT'S A HEART ATTACK!

TWITCH, WHERE ARE YOU...?

HE'S HAVING A MASSIVE HEART ATTACK!!



JIM!

THANK
GOD
YOU'RE
SAFE!



SARA, I
CAN'T DO THIS
TO YOU ANY
LONGER!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?

PACKING!

PACKING?
TO GO
WHERE?



ANYWHERE!
OTHER THAN HERE.
I NEED TO KEEP SARA
SAFE--BUT I CAN'T!
NOT HERE!

SO YOU
RUN AWAY
INSTEAD? YOU
WON'T GET FAR
WITHOUT
MONEY!



I DON'T GIVE
A CRAP! I SAID IT'S
NOT SAFE! THOSE REPORTERS
WILL BE BANGING ON HER
DOOR ANY MINUTE, LOOKING
FOR ME. AND THEY WON'T STOP.
YOU KNOW THAT! NOT UNTIL
THEY DESTROY ANY SENSE
OF NORMALITY SARA'S
BUILT IN HER LIFE!

SO I'LL
WORRY
ABOUT MONEY
LATER!



JIM--
WAIT!

GET
YOUR
HANDS OFF
ME!!



BUT HERE'S MY
CARD. MY ADDRESS IS
ON THE BACK. I'VE GOT
AN EXTRA ROOM YOU
CAN STAY IN.

I DON'T
NEED ANY
HAND-
OUTS.

JUST
TAKE IT.



An hour later.

THAT THRONE FEELS FAMILIAR, DOESN'T IT? LIKE YOU BUILT IT YOURSELF.

UNH?

BECAUSE IN A WAY YOU DID. IT'S WHY YOU'RE DRAWN TO THIS PLACE. YOU SENSE THE NEED TO EMBRACE THE LEGACY I'VE GIVEN YOU.

THERE'S RAGE IN YOUR EYES. THAT'S GOOD. YOU ALWAYS WERE QUICK TO ANGER. THAT'LL HELP FUEL THE SYMBIOTE'S TRANSFORMATION.


BECAUSE IT'S TIME TO PUNISH THOSE WHO'VE BETRAYED ME DURING MY ABSENCE!

AND YOU'LL BE THE INSTRUMENT I USE TO DESTROY THEM!

CLOWN WAS RIGHT-- YOU **ARE** OUT OF YOUR MIND!



NEVER
MENTION
THAT
NAME
TO ME
AGAIN!!



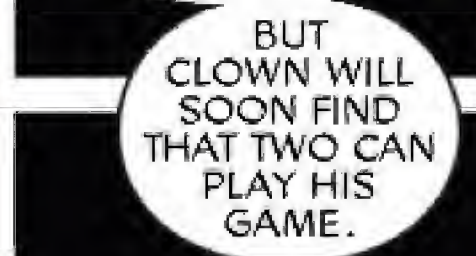
BECAUSE
OF WHAT HE'S
BEEN PLANNING
THE CLOWN WILL
SUFFER THE
GREATEST
PAIN!

AND YOU!!
YOU'VE FALLEN
FOR HIS
TREACHEROUS GAME.
BUT NOW IT'S TIME
TO CHOOSE...



HIS
SIDE OR
MINE!!

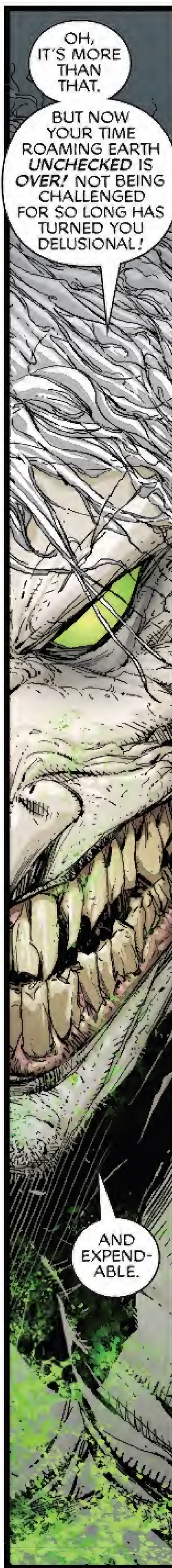
SHUK







AWW--
THIS IS GOING
TO GET FUN!
IT APPEARS
YOUR TRIP TO
HELL HAS MADE
YOU MORE
RESILIENT!



OH,
IT'S MORE
THAN
THAT.

BUT NOW
YOUR TIME
ROAMING EARTH
UNCHECKED IS
OVER! NOT BEING
CHALLENGED
FOR SO LONG HAS
TURNED YOU
DELUSIONAL!

AND
EXPEND-
ABLE.



I'M
RECLAIMING
WHAT'S MINE.
STARTING WITH
THIS NEW
SPAWN.

AND
NOTHING
YOU DO
WILL STOP
THAT!!



HE'S
MINE!

NO!
THEY'RE ALL
MINE! EVERY
ONE OF THEM!
LOOK BEHIND
YOU...



...AND SEE
THE KIND OF
**POWERFUL
SPAWNS**
I CONTROL!!



*See the
IMAGE UNITED
mini-series--Todd.

THIS ONE
HAS SO MUCH RAW
POWER THAT EVEN EARTH'S
GREATEST HEROES
COULDN'T ELIMINATE
HIM!*

AND SOON,
MY ARMY WILL BE
FILLED WITH
THOUSANDS JUST
LIKE HIM!



THIS HAS
GOTTEN
OUT OF
CONTROL!



LET'S
END
THIS!

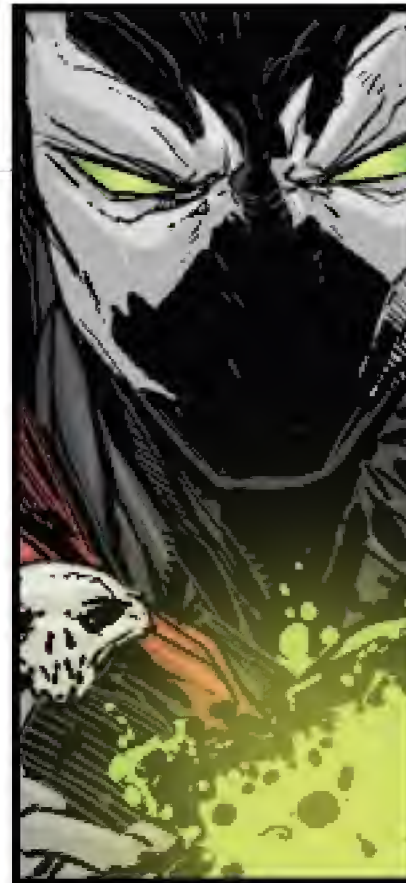


SPAWN,
NO! HE'S MY
PROBLEM!



NOT
ANY
MORE.

SOME-
THING'S
WRONG!!
STOP!
DON'T GO
NEAR
HIM!



WHY?



BECAUSE
HE'S
AFRAID

LOOK
INTO
MY EYES!
BOTH OF
YOU!

IT'S TIME TO
SHOW YOU WHO I
**REALLY
AM!!**

FIND OUT IN THE **HISTORIC 200th** ISSUE OF SPAWN!!
(FEATURING SOME OF COMICS GREATEST ARTISTS!)

